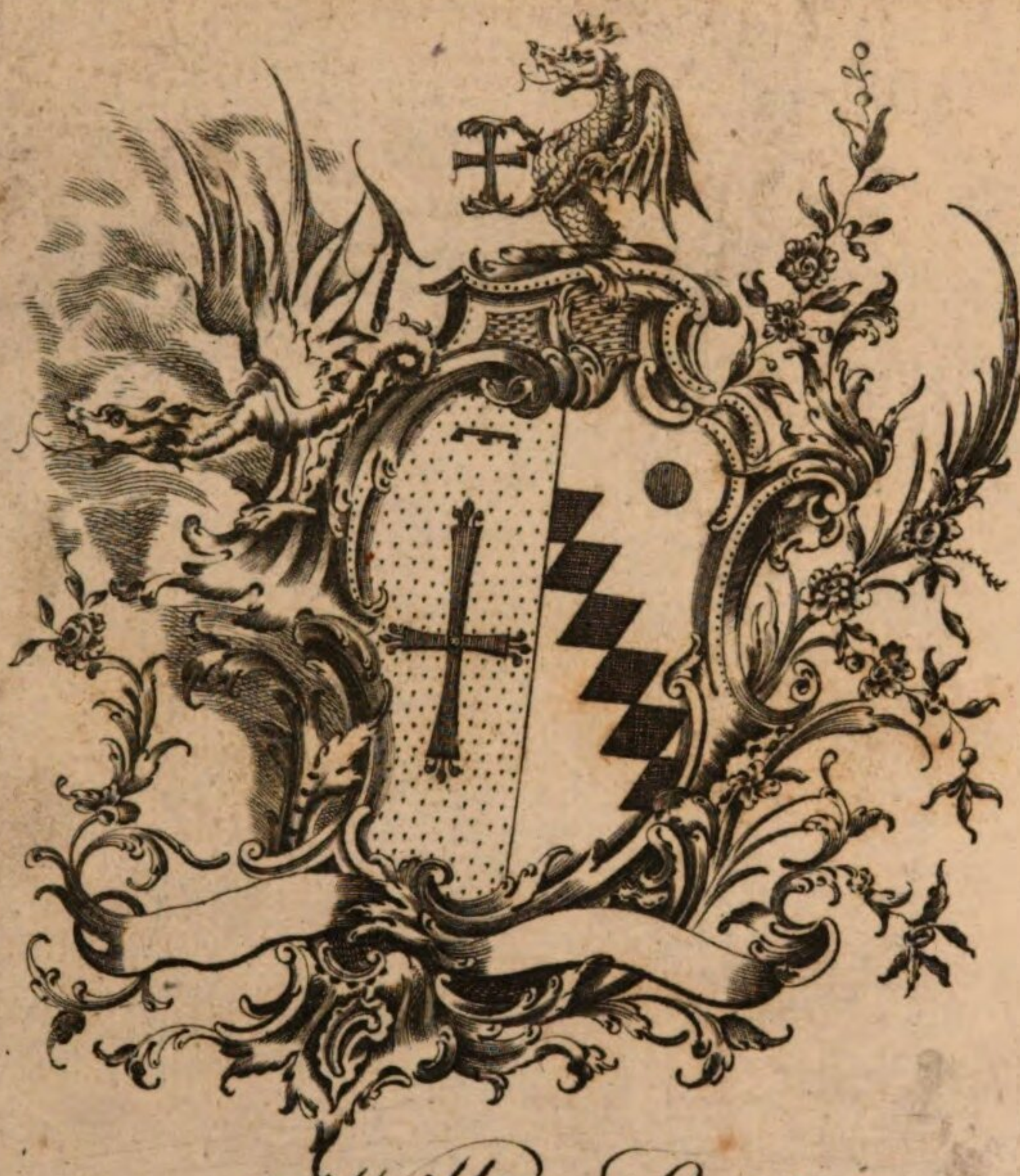


P. o. angl. 366 — 4 Shakespeare



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T W E N T Y
O F T H E
P L A Y S
O F

S H A K E S P E A R E,

Being the whole Number printed in Quarto
During his LIFE-TIME, or before the RESTORATION,

Collated where there were different COPIES,

A N D

Publith'd from the ORIGINALS,

B Y

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq;

—ire jubeo, ut ea a fontibus potius hauriant, quam rivulos
consectentur. Quæ autem nemo adhuc docuerat, nec erat
unde studiosi scire possent, ea, quantum potui, feci, ut essent
nota nostris.

CICERONIS ACAD. Lib. I.

V O L. IV.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, in the *Strand*; T. PAYNE,
at the *Mews-gate, Castle-street*; and W. RICHARDSON,
in *Fleet-street*.

M.DCC.LXVI.

T W E N T Y

O F T H E

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S M A K A S T R A

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G E O R G E S T E E V E N S, Esq;

At the Theatre Royal, in the Strand, in the City of London.
Printed by J. Sturges, at the Theatre Royal, in the Strand.
Printed by J. Sturges, at the Theatre Royal, in the Strand.

V O L . I V .

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. Tonson, in the Strand; T. Payne,
at the Three-Gables, Chancery-Lane; and W. Richardson,
in Pall-mall.

M D C C L X V I

THE
PLAYS
OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

- The most excellent Tragedie of ROMEO and } 1597
IULIET — — — — —
- The most lamentable Tragedie of ROMEO and } 1609
IULIET — — — — —
- The Tragedy of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke 1611
- The Tragedy of OTHELLO, the Moore of Ve- } 1622
nice — — — — —
- SHAKESPEARES Sonnets and Louers Complaint 1609
- The History of King Leir and his three Daughters* 1605

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SHAKESPEARES Sonnets and Poets Complaint	1609
The History of King Lear and his three Daughters	1605

An Excellent Conceited

TRAGEDIE,
O F
ROMEO and IULIET.

As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely,

By the Right Honourable the L. of HUNSDON
his Seruants.



L O N D O N.

Printed by IOHN DANTER, 1597.

✎ This is the first Edition of ROMEO and JULIET
before it received the Alterations and Im-
provements to be found in the Copy that
follows.



L O N D O N

Printed by John Dantley, 1807.

T H E
P R O L O G U E.

TWO household frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire *Verona*, where we lay our Scene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-croft louers tooke their life :
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend.

THE

P R O L O G U E.

TWO household friends alike in spirit,
(In fairer times, when we lay our scene)
From civil broils broke into combat,
Whole civil wars were civil hands undrawn,
From forth the walls of these two towers
A pair of stars-cross'd lovers took their life:
Whole misadventures, piteous overthrow,
(Through the compassing of their fathers' strife,
And death mark passage of their parents' rage)
Is now the two towers mingling of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here we want will studio to amend.

The Most Excellent
T R A G E D I E
O F
ROMEO and IULIET.

Enter 2. seruing-men of the Capolets.

GREGORIE, of my word Ile carrie no coales.
2 No, for if you doo, you should be a collier.
1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.
2 Euer while you liue, draw your necke out

of the the collar.

1 I strike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly mou'd to strike.

1 Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
to it : therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't runne
away.

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take the
wall of.

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakeft goes to
the wall.

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the wall,
and thrust the maids to to the walls : nay, thou shalt see I am
a tall peece of flesh.

2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou wouldst
be but poore Iohn.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, and off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids?

1 I the heades of their maides, or the maidenheades, take it in what fence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in fence that feele it, but heere comes two of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two seruimgmen of the Monntagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by Ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and Ile come after and frowne.

1 *Moun.* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun.* I but i'ft at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun.* I but i'ft at vs?

Enter Beneuolio.

2 Say I, here comes my masters kinsman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and his wife, and other citizens and part them.

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,

By

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the ranfome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mountague*, come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old free towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart. *Exeunt.*

M. wife. Who set this auncient quarrel first abroad?
Speake nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo. Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach.

Wife. Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne
Peep't through the golden window of the east,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the groue sicamoure
That westward rooteth from the cities side,
So early walking might I see your sonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th' are most alone,
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

Moun. Black and portentious must this honor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue,

Ben. Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun. I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben. See where he is, but stand you both aside,
He know his griuance, or be much denied.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Mount. I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come madame lets away.

Bentio. Good morrow cosen.

Romeo. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new stroke nine.

Romeo. Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* hours?

Romeo. Not hauing that, which hauing makes them short.

Ren. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Ro. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrranous and rough in prooffe.

Ro. Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then, O brawling lque, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes ferious vanitie!
Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doeft thou not laugh?

Ren. No cose I rather weepe.

Rom. Good hart at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Ro. Why such is loues transgression,
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest

With

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

With more of thine, this grieve that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more grieve to too much of mine owne.

Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes

Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes :

Being vext, a sea raging with a louers tears.

What is it else? A madnes most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell cose,

Ben. Nay Ile goe along.

And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.

Ro. Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?

Ro. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Why no, but sadly tell me who.

Ro. Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.

In sadnes cofen I doo loue a woman.

Ben. I aime so right, when as you said you lou'd.

Ro. A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.

Ben. A right faire marke faire cose is soonest hit.

Ro. But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit

With *Cupids* arrow, shee hath *Dianaes* wit,

And in strong prooffe of chastitie well arm'd :

Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vnarm'd,

Shee'le not abide the sledge of louing tearmes,

Nor ope her lap to faint seducing gold,

Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,

That when she dies with beautie dies her store,

Exeu.

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,

And pittie tis they liue at ods so long:

But leaning that, what say you to my sute?

Capu.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Capu. What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainede to fourteene yeares :
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a bride.

Paris. Younger than she are happie mothers made.

Cap. But too soone made are these so early married :
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her consent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue : yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treading stars, that make darke heauen light :
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most, whose merite most shal be.
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Seruingmen.

Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out :
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay. *Exeunt.*

Ser. Seeke them out whose names are written here, and
yet I knowe not who are written here : I must to the learned
to learne of them, that's as much to say, the taylor must
meddle with his laste, the shoemaker with his needle, the
painter

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

painter with his nets, and the fisher with his pensill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate grieve cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

Romeo. Your planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.

Seru. Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the letter.

Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, countie Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the ladie widdow of Vtruuio, seigneur Placentio, and his louelie neeces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vnkle Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire neece Rosaline and Liuia, seigneur Valentio and his cosen Tibalt, Lucio and the liuelie Hellena.

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whether to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My masters.

Ro. Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

Ser. Now Il'e tel you without asking. My master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben. At this fame auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues :
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poyd with her selfe in either eye :
But in that cristall scales let there be waide,
Your ladies loue, against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Rom. Ile goe along no such fight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

Wife. Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce. Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what lamb, what ladie bird, God forbid. Wher's this girle ? what *Iuliet*.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who cals ?

Nurce. Your mother.

Iul. Madame I am here, what is your will ?

W. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secreet. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'fe heare our counsaile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce. Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to *Lammas-tide* ?

Wife. A fortnight and odde days.

Nurce. Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come *Lammas* eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* and she God rest all christian soules were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me : But as I said on *Lammas* eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. Tis since the earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day : for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the doue-house wall. My lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I do beare a braine : but as I said, when it did tast the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie and fall out

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

out with dugged. Shake quoth the dove-house twas no need
I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is a leaven
yeare: for then could *Iuliet* stande high lone, nay by the
roode, shee could haue waddled vp and downe, for euen the
day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God
be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: dost thou fall for-
ward *Iuliet*? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more
wit: wilt thou not *Iuliet*? and by my hollidam, the pretty
foole left crying and said I. To see how a ieast shall come
about, I warrant you if I should liue a hundred yeare, I ne-
uer should forget it, wilt thou not *Iuliet*? and by my troth
she stinted and cried I.

Iuliet. And stint thou too, I prethee nurse say I.

Nurse. Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace,
thou wert the prettiest babe that euer I nursed, might I but
liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Wife. And that same marriage nurse, is the theame I meant
to talke of: tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you affected to be
married?

Iul. It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurse. An honor! were not I thy onely nurse, I would say
thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

Wife. Well girle, the noble countie *Paris* seekes thee for his
wife.

Nurse. A man young ladie, ladie such a man as all the world,
why he is a man of waxe.

Wife. *Veronaes* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.

Wife. Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

Enter

OF ROMEO AND IULIET:

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie, the nurse curst in the pantrie, all thinges in extreamitie, make hast for I must be gone to waite.

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

Ro. What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse ?
Or shall we on without apologie.

Benuoleo. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper :
Nor no without booke prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer. Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom. Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer. Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom. Giue me a torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the fenceles rushes with their heeles :
For I am prouerbd with a grandfire phrased,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer. Tut dun's the mouse, the cunstable's old word,
If thou beest dun, weele draw thee from the mire

Of

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou stickst.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

Rom. Nay thats not so.

Mer. I meane fir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement fits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

Rom. So we meane well by going to this maske :
But tis no wit to goe.

Mer. Why *Romeo* may one aske ?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Why what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleepe while they doe dreame things true.

Mer. Ah then I see queen *Mab* hath bin with you.

Ben. Queen *Mab* whats she ?

She is the fairies midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an aggat stone
On the forefinger of a burgomaster,
Drawne with a teeme of little atomi,
A thwart mens noses when they lie asleepe.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of grasshoppers,
The traces are the moone-shine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
And in this sort she gallops up and downe
Through louers braines, and then they dreame of loue.
O're courtiers knees : who strait on curfies dreame
O're ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait :
Which oft the angrie *Mab* with blisters plagues,

Because

OF ROMEO AND IULIET:

Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are :
 Sometimes she gallops ore a lawers lap,
 And then dreames he of smelling out a fute,
 And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,
 Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleepe,
 And then dreames he of another benefice :
 Sometimes she gallops ore a souldiers nose,
 And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
 Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
 Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
 Drums in his eare : at which he startes and wakes,
 And sweares a praier or two and sleepes againe.
 This is that *Mab* that makes maids lie on their backes,
 And proues them women of good cariage.
 This is the verie *Mab* that plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And plats the Elfelocks in foule fluttish haire,
 Which once vntangled much misfortune breeds.

Rom. Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

Mer. True I talke of dreames,
 Which are the children of an idle braine,
 Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
 Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
 And more inconstant than the winde,
 Which woos euen now the frose bowels of the north,
 And being angred puffes away in haste,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from ourselues.
 Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
 Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
 Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
 With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
 Of a dispised life, closde in this breast,
 By some vntimelie forget of vile death.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my saile, on lustie gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet with the ladies.

Capu. Welcome gentlemen, welcome gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance ?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome gentlemen, welcome,
More lights you knaues, and turn these tables vp,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah firra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay fit, nay fit, good cosen *Capulet* :
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a maske ?

Cos. By ladie fir tis thirtie yeares at least.

Cap. Tis not so much, tis not so much.
Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio*,
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
Some fiae and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

Cos. Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far,

Cap. Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His sonne was but a ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

Rom. What ladie is that that doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight ? O shee doth teach the torches to burne bright !
It seemes she hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare :
So shines a snow-white swan trouping with crows,
As this fair ladie ouer her fellowes shoves.
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.

Did

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Did my heart loue till now ? Forswear it sight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

Tib. This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an anticke face,
To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie ?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

Ca. Why how now cosen, wherefore storm you so.

Ti. Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

Ca. Young *Romeo* is it not ?

Ti. It is that villaine *Romeo*.

Ca. Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentleman,
And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth :
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement :
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill befeeming semblance for a feast.

Ti. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
He not indure him.

Ca. He shal be indured, goe to I say, he shall,
Am I the master of the house or you ?
You'le not indure him ? God shall mend my soule
You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,
You'le set cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

Ti. Vncle tis a shame.

Ca. Goe too, you are a faucie knaue.
This tricke will scath you one day I know what.
Well said my hartes : be quiet :
More light ye knaue, or I will make you quiet.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Tibalt. Patience perforce with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings :
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this :
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.

Iuli. Good pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this :
For faints haue hands which holy palmers touch,
And palme to palme is holy palmers kisse.

Rom. Haue not faints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Iuli. Yes pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.

Ro. Why then faire faint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to despaire.

Iu. Saints doe not mooue though : grant nor praier forsake.

Ro. Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.

Iu. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde !
Giue me my sinne againe.

Iu. You kisse by the booke.

Nurse. Madame your mother calles.

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marrie batcheler her mother is the ladie of the
house, and a good lady, and a wife, and a vertuous. I nurst
her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can
lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.

Rom. Is she a *Mountague* ? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.

Ca. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.

They whisper in his eare.

I pray

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
Well then I thanke you honest gentlemen,
I promise you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe. *Exeunt.*

Iul. Nurse, what is yonder gentleman?

Nur. The sonne and heire of old *Tiberio*.

Iul. Whats he that now is going out of dore?

Nur. That as I thinke is yong *Petruchio*.

Iul. Whats he that followes there that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Iul. Goe learne his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo* and a *Mountague*, the onely sonne
of your great enemye.

Iul. My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene vnknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I should loue a loathed enemye.

Nurse. Whats this? whats that?

Iul. Nothing nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of one I
dancst with.

Nurse. Come your mother staies for you, Ile goe along with
you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro. Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my cosen *Romeo*.

Mer. Doest thou heare he is wise,
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Ben. He came this way, and leapt this orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*.

Mer. Call, nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in
likenes of a sigh : speak but one rime and I am satisfied, cry
but ay me. Pronounce but loue and doue, speake to my gossip
Venus one faire word, one nick name for her purblinde sonne
and heire young *Abraham* : *Cupid* hee that shot so trim when
young king *Cophetua* loued the begger wench. Hee heares
me not. I coniure thee by *Rosalindes* bright eye, high fore-
head, and scarlet lip, her prettie foote, straight leg, and quiver-
ing thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in
thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld raise
a spirit in his mistris circle of some strange fashion, making it
there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde it downe, that
were some spite. My inuocation is faire and honest, and in
his mistris name I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be comforted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a medler tree,
And wish his mistris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed :
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro. He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound :
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes ?

It

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

It is the east, and *Iuliet* is the sunne,
 Arise faire sunne, and kill the enuious moone
 That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe :
 That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
 Be not her maide since she is enuious,
 Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
 And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.
 She speakes, but she fayer nothing. What of that ?
 Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.
 I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
 Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
 Hauing some busines, do entreat her eyes
 To twinckle in their spheares till they returne.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars :
 As day-light doth a lampe, her eyes in heauen,
 Would through the airie region streame so bright,
 That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
 Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
 I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
 That I might kisse that cheeke.

Iul. Ay me.

Rom. She speakes, oh speake againe bright angell :
 For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heauen
 Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
 Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
 And failes vpon the bosome of the aire.

Iul. Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo* ?
 Denie thy father, and refuse thy name,
 Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
 And Il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this ?

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Iul. Tis but thy name that is mine enemy.
Whats *Mountague* ? It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name ? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet :
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes :
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

Rom. I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and Il'e be new baptisde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iu. What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doeft stumble on my counsaile ?

Ro. By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare faint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul. My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound :
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague* ?

Rom. Neyther faire faint, if eyther thee displease.

Iul. How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore ?
The orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

Ro. By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Iul. If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

Rom. Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Then twentie of their fwords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie.

Iul. I would not for the world they shuld find thee here.

Ro. I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here :
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iul. By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

Ro. By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot : yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
I would aduenture for such marchandise.

Iul. Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeks :
For that which thou haste heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,
What I haue spoke : but farewell complements,
Doeft thou loue me ? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy word : but if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false :
At louer periuries they say *Ioue* smiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully ;
Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,
Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,
So thou wilt wooe : but els not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour light :
But trust me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
I should haue bin strange I must confesse,
But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware
My true loues passion : therefore pardon me,

And

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.

Ro. By yonder blessed moone I fweare,
That tips with filuer all these fruit trees tops.

Iul. O fweare not by the moone the vnconstant moone,
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe,
Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Ro. Now by

Iul. Nay doo not fweare at all,
Or if thou fweare, fweare by thy glorious selfe,
Which art the God of my idolatrie,
And Il'e beleeeue thee.

Ro. If my true harts loue

Iul. Swear not at al, though I doo ioy in thee,
I haue small ioy in this contract to night,
It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnaduifde,
Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,
Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and Il'e come againe.

Ro. O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be substantiall.

Iul. Three wordes goode *Romeo* and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of loue be honourable?
Thy purpose marriage, fend me word to morrow
By one that Il'e procure to come to thee :
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote Il'e lay,
And follow thee my lord through out the world.

Ro. Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from their
bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

Iul.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Iul. *Romeo, Romeo*, O for a falkners voice,
To lure is tassell gentle backe againe :
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the caue where eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.

Romeo ?

Ro. It is my soule that calles vpon my name,
How siluer sweet sound louers tongues in night.

Iul. *Romeo ?*

Ro. Madame.

Iul. At what a clocke to morrow shall I send ?

Ro. At the houre of nine.

Iul. I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.

Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stay here till you remember it.

Iul. I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

Rom. And Il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iu. Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a filke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.

Rom. Would I were thy bird.

Iul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Rom. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy breast,
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
Now will I to my ghostly fathers cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Enter frier Francis.

Frier. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheelles :
Now ere the funne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.
We must vp fill this oasier cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue :
Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse :
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power :
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being tasted slaies all fences with the hart.
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.

Rom. Good morrow to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Benedicite, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth me?
Yong sonne it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie :
But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines :

There.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
Thou art vprowl'd by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.

Ro. The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fr. God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline*?

Ro. With *Rosaline* my ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin then?

Ro. I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mineemie:
Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steades my foe.

Frier. Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
And all combind, faue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
Il'e tell thee as I passe: but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
So soone forsooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy fallow cheekes, for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water cast away in waste,
To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.

The

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

The funne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fr. For doating, not for louing, pupill mine,

Rom. And badst me burie loue.

Fr. Not in a graue,

To lay one in another out to haue.

Rom. I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
The other did not so.

Fr. Oh she knew well

Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come young wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy assistant bee :
For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To turne your households rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer. Why whats become of *Romeo* ? came he not home to
night ?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer. Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline*,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Mer. *Tybalt*, the kinsman of olde *Capolet* :
Hath sent a letter to his fathers house :
Some challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Mer. I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben. Nay he will answere the letters master if hee bee challenged.

Mer. Who, *Romeo*? why he is alreadie dead: stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More than the prince of cattles I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catso, he fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a duellist a duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall passado, the punto reuerso, the hay.

Ben. The what?

Me. The poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents. By *Iesu* a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graundfir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonmees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot fitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried hering. O flesh flesh how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowdin: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy *Cleopatra* a gypsie, *Hero* and *Helen* hildings and harlettries: *Thisbie* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a *French* curtesie to your *French* flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.

Rom. What counterfeit I pray you?

Me. The slip the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Rom. I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil constraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower ?

Mer. Right.

Rom. Then is my pumpe well flour'd :

Mer. Well said, follow me nowe that iest till thou hast worne out thy pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn the iest may remaine after the wearing folie singuler.

Rom. O single soald iest folie singuler for the singlenes.

Me. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom. Swits and spurres, fwits and spurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done : for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue : was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.

Me. Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp fauce

Rom. And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose ?

Mer. Oh heere is a witte of *Cheuerell* that stretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groning for loue ? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling

loue

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there.

Me. Why thou would haue me stopp my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long ?

Mer. Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale ? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom. Heers goodly geere.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Mer. A faile, a faile, a faile.

Ben. Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur. *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer. Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face :
for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it godye gooden I pray you.

Mer. Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur. Fie, what a man is this ?

Rom. A gentleman nurse, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.

Nur. By my troth well said : for himselfe to marre quoth he ? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo* ?

Rom. I can : but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worse.

Nur. Well said.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well ? mas well noted, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Ben. O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.

Mer. So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom. Why what hast found man?

Mer. No hare sir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore

Is verie good meate in Lent :

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,

If it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper ?

Rom. I will.

Mer. Farewell ancient ladie, farewell sweete ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.

Nur. Marry farewell. Pray what faucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

Rom. A gentleman nurse that loues to hear himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

Nur. If he stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take him downe if he were lustier than he is : if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall : I am none of his flurtgills, I I am none of his skaines mates.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie iacke vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I see nobodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone haue drawen : you know my toole is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

Nur. Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers : scuruie iacke. But as I said, my ladie bad
me

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe : but if you should lead her into a fooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauour as they say, for the gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie gentlewoman.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy ladie, tell her I protest.

Nur. Good heart : yfaith Ile tell her so : oh she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. Why, what wilt thou tell her ?

Nur. That you doo protest : which (as I take it) is a gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom. Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to shrift to frier *Laurence* cell :
And stay thou nurse behinde the abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy
Must be my conduct in the secret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur. No, not a penie truly.

Rom. I say you shall not chuse.

Nur. Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

Rom. Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit.*

Nur. *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Jul. The clocke stroke nine when I did send my nurse
In halfe an houre she promist to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lazie, loues heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull cannons mouth.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Enter Nurse.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle nurse,
What sayes my loue ?

Nur. Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how my
bones ake. Oh wheres my man ? Giue me some aqua vitæ.

Iul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur. Fie, what a iaunt haue I had : and my backe a tother
side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Iul. But tell me sweet nurse, what sayes *Romeo* ?

Nur. *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees no
bodie, he is not the flower of curtesie, he is not a proper man :
and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way
wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
beates ?

Iul. What of all this ? tell me what sayes he to our ma-
riage ?

Nur. Marry he sayes like an honest gentleman, and a kinde,
and I warrant a vertuous : wheres your mother ?

Iul. Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest ? He saies like a
kinde gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous ; wheres your
mother.

Nur. Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while ? is this the
poultesse for mine aking boanes ? next arrant youl haue done,
euen doot your selfe.

Iul. Nay stay sweet nurse, I doo intreate thee now,
What sayes my loue, my lord, my *Romeo*.

Nur. Goe, hye you straight to frier *Laurence* cell,
And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift :
There stayes a bridegroome to make you a bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your lord must clime a birdes nest soone.

I must

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now ?

Iul. How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle nurse, dispatch thy busines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom. Now father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and *Iuliet*.

Fr. Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom. This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And consumate those neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come she will.

Fr. I gesse she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :
Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power.

Iul. Romeo.

Rom. My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloasd in nights mysts) attend the frolicke day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.

Iul. I am (if I be day)
Come to my funne : shine foorth, and make me faire.

Rom. All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Iul. Romeo from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr. Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy church haue ioynd ye both in one.

Rom. Lead holy father, all delay seemes long.

Iul. Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.

Fr. O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.

Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben. I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

Mer. Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes in-
to the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord,
and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation
of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawr, when in
deed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a one?

Mer. Go too, thou art as hot a iacke being mooude, and
as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to be
mooud.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue none
shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for cracking of
nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hassill
eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out such a
quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee wakd thy
dogge that lay a sleepe in the sunne? With a taylor for wear-
ing his new dublet before Easter: and with another for tying
his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid
me of quarrelling.

Ben. By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Mer. But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

Mer. Could you not take occasion?

Tyb. *Mercutio* thou conforsts with *Romeo*?

Mer. Confort, zwounes confort? the slaue wil make fiddlers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that sence your worship may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then these, thou art a villaine.

Rom. *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therefore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

Tyb. Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro. I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

Mer. O dishonorable vile submission. *Allastockado* caries it away. You ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb. What wouldest with me?

Mer. Nothing king of cates, but borrow one of your nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom. Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate downe their weapons.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer. Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houses.

Rom. What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer. Noe not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I did all for the best.

Mer. A poxe of your houses, I am fairely drest. Sirra goe fetch me a surgeon.

Boy. I goe my lord.

Mer. I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, and ye aske for me to morrow you shall find me a graue-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure-mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slaue shall write my epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the princes lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the surgeon?

Boy. Hee's come sir.

Mer. Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses.

Exeunt.

Rom. This gentleman the princes neere alie.

My very friend hath tane this mortall wound

In my behalfe, my reputation staine

With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre

Hath beene my kinsman. Ah *Iuliet*

Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,

And in my temper softens valors steele,

Enter

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.

Rom. This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben. Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Rom. A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* slaine?
Away to heauen respectiue lenity :
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'st me : for *Mercutios* soule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And staies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben. *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt's* slaine,
The citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom. Ah I am fortunes slaue.

Exeunt.

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that villaine?

Ben. There is that *Tybalt*.

Watch. Vp sirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry. Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. Ah noble prince I can discouer all
The most vnlucky mannage of this brawle.

Heere

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*,

M. Tibalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountagew*.

Pry. Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?

Ben. Tibalt heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.

Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.

But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,
The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,
Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme young *Romeo*,
As fast as tung cryde peace, fought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.

Mo. He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I doo intreate sweete prince thoult iustice giue,
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.

I haue

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still :
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul. Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
To *Phæbus* mansion, such a waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And send in cloudie night immediately.

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in
her lap.*

But how now nurse : O Lord, why lookst thou sad ?
What hast thou there, the cordes ?

Nur. I, I, the cordes : alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, ladie we are vndone.

Iul. What diuell art thou that torments me thus ?

Nurs. Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,

Iul. This torture should be roard in dismall hell.
Can heauens be so enuious ?

Nur. *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.

God saue the sample, on his manly breast :

A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,

All pale as ashes, I fwounded at the sight.

Iul. Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what disafter hap

Hath seuerd thee from thy true *Iuliet* ?

Ah why should heauen so much conspire with woe.

Or

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Or fate enuie our happie marriage,
So soone to funder vs by timelesse death?

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best frend I had,
O honest *Tybalt*, curteous gentleman.

Iul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:

My deare loude cousen, and my dearest lord.

Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,

These two being dead, then liuing is there none.

Nur. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,

Romeo that mured him is banished.

Iul. Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood!

Nur. It did, it did, alacke the daye it did.

Iul. O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face:
O painted sepulcher, including filth.

Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,

So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo*?

Nur. There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:
All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.

Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iul. A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:

Vpon his face shame is ashamde to fit.

But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my cousen?

That villaine cousen would haue kild my husband.

All this is comfort. But there yet remaines

Worse than his death, which faine I would forget:

But ah, it presseth to my memorie,

Romeo is banished. Ah that word banished.

Is worse than death. *Romeo* is banished,

Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,

All killd, all flaine, all dead, all banished,

Where are my father and my mother nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarfe.

Will you goe to them?

Iul.

OF ROMEO AND JULIET:

Jul. I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he shed for *Romeos* banishment.

Nur. Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
He to him, he is hid at *Laurence* cell.

Jul. Doo so, and beare this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

Fr. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamour'd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father what newes, what is the princes doome.
What sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
Which yet we know not.

Fr. Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such sowre companie :
I bring thee tidings of the princes doome.

Rom. What lesse than doomes day is the princes doome ?

Fr. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banished ? be mercifull, say death :
For exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say banishment.

Fr. Hence from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world :
And world exile is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fr.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Fr. Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde prince
(Taking thy part) hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is meere mercie, and thou seeest it not.

Rom. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue heere in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliet*s skinne,
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a diuine, a ghostly confessor,
A sinne absoluer, and my frend profest,
To mangle me with that word, banishment?

Fr. Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word,

Rom. O, thou wilt talke againe of banishment.

Fr. Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a towne, reuerse a princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fr.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Fr. O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men haue no eyes.

Fr. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feele.

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,

An houre but married, *Tybalt* mured.

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy hayre.

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,

Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knockes.

Fr. *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu. Hoe fryer.

Fr. Gods will what wilfulnes is this ?

She knockes againe.

Nur. Hoe fryer open the doore,

Fr. By and by I come. Who is there ?

Nur. One from lady *Iuliet*.

Fr. Then come neare.

Nur. Oh holy fryer, tell mee oh holy fryer,

Where is my ladies lord? Wher's *Romeo* ?

Fr. There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. Oh he is euen in my mistresse case.

Iust in her case. Oh wofull simpathy,

Pitteous predicament, euen so lyes shee,

Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping :

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.

For *Iuliet*s sake, for her sake rise and stand,

Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

He

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

He rises.

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah fir, ah fir. Wel deaths the end of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her ioy.
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she, and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd lady to our cancel'd loue?

Nur. Oh she faith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom. As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy fryer
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may facke
The hatefull mansion.

*He offers to stab himselfe, and nurse snatches the dagger
away.*

Nur. Ah?

Fr. Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnresonable furies of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill beseeming beast in seeming both.
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouse vp thy spirits, thy lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:

There

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou sluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in his best array :
But like a misbehaude and fullen wench
Thou frownst vpon thy fate that smiles on thee.
Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed :
Ascend her chamber window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set :
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.
Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy mistresse, haste the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur. Good lord what a thing learning is,
I could haue stayde heere all this night
To heare good counsell. Well sir,
Ile tell my lady that you will come.

Rom. Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good nurse.

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur. Heere is a ring sir, that she bad me giue you,

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr. Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time :
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

Rom. But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
It were a grieve so breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with county Paris.

Cap. Thinges haue fallen out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Looke yee fir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

Par. These times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.

Cap. Sir *Paris*? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be rulde in all respects by mee:
But soft what day is this?

Par. Munday my lord.

Cap. Oh then Wenfsday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be: you shall be married.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
For looke ye fir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him careleslye:
If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what say you to Thursday.

Paris. My lorde I wishe that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the county *Paris* loue,
Fare well my lord till Thursday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my chamber.
Afore me it is so very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the nightingale and not the larke
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the nightingale.

Rom.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Rom. It was the larke, the herald of the morne,
And not the nightingale. See loue what enuious strakes
Doo lace the feuering clowdes in yonder east.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.
I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.

Jul. Yon light is not day light, I know it I :
It is some meteor that the funne exhales,
To be this night to thee a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Then stay a while, thou shalt not goe soone.

Rom. Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye :
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile say it is the nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
And not the larke the messenger of morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
What sayes my loue ? lets talke, tis not yet day.

Jul. It is, it is, begone, flye hence away.
It is the larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and vnpleasing sharpes.
Some say the larke makes sweete diuision :
This doth not so : for this diuideth vs.
Some say the larke and loathed toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too :
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with huntsvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Rom. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.
Farewell my loue, one kisse and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Jul. Art thou gone so, my lord, my loue, my frend ?

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower :
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them :
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee againe.

Rom. Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

Iul. Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.

Rom. No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
For sweete discourses in the time to come.

Iul. Oh God, I have an ill diuining soule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a tombe :
Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.

Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so doo you,
Drie sorrow drinckes our blood : adieu, adieu.

Exit.

Enter Nurse hastily.

Nur. Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your mother's comming to your chamber, make all sure.

She goeth downe from the window.

Enter Iuliets mother, Nurse.

Moth. Where are you daughter ?

Nur. What ladie, lambe, what *Iuliet* ?

Iul. How now, who calls ?

Nur. It is your mother.

Moth. Why how now *Iuliet* ?

Iul. Madam, I am not well.

Moth. What euermore weeping for your cosens death :
I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.

Iul. I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.

Moth.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Moth. I cannot blame thee.

But it grieues thee more that villaine liues.

Iul. What villaine madame ?

Moth. That villaine *Romeo*.

Iul. Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.

Moth. Content thee girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to *Mantua* where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soone beare *Tybalt* companie.

Iul. Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man :
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a kinsman vext ?

Moth. Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull
newes ?

Iul. And ioy comes well in such a needful time.

Moth. Well then, thou hast a carefull father girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

Iul. What day is that I pray you ?

Moth. Marry my childe,
The gallant, yong and youthfull gentleman,
The countie *Paris* at saint *Peters* church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull bride.

Iul. Now by saint *Peters* church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull bride.

Are these the newes you had to tell me of ?

Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
yet.

And when I doo, it shal be rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth. Here comes your father, you may tell him so.

Capo. Why how now, euermore showring?
In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwracke presently.
But heare you wife, what haue you founded her, what saies
she to it?

Moth. I haue, but she will none she thanks ye:
Would God that she were married to her graue.

Capo. What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth she
not wexe proud?

Iul. Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

Capo. Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. Whats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouids, nor thanke me no thanks,
But settle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to saint *Peters* church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.
Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

Iul. Good father heare me speake.

She kneeles downe.

Cap. I tell thee what, eyther resolue on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to saint *Peters* church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:

But

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.

Nur. Mary God in heauen blesse her my lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.

Cap. And why my lady wisedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your goffips, goe.

Nur. Why my lord I speake no treason.

Cap. Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a goffips boule,
For here wee need it not.

Mo. My lord ye are too hotte.

Cap. Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing now found out a gentleman,
Of princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee?
But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I do not vse to iest,
I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
Dye in the streetes: for by my soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest:

Exit.

Iul.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Iul. Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beseech you madame, cast me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

Moth. Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iul. Ah nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou giue me.

Nur. Now trust me madame, I know not what to say:
Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challendge you.
Now I thinke good you marry with this county,
Oh he is a gallant gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
In respect of him. I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

Iul. Speakest thou this from thy heart?

Nur. I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

Iul. Amen.

Nur. What say you madame?

Iul. Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my father,
To fryer *Laurence* cell to confesse me,
And to be absolu'd.

Nur. I will, and this is wisely done.

Shee lookes after nurse.

Iul. Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend,
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue

That

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

That thou hast praifde him with aboue compare
So many thousand times? Goe counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.
Ile to the fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr. On Thursday say ye : the time is very short,

Par. My father *Capolet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.

Fr. You say you doe not know the ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,

Now sir, her father thinkes it daungerous :

That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.

And in his wisedome hast our mariage,

To stop the inundation of her teares.

Which too much minded by her selfe alone

May be put from her by societie.

Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.

Fr. I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the lady to my cell,

Par. Welcome my loue, my lady and my wife :

Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife,

Par. That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.

Iul. What must be shal be.

Fr. Thats a certaine text.

Par. What come ye to confession to this fryer.

Iu. To tell you that were to confesse to you.

Par.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Par. Do not deny to him that you loue me.

Iul. I will confesse to you that I loue him,

Par. So I am fure you will that you loue me.

Iul. And if I doe it wil be of more price,
Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

Par. Poore foule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Iul. The teares haue got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.

Iu. That is no wrong sir, that is a truth :
And what I spake I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine and thou hast flaundred it.

Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure holy father now :

Or shall I come to you at euening masse ?

Fr. My leasure serues me penfue daughter now,
My lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par. God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kisse. *Exit Paris.*

Iu. Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,

Fr. Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy grieve,
I heare thou must and nothing may proroge it,
On Thursday next be married to the countie.

Iul. Tell me not frier that thou hearst of it,
Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Giue me some sudden counsell : els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be brieft : for I desire to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.

Fr.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Fr. Stay *Juliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this shame,
That coapst with death itselſe to flye from blame.
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.

Jul. Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,
Where roaring beares and sauage lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a charnell-house,
With reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind wife
To my deere lord, my deereſt *Romeo*.

Fr. Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy nurse lye with thee in thy chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this violl,
And this distilled liquor drinke thou off:
When presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze
Each vitall spirit: for no pulse shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres,
And when thou art laid in thy kindreds vault,

Ile

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Ile fend in haft to *Mantua* to thy lord,
And he fhall come and take thee from thy graue,

Iul. Frier I goe, be fure thou fend for my deare *Romeo*.

Exeunt.

Enter olde Capolet, his wife, Nurfe, and feruingman.

Capo. Where are you firra ?

Ser. Heere forfooth.

Capo. Goe, prouide me twentie cunning cookes.

Ser. I warrant you fir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.

Capo. How canst thou know them fo ?

Ser. Ah fir, tis an ill cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.

Capo. Well get you gone.

Exit feruingman.

But wheres this head-strong ?

Moth. Shees gone (my lord) to frier *Laurence* cell
To be confest.

Capo. Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong felfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Moth. See here she commeth from confession,

Capo. How now my head-strong, where haue you bin gad-
ding ?

Iul. Where I haue learned to repent the fin
Of froward wilfull opposition
Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
And craue remission of fo foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth. Why thats well faid.

Capo. Now before God this holy reuerent frier

All

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

All our whole citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the countie presently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

Iul. Nurse, will you go with me to my closet,
To fort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow,

Moth. I pree thee do, good nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to fort tyres, rebatoes, chaines,
And I will come vnto you presently,

Nur. Come sweet hart, shall we goe :

Iul. I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth. Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

Capo. I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the count thereof.

Moth. I pray my lord, let it be Thursday.

Capo. I say to morrow while shees in the mood,

Moth. We shall be short in our prouision.

Capo. Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will.

Exeunt.

Enter Nurse, Iuliet,

Nur. Come, come, what need you anie thing else ?

Iul. Nothing good nurse, but leaue me to my selfe :
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

Nur. Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow, and
so good night.

Exit.

Enter Mother.

Moth. What are you busie, doo you need my helpe ?

Iul. No madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Moth. Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,
The countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*

Iul. Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete againe.
Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the frier should giue me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious man:
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the toomb?
Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke:
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
My cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt* stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

She fals vpon her bed within the curtaines.

Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.

Moth. Thats well said nurse, fet all in redines,
The countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap. Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,
The curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good *Angelica*.

Nur. Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you will
be sicke anone.

Cap.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Cap. I warrant thee nurse I haue ere now watcht all night,
and haue taken no harme at all.

Moth. I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.

Enter Seruingman with logs and coales.

Cap. A ielous hood, ielous hood : How now firra ?
What haue you there ?

Ser. Forsooth logs.

Cap. Goe, goe choose dryer. *Will* will tell thee where thou
shalt fetch them.

Ser. Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
choose a log. *Exit.*

Cap. Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make hast call vp your daughter,
The countie will be heere with musicke straight.
Gods me hees come, nurse call vp my daughter.

Nur. Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what lady birde ?
fast I warrant. What *Iuliet* ? well, let the county take you
in your bed : yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next night,
the countie *Paris* hath fet vp his rest that you shal rest but
little. What lambe I say, fast still : what lady, loue, what
bride, what *Iuliet* ? Gods me how found she sleeps ? Nay
then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on
your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
day, some aqua vitæ hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth. How now whats the matter ?

Nur. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Moth. Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap. Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter ?

Moth. Ah shees dead, shees dead.

Cap.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Cap. Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par. What is the bride ready to goe to church?

Cap. Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,
Death is my sonne in law, to him I giue all that I haue.

Par. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.
Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

Cap. O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry. And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap. Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preferu'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

Cap. O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriude by suddaine destinie,

Moth.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET:

Moth. O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this destinie.

Fr. O peace for shame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

Come sticke your rosemary in this dead coarfe,
And as the custome of our country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

Cap. Let it be so, come wofull forrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

*They all but the nurse goe foorth, casting rosemary on her and
shutting the curtens.*

Enter Musitions.

Nur. Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*

1. I by my troth mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter seruimgman.

Ser. Alack alack what shal I doe, come fidders play me some
mery dumpe.

1. A fir, this is no time to play.

Ser. You will not then?

1. No marry will wee.

Ser. Then will I giue it you, and foundly to.

1. What will you giue vs?

Ser. The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile fol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser. I will put vp my iron dagger, and beate you with my
wodden wit. Come on *Simon* found pot, Ile pose you.

Vol. IV. *E* *1.* Lets

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

1. Lets heare.

Ser. When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse :
Then musique with her siluer found,
Why siluer found? Why siluer found?

1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet found.

Ser. Pretie, what say you *Mathew* minikine?

2. I thinke because musitions found for siluer

Ser. Prettie too : come, what say you?

3. I say nothing.

Ser. I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the
finger. I saye siluer found, because such fellowes as you haue
fildome golde for founding. Farewell fidders, farewell. *Exit.*

1. Farewell and be hangd : come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleepe,
My dreame presagde some good euent to come,
My bosome lord sits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
Methought I was this night alreadie dead :
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my ladie *Juliet* came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,
How doth my ladie? Is my father well?
How fares my *Juliet*? that I aske againe :
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.

Balt. Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepest in *Capels* monument,

And

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

And her immortall parts with angels dwell.

Pardon me fir, that am the messenger of such bad tidings.

Rom. Is it euen so? then I defie my starres.

Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.

Balt. Pardon me fir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare :
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.

Rom. Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horse : stay not I say.

Exit Balthasar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember
Here dwells a pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes :
And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought :
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need : and here about he dwels.
Being holiday the beggers shop is shut.
What ho apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo. Who calls, what would you fir?

Rom. Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a cannons mouth.

Apo. Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doost thou feare to violate the law?
The law is not thy frend, nor the lawes frend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged miserie,
And starued famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

Apo. My pouertie but not my will consents.

Rom. I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

Apo. Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.

Rom. Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* graue: for there must I vse thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier Iohn.

John. What frier *Laurence*, brother, ho?

Laur. This same should be the voyce of frier *Iohn*.
What newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?

John. Going to seeke a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this cittie visiting the sick,
Whereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the searchers of the towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp,

Laur. Who bare my letters then to *Romeo*?

John. I haue them still, and here they are.

Laur. Now by my holy order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

Goe

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Goe get thee hence, and get me presently
A spade and mattocke.

John. Well I will presently go fetch thee them.

Exit.

Laur. Now must I to the monument alone,
Least that the ladie should before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that tomb of miserie.

Exit.

*Enter countie Paris and his Page with flowers and sweete
water.*

Par. Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow
ground.

And if thou heare one tread within this churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.

Boy. I will my lord.

Paris strewes the tomb with flowers.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridale bed :
Sweete tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie :
Faire *Iuliet* that with angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy tombe.

Boy whistles and calls. My lord.

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a mattocke, and a
crow of yron.*

Par. The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,
To stay my obsequies and true loues rites ?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Rom. Giue me this mattocke, and this wrentching iron.
And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my lord and father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I must vse
In deare imployment : but if thou wilt stay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

Balt. Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my father, farwell good fellow.

Balt. Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues cosen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague*.
Can vengeance be pursued further then death ?
I doe attach thee as a felon heere.
The law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.
Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

I loue thee better then I loue my felfe :
For I come hyther armde against my felfe,

Par. I doe defie thy coniurations :
And doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

Rom. What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy. O lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.

Par. Ah I am flaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Rom. Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, noble county *Paris* ?
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past along.

Did he not say *Paris* should haue married
Iuliet ? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.

But I will fatisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant ? which their keepers call

A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
How well thy beauty doth become this graue ?

O I belecue that vnsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.

Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting rest

With wormes, that are thy chambermayds.
Come desperate pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.

Heers to my loue. O true apothecary :
Thy drugs are swift : thus with a kisse I dye.

Falls.

Enter

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Enter Fryer with a lanthorne.

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
Whose there ?

Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.

Fr. Who is it that comforts so late the dead,
What light is yon ? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument ?

Man. It doth so holy fir, and there is one
That loues you dearly.

Fr. Who is it ?

Man. *Romeo.*

Fr. How long hath he beene there ?

Man. Full halfe an houre and more.

Fr. Goe with me thether.

Man. I dare not 'fir, he knowes not I am heere :
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.

Fr. Then must I goe : my minde presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that stains the entrance
Of this marble stony monument ?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons ?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere ? what *Romeo* dead ?
Who and *Paris* too ? what vnluckie houre
Is accessary to so foule a sinne ?

Iuliet rises.

The lady sturres.

Iul. Ah comfortable fryer.

I do

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of? but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.

Fr. Lady come foorth, I heare some noife at hand,
We shall be taken, *Paris* he is flaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessarie.
I will prouide for you in some close nunery.

Iul. Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

Fr. I heare some noife, I dare not stay, come, come

Iul. Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup closde in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter Watch.

Watch. This way, this way.

Iul. I, noife? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

She stabs herselfe and falles.

Enter Watch.

Cap. Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See friends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, searh and see who's neare,
Attach and bring them to vs presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Captaine heers a fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.

Cap. A great suspition, keep him safe.

Enter

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

Enter one with Romeos man.

1. Heeres Romeos man.

Capt. Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin. What early mischiefe calls vs vp so soone.

*Capt. O noble prince, see here
Where Juliet that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warme and fresh bleeding, Romeo and countie Paris
Likewise newly flaine.*

Prin. Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capolet and his wife.

Capo. What rumor's this that is so early vp?

*Moth. The people in the streetes crie Romeo,
And some on Juliet : as if they alone
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.*

*Capo. See wife, this dagger hath mistooke :
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong Mountague,
And it is sheathed in our daughters breast.*

Enter olde Montague.

*Prin. Come Mountague, for thou art early vp,
To see thy sonne and heire more early downe.*

*Mount. Dread fouereigne, my wife is dead to night,
And yong Benuolio is deceased too :
What further mischiefe can there yet be found?*

Prin. First come and see, then speake.

*Mount. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To presse before thy father to a graue.*

Prin.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Prin. Come scale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the authors out
Of such a hainous and feld seene mischaunce.
Bring forth the parties in suspicion.

Fr. I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthie prince, heare me but speake the truth.
And Ile informe you how these things fell out.

Juliet here slaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her fathers or her mothers grant :
The nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
Was *Tybalts* doomesday : for which *Romeo*
Was banished from hence to *Mantua*.

He gone, her father fought by foule constraint
To marrie her to *Paris* : but her foule
(Loathing a second contract) did refuse
To giue consent ; and therefore did she vrge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
What so her father fought to force her too :
Or els all desperately she threatned
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.

Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead :
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
That he might come and take her from the toombe.
But he that had my letters (*frier John*)
Seeking a brother to associate him,
Whereas the sicke infection remaind,
Was stayed by the searchers of the towne,
But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
That *Iuliet* was decesde, returnde in post
Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.

What

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

What after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep :
Whom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
Which she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
What after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miscaried.
By me, or by my meanes let my olde life
Be sacrificed some houre before his time.
To the most strickeſt rigor of the law.

Pry. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres *Romeos* man, what can he ſay in this ?

Balth. I brought my maiſter word that ſhee was dead,
And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this toombe. Theſe letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his father.

Prin. Lets ſee the letters, I will read them ouer.
Where is the counties boy that calld the watch ?

Boy. I brought my maſter vnto *Iuliet's* graue,
But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my maſter.
At laſt they fought, I ran to call the watch.
And this is all that I can ſay or know.

Prin. Theſe letters doo make good the fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.

Where are theſe enemies ? ſee what hate hath done,

Cap. Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry : for now no more
Can I beſtowe on her, thats all I haue.

Moun. But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her ſtatue of pure golde :

That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.

There

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his lady lie,
Poore sacrifices to our enmitie.

Prin. A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished :
For nere was heard a storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

F I N I S.

The most Excellent and Lamentable

TRAGEDIE,

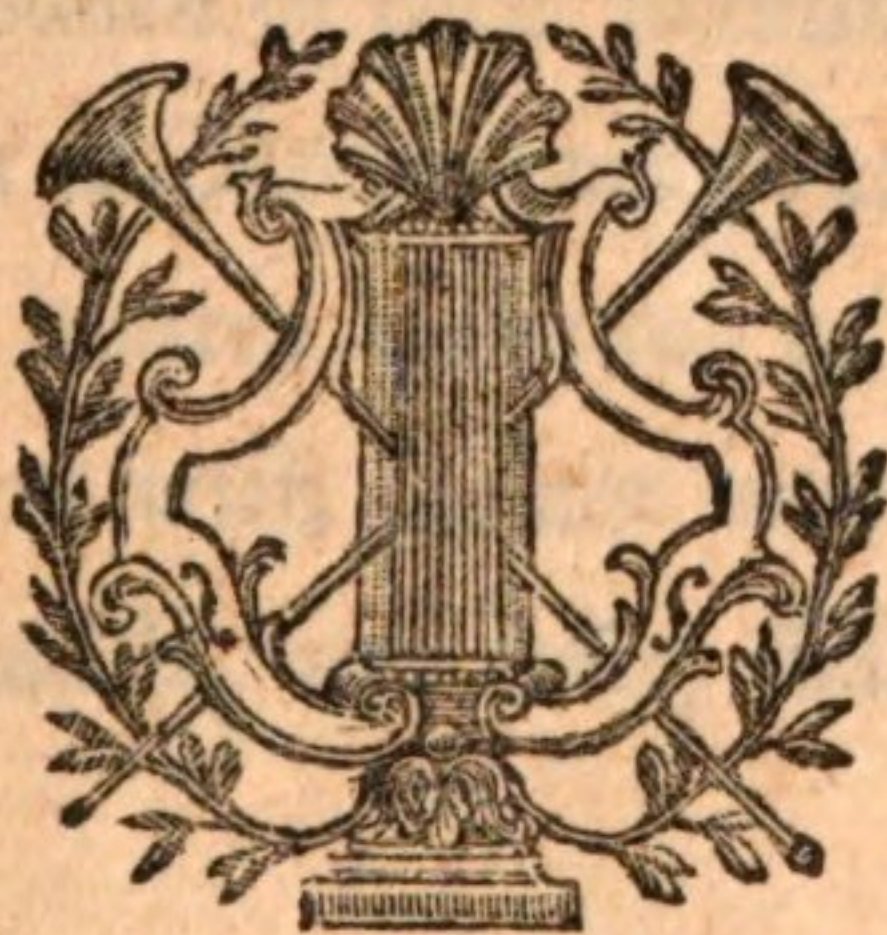
O F

ROMEO and JULIET.

As it hath beene fundrie Times publiquely acted,

By the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended.



L O N D O N.

Printed for IOHN SMETHWICK, and are to be sold at his
Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, in Fleetestreete vn-
der the Dyall. 1609.

The most Excellent and Lamentable

TRAGEDIE,

OF

ROMEO and JULIET.

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Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard, in Fleetstreet: at
the signe of the Dial. 1609.

T H E
P R O L O G U E.
C H O R U S.

TWO households both alike in dignity,
(In faire *Verona*, where we lay our scene)
From auncient grudge breake to new mutinie,
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-croft louers take their life :
Whose misaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death bury their parents strife.
The feareful passage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remoue :
Is now the two houres traficque of our stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here shal misse, our toile, shall striue to mend.

P R O L O G U E

C H O R U S

TWO noblest souls in dignity
(In their graves, where we lay our bones)

From ancient ground, raised to new life,
Whose still blood makes still hands shake.

From the small bones of these two souls,
A pair of three-crown'd kings take their life:

Whole kingdoms, whole empires overthrow,

Dash with their death their potent thrones.

The fearful passage of their death-hour,

And the tumult of their parents' rage,

Which but their children's sense could remove;

Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage.

The which if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

The Most Excellent and Lamentable

T R A G E D I E

O F

ROMEO and IULIET.

Enter Sampson and Gregorie, with swords and bucklers, of the house of Capulet.

Sampson.

GREGORIE, on my word weele not carry coles.

Greg. No, for then we should be collyers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.

Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of *choller* : *

Samp. I strike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of *Mountague* moues me.

Greg. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand.

Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand.

I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.

* *the collar.*

F 2

Greg.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker vessels are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.

Gre. The quarrell is betweene our masters, and vs their men.

Samp. Tis all one I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be *ciuill* † with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

Grego. The heades of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads, take it in what fence thou wilt.

Grego. They must take *it* * fense, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Grego. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst been poore *Iohn*: draw thy toole here comes of the house of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other seruimgmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee.

Gre. How, turne thy backe and runne;

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre. No marrie, I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb sir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

† *cruel.*

† *it in.*

Samp.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Samp. Is the law of our side if I say I?

Gre. No.

Samp. No sir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

Gre. Doe you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir, no sir.

Sa. But if you doe sir, I am for you, I serue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gre. Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy washing † blowe.

They fight.

Benu. Part fooles, put vp your fwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among these hartlesse hinds turne thee *Benuolio*, look vpon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword, or mannage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee: Haue at the coward.

Enter three or foure citizens with clubs or partysons.

Offi. Clubs, billes and partisons, strike, beate them downe Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

† *swashing.*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

Capu. What noyse is this ? giue me my long sword hoe,

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword ?

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come,
And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter olde Mountague and his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. wife. 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

Enter prince Eskales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steele,
Will they not heare ? what ho, you men, you beasts :
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines :
On paine of torture from those bloody hands,
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moued prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbde the quiet of our streets,
And made *Veronas* auncient citizens,
Cast by their graue befeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away :
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,

To

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

To know our *fathers* † plesure in this case :
 To old *Free-towne* our common iudgment place :
 Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach ?
 Speake nephew, were you by, when it began ?

Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
 I drew to part them, in the instant came
 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
 He swong about his head and cut the windes,
 Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in scorne :
 While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt sun,
 Peerde forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
 Where vnderneath the groue of fyramour,
 That westward rooteth from this city side :
 So early walking did I see your sonne,
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
 And stole into the couert of the wood,
 I measuring his affections by my owne,
 Which then most sought, where most might not be found ;
 Being one too many by my weary selfe,
 Pursued my *honour* ‡, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
 With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,

† further.

‡ humour.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe fighes,
But all so soone as the all cheering funne,
Should in the farthest east begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy sonne,
And priuate in his chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night,
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My noble vnkle doe you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he his own affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the fame.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift, come madam lets away. *Exeunt.*

Benuol. Good morrow cousin.

Romeo. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Romeo. Ay me sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Ben. It was : what fadnes lengthens *Romeos* houres ?

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short.

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue fo gentle in his view,
Should be fo tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, fee pathwaies to his will :

Where fhall we dine ? O me, what fray was here ?

Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all :

Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.

Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing of nothing first created :

O heaue lightnesse, ferious vanity,

Mishapen *Chaos* of welseeing formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, ficke health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.

This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,

Doeft thou not laugh ?

Ben. No coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart at what ?

Ben. At thy good harts oppreffion.

Romeo. Why fuch is loues transgression.

Griefes of mine owne lie heaue in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast,

With more of thine, this loue that thou haft showne,

Doth ad more grieve, to too much of mine owne.

Loue is a smoke made with the fume of fighes,

Being purgd, a fire fparkling in louers eyes,

Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else ? A madnesse, most discreet,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet :
Farewell my coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you doe me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue ?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee ?

Ben. Grone, why no : but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A* sicke man in sadnesse makes † his will :
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill :
In sadnesse cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aynd so neare, when I supposde you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue.

Ben. A right faire marke faire coze is soonest hit.

Romeo. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit :
And in strong prooffe of chastitie well armd,
From loues weake childish bow she liues vncharmd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th' incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to fainct-seducing gold,
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge wast :
For beauty steru'd with her feuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.
She is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire :
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

* *Bid a.*

† *make.*

Ro.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Ro. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.

Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquisit) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire :
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire :
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Cap. *Monntague* † is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee to keepe the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my lord, what say you to my sute ?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.

Pari. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mard are those so early made :
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shees * the hopefull lady of my earth,
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,

† *And Mountague.*

* *She is.*

And

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

And she agree, within her scope of choise
 Lyes my consent, and faire according voice :
 This night I hold, an old accustomed feast,
 Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
 Such as I loue, and you among the store,
 One more, most welcome makes my number more :
 At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
 Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
 When well appareld *Aprill* on the heele
 Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
 Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house, heare all, all see :
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
 Which *one* † more veiwe of many, mine being one,
 May stand in number though in reckning none.
 Come goe with me, goe sirrah trudge about,
 Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay, *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is
 written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard,
 and the taylor with his last, the fisher with his penfill, and
 the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons
 whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names
 the writing person hath here writ, (I must to the learned) in
 good time

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out an others burning,
 One paine is lesned by an others anguish:
 Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning :
 One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish :

† on

Take

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old wil die.

Romeo. Your plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad but bound more then a mad man is :
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented : and godden good fellow,

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke :
But I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the letter.

*Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughters : county An-
felme and his beautious sisters : the ladie widdow of Vtruunio,
seigneur Placentio, and his louely neeces : Mercutio and his bro-
ther Valentine : mine vncle Capulet his wife and daughters : my
faire neece Rosaline, Liuia, seigneur Valentio, and his cosen
Tybalt : Lucio and the liuely Helena.*

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper.

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My maisters.

Ro. Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is the
great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Moun-
tagues*,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

tagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Supps the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so *loues* : †
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make the thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier :
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue ? the all seeing sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poyse with her selfe in either eye :
But in that christall scales let there be waid,
Your ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.

Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter ? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I
bad * her come, what lamb, what ladi-bird, God forbid,
Wheres this girle ? what *Iuliet*.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls ?

Nur. Your mother.

† *louest*

* *bad.*

Iuli

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will ?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, wee must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembered me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughters of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.

How long is it now to *Lammas-tide* ?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* and she, God rest all christian souls, were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God shee was to good for mee. But as I said on *Lammas* eue at night shall shee bee fourteene, *that* * shall shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day : for I had then laid wormewood to my dug sitting in the sunne vnder the douehouse wall. My lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I faide, when it did tast the wormewood on the nipple of my dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the dugge, Shake quoth the doue-house, twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge : and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand a lone, nay bi'th roode she could haue runne and waded all about : for euen the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God bee with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face ? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Iule* ? and by my holydam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said I : to see now how a iest shall come

* then.

about.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

about. I warrant, and I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not *Iule* quoth he: and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying and say I: and yet I warrant it had *vpon* * it brow, a bompe as big as a yong cockrels stone? a perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comdest to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It stinted, and said I.

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nursed, and I might liue to see thee married once. I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*, How stands your dispositions to be married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine onely nurse, I would say thou hadst *suckt* || wisedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well think of marriage now, yonger then you Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteeme, Are made already mothers by my count. I was your mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a maide, thus then in brieft: The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young lady, lady, such a man as all the world, Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. *Veronas* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast, Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

* on.

|| *suck'd thy*

And

OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

And find delight, writ there with beauties pen,
Examine euery feuerall liniament,
And see how one an other lends content :
And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To beautifie him, onely lacks a couer.
The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide :
That booke in *manies* * eyes doth share the glorie,
That in gold claspes, locks in the golden storie :
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly can you like of *Paris* loue ?

Juli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye
Then your consent giues strength to make fly.

Enter seruing.

Seruing. Maddam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you
cald, my young lady askt for, the nurse curst in the pantrie,
and euery thing in extremitie : I must hence to wait, I be-
seech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Juliet* the countie staies.

Nurse. Goe gyrl, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fve or sixe other
maskers, torch bearers.*

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?
Or shall we on without apologie ?

* *many.*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hud winckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Skaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

Ro. Not I belecue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a foule of lead
So flakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a loue, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And fore with them aboue a common bound.

Romeo. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light fethers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Horatio. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man *betakes* * him to his legs,

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phraze,

* *betake.*

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

He be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dun.

Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the constables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or faue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay * thats not so.

Mer. I meane fir in delay
We wast our lights in vaine, lights lights by day :
Take our good meaning, for our iudgement fits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this maske,
But tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske ?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Ro. In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things true.

Mer. O then I see queene *Mab* hath beene with you :
She is the fairies midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger
thē an agat stone, on the forefinger of an alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noses as they lie
asleepe : her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs : the
couer of the wings of grasshoppers, her traces of the smallest
spider † web, her collers of the moonshines watry beames, her
whip of crickets bone, the lash of philome, her waggoner, a
small gray coated gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little
worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her chariot is an
emptie hasel nut, made by the ioyner squirrel or old grub, time
out a † mind, the faries coachmakers : and in this state she
gallops night by night, through louers brains, and then they

* *Nay* omitted.

† *spiders.*

† *of*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

dream of loue. On courtiers knees, that dreame on curfies
 strait, ore lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore ladies
 lips who straight on kisses dreame, which oft the angry *Mab*
 with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweete meats
 tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a courtiers nose, and
 then *dreame* * he of smelling out a sute : and sometime comes
 shee with a tithpigs tale, tickling a parsons nose as a lies a
 sleepe, thē he dreams of another benefice. Sometime she driu-
 eth ore a souldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting for-
 raine throats, of breaches, ambuscados, *Spanish* blades : of
 healths fise fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at
 which he startes and wakes, and being thus frightened, sweares a
 prayer or two and sleepest againe : this is that very *Mab* that
 plats the manes of horses in the night : and bakes the *elklocks* †
 in foule sluttish haire, which once vntangled, much misfor-
 tune bodes.

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to beare,
 Making them women of good carriage :
 This is she.

Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
 Thou talkst of nothing.

Merc. True, I talke of dreames :
 Which are the children of an idle braine,
 Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie :
 Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
 And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
 Euen now the frozen bosome of the north :
 And being angerd puffes away from thence,
 Turning his side to the dew dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from ourselues,
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Ro. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,

• *dreames.*

† *elklocks.*

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest :
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the *stirrage* † of my course,
Direct my fute ; on lustie gentlemen.

Ben. Strike drum.

*They march about the stage, and seruimgmen come forth with
napkins.*

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres *Potpan* that he helpes not to take away ?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher ?

1. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the court cubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, saue mee a peece of marchpane,
and as thou loues mee, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*,
and *Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and fought
for in the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all. *Exeunt.*

Enter all the guests and gentlewomen to the maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with cornes, will walke about with you :
Ah my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance, she that makes dainty,

† *steerage.*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

She Ile sweare hath cornes : am I come neare ye now ?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire ladies eare :
Such as would please : tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome gentlemen, come musitians play :

Musicke plaies, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp :
And quench the fier, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well :
Nay fit, nay fit, good cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing daies :
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a maske ?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1 *Capu.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will.
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we maskt.

2 *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder fir :
His sonne is thirty.

1 *Capu.* Will you tell me that ?
His sonne was but a ward two yeares agoe.

Ro. What ladie is that which doth in rich the hand
Of yonder knight ?

Ser. I know not fir.

Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burne bright :
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich iewel in an *Æthiops* eare,
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare :
So shewes a snowie doue trooping with crowes,
As yonder lady ore her fellowes showes :

The

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,
For I nere saw true beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my rapier boy, what dares the slaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie ?
Now by the stocke and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Capu. Why how now kinsman wherefore storme you so ?

Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe :
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.

Capu. Young *Romeo* is it.

Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.

Capu. Content thee gentle coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly gentleman :
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouerned youth,
I would not for the welth of all this towne,
Here in my house doe him disparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire prefence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.

Capu. He shall be endured.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the maister here or you ? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a mutinie among my guests :
You will set cock a hoope, youle be the man.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Ti. Why vncke, tis a shame.

Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy boy, ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you I know what,
You must contrary me, marry tis time,
Well said my hearts, you are a princox, goe,
Be quiet, or *more light, more light for shame, **
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Ti. Patience perforce, with willfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw but this intrusion shal
Now seeming sweete, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing pylgrims *did †* ready stand,
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kisse.

Iu. Good pilgrime you do wrong your hand too much
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For faints haue hands, that pilgrims hands doe tuch,
And palme to palme is holy palmers kisse.

Ro. Haue not faints lips and holy palmers too?

Iuli. I pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.

Rom. O then deare faint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Iu. Saints doe not moue, though grant for prayers fake.

Ro. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purgd.

Iu. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sin from my lips, O trespas sweetly vrgd:
Giue me my sin againe.

Iuli. You kisse bith booke.

Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.

* *more light, &c.* in a parenthesis.

† *did* omitted.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurf. Marrie batcheler,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good ladie, and a wife and vertuous,
I nurst her daughter that you talkt withall ;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet* ?

O deare account ! my life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards :
Is it ene so ? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest gentlemen, good night :
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.

Iuli. Come hither nurse, what is yond gentleman ?

Nurf. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.

Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of † doore ?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Iuli. Whats he that follows here that would not dance ?

Nurf. I know not.

Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurf. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemye.

Iul. My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a loathed enemye.

Nurf. Whats tis ? whats tis ?

† of the.

Iuli.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Iu. A rime I leart euen now
Of one I danst withall.

One calls within Iuliet.

Nurf. Anon, anon :
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone, *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de *for* * and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes :
But to his foe supposde he must complaine,
And she steale loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes :
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breath such vowes as louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new beloued any where :
But passion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Mer. He is wise, and on my life hath stolne him home to
bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.

* *for* omitted.

Call

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Call good *Mercutio* :

Nay Ile coniure too.

Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, passion loue,
 Appeare thou in the likenesse of a figh,
 Speake but one rime and I am satisfied :
 Cry but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and *day*, *
 Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
 One nickname for † her purblind sonne and *her* §,
 Young *Abraham* : *Cupid* he that shot so true,
 When king *Cophetua* lou'd the begger maid.
 He heareth not, he *striueth* ‡ not, he moueth not,
 The ape is dead, and I must coniure him,
 Iconiure the by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
 And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
 That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laide it, and coniured it downe,
 That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his mistresse name,
 I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
 To be conformed with the humerous night :
 Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
 Now will he sit vnder a medler tree,
 And with his mistresse were that kinde of fruite,
 As maides call medlers when they laugh alone,
 O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were

* *dye.*

† *to.*

§ *beire.*

‡ *strueth.*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

An open, or thou* a poprin peare.

Romeo goodnight Ile to my truccle bed,
This field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we goe?

Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found.

Exit.

Ro. He ieasts at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder windowe breaks?
It is the east, and *Iuliet* is the sunne.
Arise faire sun and kill the enuious moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maid art far more faire then she:
Be not her maid since she is enuious,
Her vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my lady, O it is my loue, O that she knew she were,
She speakes yet she sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourfes, I will answere it:
I am too bold tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iuli. Ay me

Rom. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,

* and cetera, and thou.

As

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing cloudes,
And failes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuse thy name :
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iuli. Tis but thy name that is my enemy :
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
Whats *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus bescreend in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name deare faint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGÉDIE

Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

Iu. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Ro. With loues light wings did I oreperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iu. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmity.

Iu. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes.
And but thou loue me, let them find me here
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iuli. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washt with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise.

Iuli. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell complement.
Doeft thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false, at louers periuries
They say *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost loue pronounce it faithfully:

Or

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
 Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world.
 In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond :
 And therefore thou maiest thinke my behauour light,
 But trust me gentleman, Ile proue more true,
 Then those that *haue** coying to be strange,
 I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
 But that thou ouer heardst ere I was ware
 My true *loue* † passion, therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
 Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moone I vow,
 That tips with siluer all these fruite tree tops.

Iu. O sweare not by the moone th'inconstant moone,
 That monethly changes in her circled orbe,
 Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by ?

Iuli. Do not sweare at all :
 Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And Ile beleue thee.

Ro. If my hearts deare loue.

Iu. Well doe not sweare, although I ioy in thee :
 I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
 It is too rash, too vnaduise, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
 Ere, one can say, it lightens, sweete good night :
 This bud of loue by summers ripening breath,
 May proue a beautious flower when next we meete,
 Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
 Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied ?

* haue more.

† lowes.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Iu. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

Ro. Th' exchange of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.

Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Ro. Wouldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?

Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,

My bounty is as boundlesse as the sea,

My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

The more I haue, for both are infinite:

I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:

Anon good nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true:

Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard

Being in night, all this is but a dreame,

Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, and good night indeed,

If that thy bent of loue be honorable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By one that Ile procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt performe the *right*, *

And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,

And follow thee my *L* § throughout the world.

Madam.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,

Madam.

I doe beseech thee (by and by I come)

To cease thy *strife* † and leaue me to my griefe,

To morrow will I fend.

Ro. So thriue my soule.

Iu. A thousand times good night.

Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy *light* ‡
Loue goes toward loue as schoole boyes from their bookes.

But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauy lookes.

* *rites.*

§ *loue.*

† *suit.*

‡ *fight.*

Enter

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iu. Hift *Romeo* hift, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this tassel gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the caue where eccho lies,
And make her ayry tongue more hoarse, *then* *
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Ro. It is my soule † that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, found louers tongues by night,
Like softest musicke to attending eares.

Iu. Romeo.

Rom. My neece. §

Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I fend to thee?

Ro. By the houre of nine.

Iuli. I will not faile, tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Iuli. I shall forget, to haue the still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy company.

Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iuli. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues.
And with a filken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing iealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Iu. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing :
Good night, good night.

* *than mine.*

† *loue.*

§ *deere.*

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H

Ro. †

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

† *Ro.* Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

* *Iu.* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest
The gray eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckeld like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by Titans wheeles,
Hence will I to my ghostly friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night
Checkring the easterne cloudes with streaks of light :
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles :
Now ere the sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuiced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is † her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe :
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find :
Many for many vertues excellent :
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In plants, hearbs, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some special good doth giue :

† These two lines, in the edition of 1637, are added to the foregoing speech.

* This line is likewise added to the following speech, into which four lines of the frier's have crept, through a blunder of the printer, and are distinguished by italicks.

† *in.*

Nor

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Nor ought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power :
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all *sence* * with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encampe them still,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will :
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the canker death eates vp that plant.

Ro. Good morrow father.

Fr. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweete saluteth me ?
Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed :
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye :
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raign,
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemprature :
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline* ?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. Thats my good son, but where hast thou beene then ?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen :

* *senses.*

H 2

I haue

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
Wher on a sudden one hath wounded me :
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :
I beare no hatred blessed man : for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage : when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow :
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here ?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken ? young mens loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline* ?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season loue that of it doth not tast.
The sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet *ringing* * in my † auncient eares :
Lo here vpon thy cheek the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when thers no strength in men.

* *ring.*

† *mine.*

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Ro. And badst me bury loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in, an other out to haue.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue alow :

The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,

Thy loue did read by rote, that could not spell :

But come young wauerer, *come* * goe with me,

In one respect Ile thy assistant be :

For this alliance may so happy proue,

To turne your households rancor to pure loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Merc. Where the deu'le should this *Romeo* be ? came hee not home to night ?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline* torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the letters maister how he dares being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, stab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue

* *come and,*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-
boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Rom. Why what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More then prince of cats. Oh hees the couragious
captaine of complements: he fights as you sing pricksong,
keeps time distance and proportion, he rests his minum rests,
one two and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of
a filke button a dualist a dualist, a gentleman of the very first
house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall passado,
the punto reuerfo, the hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antique lisping affecting phanta-
cies, these new tuners of *accent* *: by *Iesu* a very good blade,
a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-
mentable thing *grandfir*, † that we should be thus afflicted
with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these *pardon* ‡
mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they can
not sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried hering, O flesh, flesh,
how art thou fishified? now is he for the nūbers that *Pe-
trarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady, was a kitchen wench,
marrie she had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie,
Cleopatra a gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots:
Thisbie a grey eie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*
bon ieur, theres a *French* salutation to your *French* sloop: you
gaue vs the counterfeit fairely last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I
giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

* accents.

† grand-fire.

‡ pardona-.

Romeo.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pincke of curtesie :

Romeo. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, soly singular.

Ro. O single folde ieast, soly singular for the singlenesse,

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits * faints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, fwits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild goose chase, I am done : for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiae. Was I with you there for the goose ?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.

Ro. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter fweting, it is a most sharp sawce.

Ro. And is it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose ?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the goose, proues thee farre and wide, a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for loue,

* wit.

H 4

now

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this drueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Ro. Heres goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nurs. God ye good morrow gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no lesse I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One gentlewomā, that God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to mar quath a: gētleme cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst wel, very wel took, ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If *you* * be he fir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to some supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare fir, vnlesse a hare fir in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in lent.

But a hare that is *hore* † is too much for a score, when it *hores* ‡ ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your fathers? wee le to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient lady, farewell lady, lady, lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you fir, what sawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie ?

Romeo. A gentleman nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minnte, then he will stand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him down, and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such *Iacks* : and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall : scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse mee at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure : if I had, my weapon should quickly haue been out, I warrant you, I dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue : pray you fir a word : and as I

* thou,

† boar.

‡ beares.

told

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say it were a very grosse kind of behauour as they say: for the gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurse commend me to thy lady and mistrisse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: lord, lord she will bee a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her nurse? thou doest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you doe protest, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this afternoone,

And there she shall at frier *Lawrence* cell

Be shriued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone sir, well she shall be there.

Rom. And stay good nurse behind the abbey wall,

Within this houre my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee cords made like a *tackled** staire,

Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,

Must be my conuoy in the secret night.

Farewell be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:

Farewell, commend me to thy mistresse.

Nurse. Now God in heauen bleesse thee, harke you sir.

Ro. What faist thou my deare nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as Steele.

* *tackling.*

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Nur. Well sir, my mistresse is the sweetest lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a noble man in towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard: but she good soule had as leeu fee a tode, a very tode as fee him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world, doth not *rosemarie* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter.

Ro. I nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. A mocker that the dogs name. R. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and *rosemary*, that it would do you good to heare it:

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. *Peter*?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the sunnes beames,
Driuing back shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doves draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete loue.

M. And

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

M. And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were
dead,
Vnwieldie, flow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O hony nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweet nurse, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merily.
If good thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so fower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a *iaunce* * haue I had?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good nurse speake.

Nur. *Iesu* what hast, can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse,
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Wel, you haue made a simple choice, you know not
how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face bee
better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a
hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt
on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie,
but Ile warrant him as gentle as a lamme: go thy waies wench,
serue God. What haue you dinde at home?

* *iaunt*,

Iu.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Iu. No no, but all this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage, what of that ?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I :
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side, a my backe, my backe :

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with *iaunfing* * vp and downe.

Iu. I faith I am forrie that thou art not well.
Sweete sweete, sweete nurse, tell me what fayer my loue ?

Nur. Your loue saies like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother ?

Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, where should
she be ?

How odly thou repliest :

Your loue saies like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother ?

Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones :
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Iuli. Heres such a coile, come what saies *Romeo* ?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day ?

Iu. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to frier *Lawrence* cell,
There staies a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in scarlet straight at any newes :
Hie you to church, I must an other way,
To fetch a ladder by the which your loue
Must climde a birds neast soone when it is darke
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight :

* *iaunting.*

But

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.

Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Iu. Hie to high fortune, honest nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Ro. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is *loathsome* * in his owne delicioufnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the lady, oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

* *loathsome*.

Iu.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Iu. As much to him, else is * his thanks too much.

Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich *musicke* † tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp *sum* ‡ of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* § abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he
enters the confines of a tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the
table, and sayes God send me no need of thee: and by the
operation of the second cup, drawes him on the drawer, when
indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Iacke* in thy moode,
as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone
moodie to be moued.

* in.

† musickes.

‡ some.

§ Capulets.

Ben.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as ful of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quareld with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath laine asleepe in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*: with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband, and yet thou wilt tutor mee from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with somthing, make it a word and a blow.

Ti. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you will giue me occasion.

Mercut. Could you not take some occasion, without giuing?

Ti. *Mercutio* thou confortest with *Romeo*.

Mer. Confort, what dost thou make vs minstrels? and thou make minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but discords,
heeres

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

heeres my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce:
zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man:

Mer. But Ile be hangd sir if he weare your liuery:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sence may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tibalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I see thou knowest me not.

Ti. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:
Alla stucatho carries it away,

Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Ti. What woulds thou haue with me?

M. Good king of cats, no thing but one of your nine liues,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the eares ? make hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Ti. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier vp.

Mer. Come sir your passado.

Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the prince expresse hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing ?

Ben. What art thou hurt ?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry tis inough,
Where is my page ? goe villaine fetch a furgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a church
doore, but tis inough, twill serue : aske for me to morrow,
and you shall find me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant,
for this world, a plague a both your houses, founds a dog, a
rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death, a braggart, a
rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of arithmetick,
why the deu'le came you betweene vs ? I was hurt vnder your
arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,
Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses.

They

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

They haue made wormes meat of me,
I haue it, and foundly to your houses. ——— *Exit.*

Ro. This gentleman the princes neare alie,
My very friend hath gott his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staine
With *Tibalts* slander, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my cozin, O sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead.
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Ro. This daies blacke fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Ro. He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen respectiue lenitie,
And fier and fury, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie :
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Ti. Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt falles.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone :
The citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* slaine,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Stand not amazed, the prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?

Tibalt that murtherer, which way ran he?

Benu. There lies that *Tibalt*.

Citi. Vp sir go with me :

I charge thee in the princes name obey.

*Enter prince, old Mountague, Capulet, their wiues and
all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discouer all :

The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,

There lies the man flaine by young *Romeo*,

That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*.

Capu. Wi. *Tibalt* my cozin, O my brothers child,

O prince, O cozin, husband, O the bloud is spild

Of my deare kinsman, prince as thou art true,

For bloud of ours, shead bloud of *Mountague*.

O cozin, cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this fray?

Ben. *Tibalt* here flaine, whom *Romeos* hand did slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall

Your high displeasure all this vttered.

With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed

Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene

Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts

With peircing steele at bold *Mercutios* breast,

W

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
 And with a martiall scorne, with one hand beates
 Cold death a side, and with the other sends
 It back to *Tibalt*, whose dexterity
 Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
 Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
 His aged* arme beats downe their fatall points,
 And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
 An enuious thrust from *Tibalt*, hit the life
 Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled,
 But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
 Who had but newly entertained reuenge,
 And toote they goe like lightning, for ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tibalt* slaine:
 And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
 This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
 Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
 Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for iustice which thou prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
 Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
 His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
 The life of *Tibalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we doe exile him hence:
 I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding.
 My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
 But Ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.

* agill.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

It * will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is *his* † last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes,
Towards *Phæbus* lodging, such a wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to doe their amorous rights,
And † by their owne beauties, or if loue be § blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober futed matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse maidenhoods ||,
Hood my vnmand blood bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie :
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then *new* ** snow vpon a rauens backe :
Come gentle night, come louing blackbrowd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when *I* †† shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will †† be in loue with night,

* I. † *the.* ‡ *And omitted.* § *of loue too.* || *maiden beads.* ** *new omitted.*
†† *be.* †† *shall.*

And

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not possesse it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my nurse.

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she bring newes, and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence :
Now nurse, what newes ? what hast thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch ?

Nur. I, I, the cords.

Iuliet. Ay me, what newes ? why dost thou wring thy
hands :

Nur. A weladay, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone lady, we are vndone.
A lacke the day, hees is gone, hees kild, hees dead.

Iu. Can heauen be so enuious.

Nur. *Romeo* can.

Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo,*
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo.*

Iu. What diuell art thou, that dost torment me thus ?
This torture should be rored in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe ? say thou but I
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I :
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all *bedawbde* * in blood,
All in gore blood, I *founded* † at the fight.

Iu. O breake my heart, poore banckrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beare.

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.

Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie ?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred ? and is *Tybalt* dead ?
My deareſt cozen, and my dearer lord,
Then dreadfull trumpet found the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone ?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him he is baniſhed.

Iuliet. O God, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood ?
‡ It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Iu. Did euer dragon keepe ſo faire a caue ?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall :
Rauenous douefeatherd rauen, woluiſh-rauening lambe,
Deſpised ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhow :
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A *dimme* § faint, an honourable villaine :
O nature, what haſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt *bower* || the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of ſuch ſweet fleſh ?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter

* *bedawd.* † *ſwornd.*

‡ This line is giuen to the nurſe, and the following one begins *Iuliet's* ſpeech
in the edition of 1637.

§ *damned,* || *poure.*

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

So fairely bound ? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous pallace.

Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah wheres my man ? giue me some aqua-vitæ ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iu. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame :
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit :
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole monarch of the vniuersall earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him ?

Nur. Will you speake well of him that kild your cozin ?

Iu. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband ?
Ah poore my lord, what tongue shall smoothe thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it ?
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my cozin ?
That villaine cozin would haue kild my husband :
Backe foolish teares, backe to your natiue spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue slaine,
And *Tibalts* dead that would haue slaine my husband :
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then :
Some words there was worser then *Tibalts* death
That mured me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to finners minds,
Tibalt is dead and *Romeo* banished :
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts* : *Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there :

Or

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Or if fower woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be wranckt with other griefes,
 Why followed not when she said *Tibalts* dead,
 Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
 Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
 But with a reareward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
 Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
 All slaine, all dead : *Romeo* is banished,
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that words death, no words can that woe found.
 Where is my father and my mother nurse ?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* course,
 Will you go to them : I will bring you thither.

Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares : mine shall be spent
 When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment.
 Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguild,
 Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild :
 He made you for a high-way to my bed,
 But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
 Come cord, come nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
 And death, not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
 To comfort you, I wot well where he is :
 Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
 Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* cell.

Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come, to take his last farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
 Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts :
 And thou art wedded to calamitie.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Ro. Father what newes ? what is the princes doome ?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sower company ?
I bring thee tidings of the princes doome.

Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the princes doome ?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Ro. Ha, banishment ? be mercifull, say death :
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe :
Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished
Is death, mistearmd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulnesse,
Thy salt our law calles death, but the kind prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.

Ro. Tis torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery cat and dog,
And little mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen and may looke on her.
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo* : they may seaze

On

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

On the white wonder of deare *Iuliet's* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vefall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet that exile is not death ?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.
Flies may doe this, but I from this must flie :
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt no sharp ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me : banished ?
O frier, the damned vse that word in hell :
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart
Being a diuine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin obfoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished ?

Fri. Then fond mad man, here me a little speake.

Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.

Ro. Yet banished ? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a towne, reuerse a princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that mad men haue no eares.

Ro. How should they, when wise men haue no eyes.

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Ro. Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

*Enter * Nurse, and * knockes.*

Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe,

Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of hartficke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, (stay a while) stand vp,

Slud knocke. †

Run to my study *by and by †*, Gods will
What simplenesse is this : I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? whats your will ?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shall know my errant :
I come from lady *Iuliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy frier, O tell me holy frier,
Wheres my ladies lord, wheres *Romeo*,

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy :

* *Enter, and, omitted.* † *knock againe.* ‡ (*by and by*)

Pitious

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
 Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
 Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
 For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
 Why should you fall into so deepe an O:

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, *deaths* * the end of all.

Ro. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*? how is it † with her?
 Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
 Now I haue staine the *childhood* ‡ of our ioy,
 With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
 My conceald lady to our cancelld loue?

Nur. O she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
 And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
 And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
 And then downe falls againe.

Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
 Did murther her, as that names cursed hand
 Mured her kinsman. Oh tell me frier, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomie
 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
 The hatefull mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
 Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
 Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote
 The vnreasonable furie of a beast.
 Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
 And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temperd.
 Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
 And slay thy lady, that in thy life lies,

* death is. † is. ‡ childhead.

By

OF ROMEO AND IULIET: THE

By doing damned hate vpon thy felfe?
 Why raylest thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
 Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
 Which like a vsurer aboundst in all:
 And vset none in that true vse indeed,
 Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
 Thy noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
 Disgressing from the valour of a man,
 Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periurie
 Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,
 Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
 Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
 Like powder in a skillesse souldiers flaske,
 Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
 And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
 What rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
 For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
 The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
 And turne it to exile, there art thou happy.
 A packe of blessing light vpon thy backe,
 Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
 But like a *misbaued* * and fullen wench,
 Thou *puts vp* † thy fortune and thy loue:
 Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
 Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
 Where thou shalt liue till wee can find a time

* *misbehaved.*

† *poutst upon.*

‡ *the*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

To blaze your marriage reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of *thy* † prince and call thee backe,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
 Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
 Goe before nurse, commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,
 To heare good counsell, oh what learning is :
 My lord, Ile tell my lady you will come.

Ro. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here sir, a ring she bid me giue you sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence, goodnight, and here stands all your state :
 Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the breake of day disguisd from hence,
 Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
 And he shall signifie from time to time,
 Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here :
 Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
 It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee :
 Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
 That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
 Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
 And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
 Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night :

* the

I promise

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

I promise you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Paris. These times of wo, affoord no times to wooc;
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night she is mewd vp to her heauines.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childe's loue : I thinke she will be rulde
In all respects by me : nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.
Acquaint her *hereof* *, my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,
But soft, what day is this ?

Paris. Monday my lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well Wendsday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be, a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earle :
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much :
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday ?

Paris. My lord, I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Ca. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then :
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore me, it is so very late, that me may call it early by and by,
Goodnight. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iu. Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet neare day :

* *herewith.*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

It was the nightingale, and not the larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the nightingale.

Ro. It was the larke the herauld of the morne,
No nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the feuring cloudes in yonder east :
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tipto on the mystie mountaines tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not day light, I know it I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the larke whose noates doe beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to go :
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule, lets talke it is not day.

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away :
It is the larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and vnpleasing sharpes.
Some say the larke makes sweecte diuision.
This doth not so : for she deuideth vs.
Some say the larke and loathed toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changde voyces too :
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with huntsup to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Enter madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

Nur. Your lady mother is cumming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iu. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Iu. Art thou gone so, loue, lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many daies,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Ro. Farewell :

I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

Iu. O thinkest thou we shall euer meete againe ?

Ro. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweete discourses in our time to come.

Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.

Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so doe you :
Drie sorrow drinckes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iu. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? be fickle fortune :
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp ?

Iu. Who ist that calls ? it is my lady mother.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Is she not downe so late or vp so early ?

What vnaccustomd cause procures her *either* * ?

La. Why how now *Iuliet*.

Iu. Madam I am not well.

La. Euermore weeping for your cozins death ?

What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares ?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue :

Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of loue,

But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse,

La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.

Iu. Feeling so the losse,

I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.

La. Well girle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughtered him.

Iu. What villaine madam ?

La. That same villaine *Romeo*.

Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a funder :
God pardon, I doe withall my heart :

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

La. That is because the traitor liues.

Iu. I madam from the reach of these my hands :
Would none but I might venge my cozins death.

La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibalt* company :
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Iu. Indeede I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext :
Madam if you could find out but a man

* *hither.*

To

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

To beare a poyson, I would temper it :
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughtered him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man,
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings gyrle.

Iu. And ioy comes well in such a needy time,
What are *they**, beseech your ladyship?

M. Well, well, thou hast a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath sorted out a suddenn day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

Iu. Madam in happy time, what day is that?

M. Marry my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The countie *Paris* at saint *Peters* church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull bride.

Iu. Now by saint *Peters* church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that *should* † be husband comes to wooe :
I pray you tell my lord and father madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeede.

M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe :
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Ca. When the sun sets, the earth doth drisse deaw,
But for the sunset of my brothers sonne,
It raines downright. How now a conduit girle, what still in
teares.

* *they*, I. † *must*.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Euermore showring in one little body ?
Thou counterfaits. A barke, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the barke thy body is :
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudder calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree ?

La. I fir, but she will none, she giues you thanks,
I would the foole were married to her graue.

Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will shee none ? doth she not giue vs thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankfull that you haue :
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, *that is meant** loue.

Ca. How now, how now, chopt lodgick, what is this ?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistrisse minion you ?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouids,
But fettle your fine ioints gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to saint *Peters* church :
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad ?

Iu. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

* *thats meant in.*

Speake

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
 My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
 That God had lent vs but this onely child,
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we haue a curse in hauing her :
 Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe her :
 You are too blame my lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my lady wisdom, hold your tongue,
 Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nur. I speake no treason,
 * Father, O godigeden,
 May not one speake ?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
 Vtter your grauitie ore a gossips bowle,
 For here we need it not.

Wi. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
 Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
 Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
 To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
 A gentleman of noble parentage,
 Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
 Stuft *as they say* † with honourable parts,
 Proportioned as ones thought would with a man,
 And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
 A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
 To answere, Ile not wed, I cannot loue :
 I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
 But and you will not wed, Ile pardon you,
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
 Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.

* This line is given to the father, and the following one to the nurse.

† (*as they say.*)

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer doe thee good :
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne.

Exit.

Iuliet. Is there no pitie sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe ?
O sweet my mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the bridall bed
In that dim monument where *Tibalt* lies,

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iuliet. O God. O nurse, how shall this be preuented ?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth ? comfort me, counsaile me :
Alacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What saist thou, hast thou not a word of ioy ?
Some comfort nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished, and all the world
to nothing,

That he dares nere come backe to challenge you :
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the countie,
O hees a louely gentleman :

Romeos a dishclout to him, an eagle madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,

For

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vse of him.

Iu. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nur. And from my soule too, or else beshrew them both.

Iu. Amen.

Nur. What ?

Iu. Well thou hast comforted me maruailous much,
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Hauing displeasde my father, to *Lawrence* cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iu. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend,
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praisde him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times ? Goe counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine :
Ile to the frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exit.

Enter Frier and countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir, the time is very short.

Pa. My father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his hast.

Fri. You say you doe not know the ladies minde ?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway :
And in his wisdoms haunts our mariage,

To

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe you know the reason of this hast ?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Looke sir here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met my lady and my wife.

Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Pa. That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.

Iu. What must be shall be.

Fri. Thats a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Iu. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.

Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.

Iu. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule thy face is much abused with teares.

Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrongst it more then teares with that report.

Iu. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, holy father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening masse ?

Fri. My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now,
My lord we must intreat the time alone.

Pa. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,

Iuliet,

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*

Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O *Iuliet*, I already know thy grieffe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this countie.

Iu. Tell me not frier that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it :
If in thy wisedome thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife, Ile helpe it presently,
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald :
Shall be the labell to another deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore out of thy long experienst time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudy knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring :
Be not so long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedy.

Fri. Hold daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperat an execution.
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

That coapst with death himselfe, to scape from it.
And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any tower,
Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke
Where serpēts are : chaine me with roaring beares
Or hide me nightly in a charnell house,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes and yealow *chappels* * sculls :
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in *his* †
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweet loue.

Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris* : Wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowisie humour : for no pulse
Shall keepe his natie progresse but surcease
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
Too many ‡ ashes, *the* § eyes windowes fall :
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death ;
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.

* *chappleffe.* † *his shroud.* ‡ *to paly.* § *thy.*

Now

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Now when the bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes vncovered on the beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant *toy* * nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolute, Ile send a frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my letters to thy lord.

Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit.*

Enter father Capulet, mother, Nurse, and seruing men, two or three.

Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cookes,

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can licke
their fingers.

Ca. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill cooke that cannot lick his own
fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not
with me.

* *toy.*

Ca.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time :
What is my daughter gone to frier *Lawrence* ?

Nur. I forsooth.

Ca. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe wilde harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merrie looke.

Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding ?

Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.

Ca. Send for the countie, goe tell him of this,
He haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Iuli. I met the youthfull lord at *Lawrence* cell,
And gaue him what *becomd** loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Ca. Why I am glad ont, this is well, stand vp,
This is ast should be, let me see the county :
I marrie go I say and fetch him hether.
Now afore God, this reuerend holy frier,
All our whole citie is much bound to him.

Iu. Nurse, will you goe with me into my closet,
To helpe me fort such needful ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow ?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time inough.

Fa. Go nurse, go with her, weelee to church to morrow.

Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.

* *becommed.*

Fa.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife :
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone :
Ile play the hufwife for this once, what ho ?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this fame wayward gyrl is so reclaimed. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysones,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which wel thou knowest, is crosse and ful of sin.

Enter mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho ? need you my help ?

Iu. No madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudder businesse.

Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life :
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here ?
My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.

Come

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Come viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?

Shall I be married then to morrow morning?

No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,

What if it be a poyson which the frier

Subtilly hath ministred, to haue me dead,

Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd,

Because he married me before to *Romeo*?

I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,

For he hath still beene tried a holy man.

How if when I am laid into the tombe,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Come to redeeme me, theres a fearefull point:

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault?

To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,

And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.

Or if I liue, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a vaulte, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones

Of all my buried auncestors are packt,

Where bloody *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,

Lies festring in his shrowd, where as they say,

At some houres in the night, spirits resort:

Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smels,

And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,

That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad,

Or if I walke, shall I not be distraught,

Inuironed with all these hidious feares,

And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,

And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,

As with a club dash out my desperate braines.

O look

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

O looke, me thinks I see my cozins ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a rapiers point : stay *Tybalt*, stay ;
Romeo, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keies, and fetch more spices nurse,

Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come stir, stir, stir, the second cocke hath crowed,
The curphew bell hath rounge, tis three a clocke :
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go you cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Ca. No not a whit, what ? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.

La. I you haue bin a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit lady and Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is
there ?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs and baskets.

Fel. Things for the cooke sir, but I know not what.

Ca. Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead ; good father tis day.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Play musicke.

The countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere.

Nurse, wife, what ho, what nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridegroome, he is come already, make haste
I say.

Nur. Mistris, what mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why lambe, why lady, fie you sluggabed,
Why loue I say, madam, sweet heart, why bride:
What not a word, you take your *penniworths* * now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I must needs wake her: madam, madam, madam,
I, let the countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, lady, lady, lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my ladyes dead.
Oh weleaday, that euer I was borne,
Some aqua-vitæ ho, my lord, my lady.

Mo. What noife is heere?

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life:

* *penniworth.*

Reuiue,

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee :
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her lord is come :

Nur. Shees dead : deceast, shees dead, alacke the day.

M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead,

Fa. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,
Her blood is fetled and her ioynts are stiffe:

Life and these lips haue long bene seperated,

Death lies on her like an vntimely frost

Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

*Enter Frier and the Countie **

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

O sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,

Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

Paris. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this ?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,

** Countie with musicians.*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

But one thing to reioyce and folace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, flaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O child, O child, my soule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions, care liues not
In these confusions, heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanst,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But shees best married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your rosemarie
On this faire coarfe, and as the custome is,

And

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

And in her best array beare her to church :
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke funerall :
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a sad *buriall* * feast :
Our solemne hymnes to fullen dyrges change :
Our bridall flowers serue for a buried coarfe :
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in ; and madam, go with him,
And go sir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire coarfe vnto her graue :
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill ;
Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt manet †.

Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Fid. I by my troath, the case may be amended.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Will Kempe †.

Peter. Musitions, oh musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease,

Fidler. Why harts ease ?

Peter. O musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies, my hart
is full §.

O play me some merrie dumpe to comfort me.

Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Min. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.

* funeral.

† manent musici.

‡ Peter.

§ full of woe.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Min. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the minstrell.

Min. Then will I giue you the seruing creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the seruing creatures dagger on your pate. I will carie no crochets, Ile re you, Ile fa you, do you note me?

Min. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

2 *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit. Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger.

Answer me like men.

When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with her siluer found.

Why siluer found, why musicke with her siluer found, what say you *Simon Catling*.

Min. Mary fir, because siluer hath a sweet found.

Pet. Pratest *, what say you *Hugh Rebick*?

2 *M.* I say siluer found, because musitions found for siluer.

Pet. Pratest * to, what say you *Iames Sound post*?

3 *M.* Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the finger.

I will say for you; it is musicke with her siluer found, Bccause musitions haue no gold for founding:

Then musicke with her siluer found with speedy helpe doth lend redresse. *Exit.*

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this fame?

M. 2. Hang him iacke, come weele in here, tatrie for the mourners, and stay dinner. *Exit* †.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,

* *Pratee.* † *Exeunt.*

My

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,
 My bosomes *L**. sits lightly *in* † in his throne:
 And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
 Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
 Strange *dreame* ‡ that giues § a dead man leaue to thinke,
 And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reuiude and was an emperor.
 Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possesse,
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man ||.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*?
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the frier?
 How doth my lady, is my father well?
 How doth my lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
 Her body sleepest in *Capels* monument,
 And her immortall part with angells liues,
 I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
 And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
 O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
 Since you did leaue it for my office fir.

Ro. Is it euen so? then I denie you starres.
 Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
 And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you fir, haue patience:
 Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misaduenture.

Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
 Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
 Hast thou no letters to me from the frier?

* lord. † on. ‡ dreams. § give. || man Balthazar.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Man. No my good lord. *Exit.*

Ro. No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night :
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men :
I do remember an appothecarie,
And hereabouts *a* * dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones :
And in his needie shop a tortoys hung,
An allegater stuft, and other skins
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie feedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to myselfe I said,
An † if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day the beggers shop is shut.
What ho appothecarie :

Appo. Who calls so lowd ?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,

* *be.* † *And.*

That

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

That the life-wearie taker may fall dead,
And that the trunke may be dischargd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd
Doth hurry from the fatall canons wombe.

Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he that vtters them.

Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in *thy* * eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs † vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoord no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

Po. My pouerty, but not my will consents.

Ro. I pray thy pouerty and not thy will.

Po. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Ro. There is thy gold, worse poyson to mens foules,
Doing more *murther* ‡ in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell,
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I vse thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter frier Iohn to frier Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy *Franciscan* frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This fame should be the voice of frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ; giue me his letter.

* *thine.* † *hang.* ‡ *murders.*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this citie visiting the ficke,
And finding him, the searchers of the towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo*?

Iohn. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger : frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Vnto my cell.

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

(*Exit.*

Law. Now must I to the monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing coarfe, closde in a dead mans tombe.

(*Exit.*

Enter Paris and his page.

Par. Giue me thy torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene :
Vnder yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of graues,

Bu

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.

Pag. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will aduenture.

Par. Sweet flower with flowers thy bridall bed I strew,
O woe, thy canapie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will *dewe* *,
Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones ;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

Whistle boy.

The boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loues right ?
What with a torch ? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Ro. Giue me the mattocke and the wrenching iron.
Hold take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my lord and father,
Giue me the light ; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hearest or feest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my ladies face :
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious ring : a ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone :
But if thou ieaious dost returne to prie
In what I farther shall intend to do,

* *new.*

By

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy lims :
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie tygers, or the roaring sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about.
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt,

Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth :
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to open,
And in despight Ile cram thee with more food.

Pa. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That mured my loues couzin ; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Mountague* :
Can vengeance be pursued further then death ?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe :
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy *bid** thee run away.

* *bade*

Par.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Par. I do defie thy commisseration,
And apprehend thee for a fellow here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.

*O lord * they fight, I will go call the watch.*

Par. O I am flaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutius kinsman, noble countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed foule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A graue; O no, a lanthorne; slaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my loue, my wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beautie:
Thou art not conquerd, beauties ensigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyeest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To funder his that was thine enemy?

* Page. O Lord, &c.

Forgiue

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Forgiue me couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
 Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue,
 Shall I belieue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous
 And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
 Thee here in darke to be his paramour?
 For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And neuer from this pallace of dym night
 Depart againe, *come lie thou in my arme,*
*Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in**.
 O true apothecarie!
 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
 Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
 With wormes that are thy chambermaides: O here
 Will I fet vp my euerlasting rest:
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
 From this world-wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
 Armes take your last embrace: and lips, O you
 The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
 A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
 Come bitter conduct, come vnfaury guide,
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks, thy sea-sicke weary barke:
 Heer's to my loue. O true apothecary;
 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with lanthorne, crow and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
 Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?

Man. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
 What torch is yond that vainely lends his light.

* This line and a half is wanting in the edition of 1637, and several of those
 that follow are transposed.

To

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

To grubs and eyelesse sculles as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

Man. It doth so holy fir, and theres my master, one that
you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Man. I dare not fir,
My master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe under this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. *Romeo.*
Alacke alacke, what bloud is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What meane these masterlesse and goarie fwords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale: who else, what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The lady stirs.

Iuli. O comfortable frier, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I heare some noyse lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,

Thy

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead :
And *Paris* too, come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a sisterhood of holy nunnes :
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
Whats here ? a cup closd in my true loues hand ?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end :
O churle, drinke all, and *left* * no friendly drop
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way ?

Iuli. Yea noife ? then Ile be briefe. O happie dagger.
Tis is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

Watch boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth
burne.

Watch. The ground is bloody, searck about the church-
yard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead :
Who here hath laine these two dayes buried,
Go tell the prince, runne to the *Capulets*.
Raife vp the *Mountagues*, some others searck,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

* *leave.*

Enter

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the church-yard.

Chiefe Watch. Hold him in safetie, till the prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3 Watch. Here is a frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes,
We tooke this mattocke and this spade from him,
As he was comming from this church-yard side.

Chief. Watch. A great suspition, stay the frier too, too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest ?

*Enter Capels *.*

Ca. What should it be that they so shrike abroad ?

Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our monument.

Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares ?

Watch. Soueraigne, here lies the countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warm and new kild.

Prin. Search, seeke and know how this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a frier, and slaughterd *Romeos* man,
With instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife †.

Ca. O heauen ! O wife looke how our daughter bleedes !
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house

* *Capulet and his wife.*

† *Enter &c. omitted.*

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheath'd in my daughters bosome.

Wi. O me, this sight of death, is as a bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?

Pri. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death, meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heare I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?

Frier. I will bee brieife for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, *thats* * *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death

* *that*

Banisht

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

Banisht the new-made bridegroom from this citie,
 For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pin'd.
 You, to remoue that siege of grieffe from her
 Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce
 To county *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
 And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meanes
 To rid her from this second marriage:
 Or in my cell there would she kill her selfe.
 Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)
 A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
 That he should hither come as this dire night
 To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
 Being the time the potions force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, frier *Iohn*,
 Was stayd by accident, and yesternight
 Returned my letter back, then all alone
 At the prefixed hower of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindreds vault,
 Meaning to keepe her closely at my cell,
 Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,
 The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
 And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
 But then a noife did scare me from the tombe,
 And she too desperate would not goe with me:
 But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
 All this I know, and to the marriage her nurse is priuie:
 And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
 Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before the time,
 Vnto the rigour of severest law.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Whers *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same monument
This letter he early bid me giue his father,
And threatned me with death, going into the vault,
If I departed not, and leaft him there.

Prin. Giue me the letter I will looke on it.
Where is the counties page that raifd the watch?
Sirrah what made your master in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the tombe
And by and by my maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prin. This letter doth make good the friers words,
Their course of loue the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore pothecarie, and there withall,
Came to this vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet, Mountague*?
See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brase of kinsmen, all are punisht.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raie * her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,

* raise.

There

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

There shall no figure at that rate be set,

As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeos* by his ladies lie,
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head :

Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,

Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.

For neuer was a storie of more woe,

Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

F I N I S.

✧ This Play has been collated with another Copy printed
in 1637; *R. Young*, for *Iohn Smethwicke*.

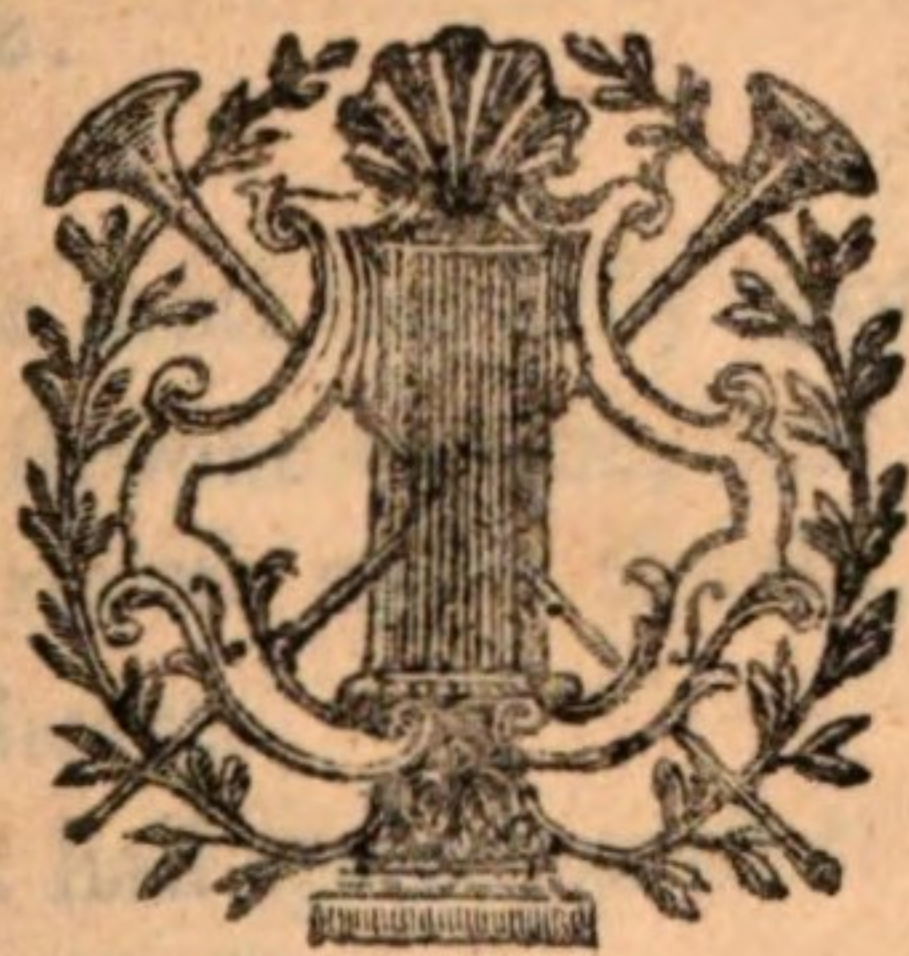
ROMEO AND JULIET

There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Copy. As rich shall Romeo be for his lady as
Poore sacrifices of our country.
Pyra. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe told
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.
[Exit Romeo]
[Enter Nurse]
[Enter Juliet]
[Enter Lady Capulet]
[Enter Tybalt]
[Enter Mercutio]
[Enter Balthasar]
[Enter Friar Laurence]
[Enter Paris]
[Enter Capulet]
[Enter Montague]
[Enter King]
[Enter Citizens]
[Enter Soldiers]
[Enter Servants]
[Enter Music]
[Enter Chorus]
[Enter Prologue]
[Enter Epilogue]

T H E
T R A G I C A L L H I S T O R I E
O F
H A M L E T
P R I N C E of D E N M A R K E.

B Y
W I L L I A M S H A K E S P E A R E.

Newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much againe as it
was, according to the true and perfect coppie.



At L O N D O N:

Printed for *John Smethwicke*, and are sold at his shoppe
in *Saint Dunstons Church yeard* in *Fleetstreet*, under the
Dial 1611.

THE
TRAGICAL HISTORIE
OF
HAMLET
PRINCE OF DENMARKE.
BY
☞ This Copy has been collated with the following Editions.

1605. I. R. for N. L.

1637. R. Young, for Iohn Smethwicke.

No date. W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke.



At London:

Printed for Iohn Smethwicke, and are sold at the Shoppe
in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet, under the
Dial 1641.

T H E
T R A G E D I E
O F
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two centinels.

Bar.

WHOSE * there?

Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and vnfold you
felfe.

Bar. Long liue the king.

Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*

The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

* who's

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And leegemen to the *Dane*.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farewell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* hath my place; giue you good night.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but a * fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
Hee may approue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe awhile,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What wee haue two nights seene.

Hor. Well sit wee downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats westward from the pole;
Had made his course t'illumine † that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

* our, † t'illumine.

Enter

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes againe,

Bar. In the same figure like the king thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler speake to it *Horatio.*

Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio.*

Hora. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the maiesty of buried *Denmarke*
Did sometimes march : by heauen I charge the speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

Ma. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more then phantasie ?
What thinke you *of it* * ?

Hora. Before my God I might not this beleue,
Without the sencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king ?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe :
Such was the very armor hee had on,
When hee the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownde hee once when in an angry parle
Hee smote the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this *dead* † houre,
With martiall stauke hath hee gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,

* *ont.* † *same.*

But

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,
Why this same strict and most obseruant watch
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazen cannon
And forraine marte for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose fore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might bee toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night ioynt *labourer* * with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so, our last king,
Whose image euen but now appea'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by law and heraldry
Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our king, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had hee beene *vanquisber* †; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the articles deseigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolute
For food and diet to some enterprife

* *labour.* † *vanquisb'd.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

That hath a stomake in't, *which* * no other
 As it doth well appeare vnto our state
 But to recouer of vs by strong hand
 And tearmes compulfatory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost; and this I take it,
 Is the maine motiue of our preparations
 The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head
 Of this post-hast and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but *euen so* † ;
 Well may it fort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the king
 That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye :
 In the most high and palmy state of *Rome*,
 A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
 The graues stood tennantlesse, and ‡ the sheeted dead
 Did squeake and gibber in the *Romane* streets
 As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
 Disasters in the funne; and the moist starre,
 Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* empier stands,
 Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
 And euen the like *precurse* of *fearce* || euent
 As harbingers preceeding still the fates
 And prologue to the omen comming on
 Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
 Vnto our climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe
 Ile crosse it though it blast mee : stay illusion,
It spreads his armes.
 If thou hast any found or vse of voice,
 Speake to mee, if there be any good thing to bee done

* *which is.*

† *enso.*

‡ *and omitted.*

|| *fear.*

That

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

That may to thee doe ease and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.

If thou art priuy to thy contryes fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd,
O speake :

Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.

The cock crowes.

Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan ?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,

We doe it wrong being so maiesticall
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crew :

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons ; I haue heard,
The cock that is the trumpet to the morne
Doth with his lofty and shrill founding throate
Awake the god of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre,
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hyes
To his confine and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

And then they say no spirit *dare* * sturre abroad
The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high eastward hill :
Breake wee our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what wee haue seen to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him :
Doe you consent wee shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our duety.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where wee shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter *Claudius*, king of Denmarke, *Gertrad the*
queene, counsaile : as *Polonius*, and his sonne *Laertes*,
Hamlet cum aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory bee greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe and our whole kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That wee with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of ourselues :
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue wee as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage
In equall scale waighing delight and dole

* *dares.*

Taken

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Taken to wife : nor haue wee herein bard
Your better wifdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you know yong *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to bee disioynt, and out of frame
Colegued with this dreame of his aduantage
Hee hath not faild to pester vs with message
Importing the furrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law
To our most valiant brother, so much for him.
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue here writ
To *Norway* vncke of young *Fortenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his nephewes purpose ; to suppress
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his *subiect* * and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For † bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the king, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allow :
Farwell, and let your hast commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that and all things will we show our duty.

Kin. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you ?

You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes* ?

You cannot speake of reason to the *Dane*

And lose your voyce ; what would'st thou begge *Laertes* ?

* *subiects.* † *Our.*

That

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the heart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Lar. My dread lord.

Your leaue and fauour to returne to *France*,
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*.
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?

Polo. He hath my lord wrung from me my flow leaue
By labourfome petition, and at last
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,
I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my cosin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must dye,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee
Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake could smother *,

* could mother.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Nor customary futes of solemne black,
 Nor windie fuspuration of forst breath,
 No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
 Nor the deiected hauior of the visage,
 Together with all formes, moodes, *shapes** of grieve
 That can *devote* † me truely, these indeed seeme,
 For they are actions that a man might play,
 But I haue that within which passes shoue,
 These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature
Hamlet,

To giue these mourning duties to your father,
 But you must know your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
 In filliall obligation for some tearme
 To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
 In obstinate condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly grieve,
 It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen,
 A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient.
 An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold,
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
 Why should we in our peeuiſh opposition
 Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theame
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
 From the first *course* ‡, till he that dyed to day
 This must be so : we pray you throw to earth
 This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a father, for let the world take note
 You are the most imediate to our throne,

* *shapes.* † *devoute, denote.* ‡ *coarse.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE,

And with no lesse nobility of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going back to schoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is most *retrogard** to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeft courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obay you madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that *Denmarke* drinckes to day,
But the great cannon to the clowdes shall tell.
And the kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away.

Florish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too fallied flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst *seale* † slaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden,
That growes to seed, things ranck and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meere that it should come thus
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyre, so louing to my mother,
That he might not *beteeme* § the winds of heauen

* retrograde. † self. § let e'en.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Visit her face too roughly : heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't ; frailty thy name is woman
A little month. On ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers body
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God ! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my vncke,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married oh ! most wicked speed ; to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your lordshippe.

Ham. I am glad to see you well ; *Horatio*, or I do forget
my selfe.

Hora. The same my lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my eare that violence

To

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elfonoure*?

Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora. My lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeed my lord it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*.

My father me thinkes I see my father.

Hora. Where my lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly king.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hora. My lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hora. My lord the king your father.

Ham. The king my father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an *attentiue* * eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these gentlemen
This maruaile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead *wast* † and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Cap a pea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,

* *attent.* † *wast.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Goes flowe and stately by them ; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surpris'd eyes,
Within *this* † tronchions length, whilst they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him ; this to me,
In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes : I knew your father,
These hands are not more like,

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht,

Ham. Did you not speake to it ?

Nora. My lord I did,

But answer made it none, yet once mee thought
It list'd vp *it* * head and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake :
But euen then the morning cock crew loude,
And at the found it shrunk in hast away
And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd lord tis true
And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duety
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeede sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night ?

All. Wee doe my lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you ?

All. Arm'd my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord from head to foote.

Hau. Then saw you not his face ?

† *his.* * *its.*

Nora.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Hora. O yes my lord, hee wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't hee frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like: staid it long?

Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griss'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A fable siluer'd.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid mee hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue.
Ile visit you.

All. Our duety to your honor. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Till then sit still my foule, *foule* * deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes, *Exit.*

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farewell,
And sister as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant, do not sleepe
But let me heare from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of *primy* † nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting.
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the mind and foule
Growes wide withall, perhaps hee loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
His greatnes waid, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualed persons doe,
Craue ‡ for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleue it
As he in his particuler act and place

* *fond.* † *prime.* ‡ *carue.*

May

PRINCE OF DENMARKE

May giue his faying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open,
To his vnmaistred importunity.

Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,

“ The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her beauty to the moone

“ Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes

“ The canker gaules the infant of the spring

Too oft before their buttons be disclos’d,

And in the morne and liquid dew of youth

Contagious blastments are most imminent,

Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,

Youth to it selfe rebels though none else neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As *watchmen* * to my heart : but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Show me the *steepe* † and thorny way to ‡ heauen
Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.
And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes* ? a bord, a bord for shame,

* *watchman.*

† *step.*

‡ *of.*

The

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are staied for, there my blessing with thee,
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
 Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
 Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
 But do not dull thy palme with entertainment
 Of each new hatcht vnflédgd courage; beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but beeing in,
 Bear't that th' *opposer* * may beware of thee.
 Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voyce,
 Take each man's censure, but reserue thy iudgement.
 Costly thy habite as thy purse can buy,
 But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
 For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man:
 And they in *France* of the best ranck and station,
Ar † of a most select and generous, cheefe in that:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
 For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
 And borrowing *dulleth* ‡ the § edge of husbandry:
 This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
 And it must follow as the night *the* || day
 Thou canst not then bee false to any man:
 Farewell, my blessing feason this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leaue my lord.

Pol. The time inuests you, goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laertes.

* *opposed.*

† *Or.*

‡ *dulls.*

§ *the omitted.*

|| *to.*

Pol.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* hee hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis told me hee hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,
If it be so, as so tis put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not know my lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase)
Wrong it thus*, youle tender me a foole.

Ophe. My lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springes to catch wood-cocks, I doe know
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not *tak't* † for fire: from this time

* The parenthesis in the first edition takes in as far as, *thus*)

† take.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Be some-thing scanter of your maiden presence
 Set your intreatments at a higher rate
 Then a command to *parle* || ; for lord *Hamlet*,
 Belieue so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger teder may he walke
 Then may be giuen you : in few *Ophelia*,
 Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
 Not of that die which their inuestments show
 But meere implorators of vnholly suites,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
 The better to *beguile* † : this is for all,
 I would not in plaine termes from this time foorth
 Haue you so slaunder any moments leasure
 As to giue words or talke with the lord *Hamlet*,
 Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hora. Indeede ; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke.

A florish of trumpets and 2 peeces goes off.

Ham. The king doth walke ‡ to night and takes his rowse.
 Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles :
 And as he draines his drafts of *Rennish* downe,
 The kettle drumme and trumpet, thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome ?

|| *parley.* † *beguide.* ‡ *wake.*

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. I marry ist,
But to my mind, though I am native heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle east and west
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particuler men,
That for some vitious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habite that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plaufiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being natures liuery, or fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinit as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault : the dram of *ease* *
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandall.

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend vs !
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

* *ease.*

Thou

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall *Dane*, ò answere mee,
Let mee not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the sepulcher,
Wherein wee saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath opt his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
Reuifites thus the glimfes of the moone,
Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Beckons.

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my lord.

Ham. Why? what should bee the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as * it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you towards the flood my lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe
That bettels ore his base into the sea,

* like.

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might depriue your foueraignty of reason,
And drawe you into madnesse, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty *artyre** in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe *one* †, Ile follow thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alasse poore ghost.

* attire, artery. † one.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy ferious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to here.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away : but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull porpentine :
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, O list,
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his *foule**, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldest thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'st thou not sturre in this ; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,

* *soul.*

A serpent

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

A serpent stung me, so the whole eare of *Denmarke*.
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Ranckely abused : but know thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule ! my vnkle :

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce ; wonne to his shamfull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous queene ;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand, even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine ; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant angle linckt.
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.

But soft, me thinkes I scent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be ; sleeping within my orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy vnkle stole
With iuyce of cursed *Hebona* in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse,
And curde like eager droppings into milke.
The thin and wholsome blood ; so did it mine,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

And a most instant tetter barked about
 Most *lazerlike* * with vile and lothsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
 Of life, of crowne, of queene at once dispatcht,
 Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
 Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-aneeld,
 No reckning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head,
 O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
 Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But howsomeuer thou *pursues* † this act,
 Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy foule contriue
 Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
 And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
 To pricke and sting her : fare thee well at once,
 The gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
 And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
 Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen ! O earth ! what else,
 And shall I couple hell, O fie ! *hold* ‡, my heart,
 And you my sinnowes ; grow not instant old,
 But beare me swiftly vp ; remember thee,
 I thou poore ghost whiles memory holds a seate
 In this distracted globe, remember thee,
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
 All *sawes* § of bookes, all formes, all pressures past
 That youth and obseruation coppied there,
 And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
 Within the booke and volume of my braine

* *lazar-like.*

† *pursuest.*

‡ *bold, bold.*

§ *sawes.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most prenicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I fet it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine.
At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmarke*.
So vncke, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My lord, my lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar. How i'ft my noble lord? *

Hora †. O, wonderfull!

Hor. Good my lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hora. Not I my lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it.
But you'le be secret.

Both. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all *Denmarke*

But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needs no ghost my lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,

* *Hora.* What newes my lord?

This line is added from the first edition.

† *Ham.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For euery man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wilde and whurling words my lord.

Ham. I am forry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.

Hora. There's no offence my lord.

Ham. Yes by saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-maister't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What i'ft my lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.

Both. My lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my lord in faith.

Ham. Vppon my sword.

Mar. Wee haue sworne my lord already.

Ham. Indeed vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the stage.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the fellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,
Sweare by the sword.

Ghost.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic, & ubique*, then weele shift our ground :
Come hether gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Swear by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said old mole, *canst** worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy pioner once more remooue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more thinges in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philosophy : but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so *mere* † I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an antike disposition on
That you at such times seeing mee, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or *this head shake* ‡,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, well, well wee know, or wee could and if wee would,
Or if wee list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of mee, this do sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit : so gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lacke : let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt. O cursed spight !

* *canst thou.*

† *ere.*

‡ *head thus shak'd*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these *two* * notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my lord.

Pol. You shall do maruelous wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visite him, to make inquire,
Of his behauour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*.
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompasment, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y^{ft} be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

* *two* omitted.

Rey.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontineney,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good lord.

Pol. Wherfor should you doe this?

Rey. I my lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I beleue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight *sullies* * on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little foyld with working,
Marke you, your party in conuerse, him you would found
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this cosequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos: what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman
I say him yesterday, or th'other day.
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,

* *sallies*.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

There falling out at tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such *or* * such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood : take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdome, and of reach,
With windleses : and with assaies of bias,
By *indirects* † find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise
Shall you my sonne ; you haue me, haue you not ?

Rey. My lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter ?

Ophe. O my lord, my lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God ?

Ophe. My lord, as I was sowing in my closset,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe *gyred* ‡ to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had beene loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue ?

Ophe. My lord I do not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he ?

* and † *indirects*. ‡ *gyred*.

Ophe.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it; long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raised a sigh so pittious and profound,
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a doores he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the king,
This is the very extacy of loue,
Whose violent property *forgoes** it selfe,
And leads the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters: and denied
His accessse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not *coted*† him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but beshrow my ielousie
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the king,

* *foredoes.* † *coated.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More grieve to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Florish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hasty sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the'vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That beeing of so young daies brought vp with him,
And sith so neighbored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lies within our remedy.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there *are* * not liuing,
To whome he more adheres, if it will please you,
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to *extend* † your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your maiesties
Might by the foueraigne power you haue of vs,

* is. † expend.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Put your your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to intreaty.

Guyl. But we both obey,
And here giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete §.

King. Thankes *Roscencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*,

Quee. Thankes *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Roscencraus*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne : goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guyl. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I amen.

Exeunt Ros. and Guyl.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast beene the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my lord ? I assure my good liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soule.
Both to my God, and to my gracious king ;
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacy,

King. O speake of that, that do I long to heare.

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the frute to that great feast,

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my decree † : *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

§ to be commanded. This is added from the first edition.

† dear.

Quee.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hasty marriage.

Enter ambassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway* ?

Volte. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephews leuies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnesse, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his vncke, neuer more
To giue th'assay of armes against your maiesty:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in annall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers,
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home.

Exeunt ambassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended,
My liege and maddam, to expostulate

What

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

What maiesty should be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
Therefore breuity is the soule of wit,
And tediousnes the limmes and outward florishes :
I will be breefe your noble sonne is mad :
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What ist but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittty,
And pittty tis, tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cause :
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

*To the celestiall and * my soules idol, the most beautified Ophelia,
that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase,
but you shall heare : thus in her excellent white bosome,
these &c.*

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her ?

Pol. Good maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

* and omitted.

LETTER.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

LETTER.

*Doubt that the starres are fire,
Doubt that the sunne doth mooue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.*

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to
reacken my groanes, but that I loue thee best, oh most best beleue
it ! adew. Thine euermore most deare lady, whilst this machine
is to him.*

Hamlet.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,
And more about *hath* * his sollicitings
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue ?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me ?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing ?
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare maiesty your queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the deske, or table booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke ? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong mistresse *this* † I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a prince out of thy *starre* ‡
This must not bee : and then I *prescripts* § gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from *his* || resort,

* haue.

† thus.

‡ sphere.

§ precepts.

|| ber.

Admit

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done she tooke the fruites of my aduise,
And hee repel'd. A short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to § lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all wee mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke *this* †?

Quee. It may bee very *like* ‡.

Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade mee, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the center.

King. How may wee try it forther?

Pol. You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the lobby.

Quee. Soe he does indeede.

Pol. At such a time; Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an || arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And bee not from his reason false thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. Wee will trye it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away.

Exit King and Quee.

§ to a, † 'tis this. ‡ likely. || the.

Ile

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, be-
ing a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter,
yet he knew me not at first, a sayd I was a fishmonger, a is
farre gone, and truely in my youth, I suffred much extremity
for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What
doe you read my lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my lord.

Ham. Slanders fir; for the fatericall rogue saies here, that
old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their
eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum, and that they
haue a plentiful lacke of wit, together with most weake
hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potently
believe, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for
your selfe fir shall grow old as I am; if like a crab you could
goe backward.

Pol.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, wil you walke out of the ayre my lord.

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildensterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Guyl. My honor'd lord.

Ros. My most deere lord.

Ham. My *exelent* § good friends, how dost thou *Guildensterne*?

A *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on fortunes
lap †.

We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fauors.

Guyl. Faith her priuates we.

§ *extent.* † *cap.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ha. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet.

What newes ?

Ros. None my lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is doomes day neere, but your newes is not true ;

But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfonoure* ?

Ros. To visit you my lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thank you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halfpeny : were you not sent for ? is it your owne inclining ? is it a free visitation ? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guy. What should we say my lord ?

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose ; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modestyes haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good king and queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me : but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowshippe, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue ; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge & you withall, bee euen and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you ?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you, if you loue me hold not off.

Guy. My lord wee were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the king and queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the

& exchange.

earth,

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue *ore-hanged* § firmament, this maiesticall rooffe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. *What* † peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an angell in apprehension, how like a god: the beauty of the world; the parragon of annimales, and yet to mee, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My lord there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my lord if you delight not in man, what lenton entertainment the players shal receiue from you, wee *coted* ‡ them on the way, and hether are *the* || coming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the king shal be welcome, his maiesty shal haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous knight shal vse his foyle and target, the louer shal not *sing* §§ gratis, the humorous man shal end his part in peace and the lady shal say her mind freely: or the blanke verse shal hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the citty.

Ham. How chances it *the* †† trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do *the* †† hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

§ *ore-hanging.* † *What a.* ‡ *coted.* || *they.* §§ *sigb.* †† *they*

†† *they.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my vncke is king of *Denmarke* and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if philosophy could find it out.

A florish.

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you must shoue fayrely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my vncke father, and aunt-mother, are de-ceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare lord.

Ham. I am but mad north north west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hauke from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, are § each eare a hearer, that great baby as † you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy that ‡ he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right fir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an actor in *Rome*.

Pol. The actors are come hether my lord.

§ at. † as omitted. ‡ that omitted.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each actor on his asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastorall, pastorall-comicall, historical-pastorall, *seeme* * indeuidable, or poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot bee too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty : these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* iudge of *Israell*, what a treasure hadst thou ?

Pol. What a treasure had he my lord ?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha* † ?

Pol. What followes then my lord ?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was ; the first rowe of the *pious* ‡ chanfon will show you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Dēmark* ? what my young lady and mistris, by § lady your ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring : maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly faukners, flie at any thing we see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

* *scene.*

† Here the two following speeches are omitted which are found in the first copy.

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

‡ *pans.* § *my.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Player. What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receiued it and others, whose iudgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter fauory, nor no matter in the phraze that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly lou'd, t'was *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Ircanian* beast, tis not * it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pirrh*us, hee whose fable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th' ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is hee totall gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and *embasted* † with the parching streetes
Than lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cis'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbunckles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my lord well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at *Greekes*, his anticke sword

* not so.

† *empasted*.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command ; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th' vnnerued father falls :

Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base ; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* eare, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing :

But as wee often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anone the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the *Cyclops* hammers fall,
On *Marses* * armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out thou strumpet fortune ! all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and folles † from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers with your beard ; prethee say on,
he's for a iig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come
to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a ‡ woe, had seene the mobled queen.

* *Mars bis.* † *felloes, follies, fellowes.* ‡ *ab.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. The mobled queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames
With bison rhume, a clout vpon that head,
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steeped,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd ;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has
teares in's eyes prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
good my lord will you see the players well bestowed ; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and
breefe chronicles of the time ; after your death you were
better haue a bad epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after
his desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your
owne honour and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more
merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow ; dost
thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gon-
zago* ?

Play. I my lord.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Weele *hau't* * to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't : could you not?

Play. I my lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elfoncure*.

Exeunt Pol. and players.

Ros. Good my lord.

Exit †.

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pefant slaue am I !
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole function futing
With formes to his conceit ; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her ? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue ? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and *appeale* ‡ the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares ; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,
Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no not for a king,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made : am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

* *bate.*

† *Exeunt.*

‡ *appeale.*

Pluckes

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
 Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throate
 As deepe as to the lunges : who does me this,
 Hah ! s'wounds I should take it : for it cannot be
 But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall
 To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should *haue* * fatted all the region kytes
 With this slaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
 Remorselesse, treacherous, letcherous, kindlesse villaine.
 Why what an asse am I ? this is most braue,
 That I the sonne of a deere *father* † murdered,
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
 Must like a whore vnpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drabbe ; a stallion, fie vppont, foh.
 About my *braines* ‡, hum, I haue heard,
 That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the scene,
 Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 They haue proclaim'd their malefactions :
 For murther though it haue no tongue will speake
 With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these players
 Play somthing like the murther of my father
 Before mine vncke, Ile obserue his lookes,
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do blench
 I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
 May be a *diuell* §, and the *diuell* § hath power
 T'assume a pleasing shape ; yea and perhaps,
 Out of my weakenesse and my melancholly,
 As hee is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses mee to damne mee ; Ile haue grounds
 More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
 Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the king.

Exit.

* *a.* † *father* omitted. ‡ *braines*. § *deale*.

Enter

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guyl-
densterne, lords.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why hee puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie ?

Ros. He dooes confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.

Guyl. Nor do wee find him forward' to be founded,
But with a crafty madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confession.
Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well ?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime ?

Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it : they are heere about the court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a futher edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my lord.

Exeunt Ros. and Guyl.
King.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Kin. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront *Ophelia* ; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckely iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
Ist be th' affliction of his loue or no
'That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.
And for my part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophe. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere: gracious so please you,
We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may collour
Your lowlinesse; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The diuell himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer

The

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take armes against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them: to die to sleepe
 No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end
 The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
 That flesh is heire to; tis a confumation
 Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come?
 When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
 Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
 Th'oppressors wrong, the proude man's contumely,
 The pangs of *office*, and * the lawes delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurnes
 That patient merriit of th'vnworthy takes,
 When himselfe might his *quietas* † make
 With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
 To grunt and sweate vnder a weary life?
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne
 No trauailer returnes, puzzels the will,
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
 Then flie to others that wee know not of.
 Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
 And thus the native hiew of resolution
 Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard their currents turne awry,
 And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*, nimph in thy orizons
 Be all my sinnes remembred.

* despised loue. † *quietus*,

Ophe.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ophe. Good my lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thanke you ; well.

Ophe. My lord, I haue remembrances of yours:
That I haue longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My lord.

Ham. Are you faire ?

Ophe. What meanes your lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beauty.

Ophe. Could beauty my lord haue better comerce
Then with honesty ?

Ham. I truely, for the power of beauty will sooner trans-
forme honesty from what it is to a baude, then the force of ho-
nesty can translate beauty *into* * his likenesse, this was some-
time a paradox, but now the time giues it prooffe, I did loue
you once.

Oph. Indeed my lord you made me beleue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot
so *euacuat* † our old stock, but we shall relish of it : I loued
you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a nunry : why would'st thou be a breeder
of sinners ? I am myselfe indifferent honest, but yet I could

* *in.* † *evacuat.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

accuse mee of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imaginatiō to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen? we are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs. Go thy waies to a nunry. Wher's your father.

Ophe. At home my lord.

Ham. Let the doers be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this *plage** for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny get thee to a nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a nunry goe, and quickly to, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig and amble, and you list you nickname Gods creaturs, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all but one shal liue, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a nunry go. *Exit.*

Ophe. O what a noble mind is heere othrowne!
The courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectation, and rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th' obseru'd of all obseruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the hony of his *musickt* † vowes;

* *plague.* † *musick.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweete bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That *unmatcht* * forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacy. O wo is me
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue : his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes ; there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger ; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus *set* † downe : he shall with speed to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, shall expell
This something fetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't ?

Pol. It shall doe well.
But yet doe I beleue the origen and comencement of it ‡
Sprung from neglected loue : how now *Ophelia* ?
You neede not tell vs what lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all : my lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his queene-mother all alone intreate him,
To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference : if she find him not,

* *unmatch'd.* † *set it.* ‡ *his griefe.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

To *England* send him : or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and three of the players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you,
trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our
players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor
doe not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vse
all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say
whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a tem-
perance, that may giue it smoothnesse, O it offends me to the
soule, to heare a robustious perwig-patd fellowe tere a passion
to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings,
who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable
dumbe shewes, and noyse : I would haue such a fellow whipt
for ore-dooing *Termagant*, it out *Herods Herod*, pray you
auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion
bee your tutor, fute the action to the word, the word to the
action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not
the modesty of nature : for any thing so ore-doone, is from
the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and now,
was and is, to hold as twere the mirrour vp to nature, to shew
vertue her feature ; scorne her own image, and the very age
and body of the time his forme and pressure : now this ouer-
done, or come *trady* † off, though it makes the vnskilfull
laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of
which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole theater
of others. O there bee players that I haue seene play, and

† *tardy.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

heard others prayd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th' accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, *Pagan*, nor man, haue so strutted and belowed, that I haue thought some of natures ionrnemen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ha. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you ready. How now my lord, will the king heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the plaiers make hast. Wil you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my lord.

Exeunt those two.

Ham. What how, *Horatio*.

Enter Horatio.

Hora. Heere sweete lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew hast but thy good spirits
To feede and cloathe thee, why should the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick obsurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, doost thou heare,

Since

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Since my deere soule was mistris of her choyce,
And could of men distinguish her election
S'hath seald thee for her selfe, for thou hast beene
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks ; and blest are those
Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger
To found what stoppe shee please : giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the king,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my vnkle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not itselfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that wee haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy ; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after wee will both our iudgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter trumpets and kettle drummes, King, Queene, Polonius,
Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet* ?

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. Excellent yfaith.

Of the camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feede capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my lord.
You playd once i'th vniuersity you say,

Pol. That did I my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kild i'th capitall,
Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calf
there.

Be the players ready?

Ros. I my lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother heere's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O, *oh**, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Ophe. What is my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my lord.

Ham. O God! your onely iigge-maker, what should a man
do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother
lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two months my lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for Ile
haue a sute of fables; O heauens, die two months ago, and

* *ba.*

not

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live his life halfe a yeare, but ber lady a must build churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, for O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

The trumpets sound. Dumb show followes.

Enter a king and a queene, the queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vppon her necke, he lies him downe vppon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him a sleepe, leaues him : anon comes in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him : the queene returnes, finds the king dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysoner woes the queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my lord ?

Ham. Marry, tis munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow,

The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Ophe. Will a tell us what this show meant ?

Ham. I or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue or the posie of a ring ?

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ophe. Tis breefe my lord.

Ham. As womans loue,

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dosen moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuell in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the sunne and moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue bee doone,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from *your* * former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my lord it nothing must.
For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my lord is prooffe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz't, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the litlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou shalt liue in this fare world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest.
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

* *our.*

The

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I doe beleue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay ourselues what to ourselues is debt,
What to ourselues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of either, grieve, or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy grieves, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change,
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or else fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,
The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hethertoo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from mee day, and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And anchors cheere in prision be my scope,
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twane. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play?

Quee. The lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence
in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence
i th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the
image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the dukes
name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anone, tis a knauish
peece of worke, but what of that? your maiesty and we *shall**
haue free soules, it touches vs not, let the gauled iade winch,
our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to
the king.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus my lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue
If I could see the puppits dallying.

* that.

Oph.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking rauē doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit and time agreeing,

Confiderat season els no creature seeing,

Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weeds collected,

With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,

On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poysons him i'th garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Quee. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stroken deere go weepe,
The hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne *Turke* with me, with prouinciall roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of players ?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere
This realme dimantled was
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the ghosts word for a thousand pound, didst perceauē?

Hora. Very well my lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the poysoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, com the recorders,
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique.

Enter Rosencraus, Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole history.

Guy. The king sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer to
signifie this to the doctor, for, for me to put him to his pur-
gation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guil. The queene your mother in most great affliction of
spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay good my lord, this curtesie is not of the right
breed,

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholesome aunfwer, I will doe your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Rof. What my lord.

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseasd, but fir, such answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Rof. Then thus she saies, your behauiour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Rof. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Rof. My lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Rof. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Rof. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the king himselfe for your succession in *Denmarke*.

Enter the players with recorders.

Ham. I fir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, oh the recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guy!

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Guyl. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that : will you play vpon this pipe ?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, and the *thumb** giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guyl. But these cannot I commaund to an vtrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my misterie, you would found mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellēt voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'blood do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord the queene would speake with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By'th masse and tis like a camell indeede.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a wezell.

* *umber.*

Pol.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Pol. It is black like a wezell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world : now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busynesse as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on : soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature ! let not euer,
The foule of *Nero* enter this firm bosome !
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and foule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my foule consent. *Exit.*

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth houely grow,
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind

To

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of maiesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose *hugh* * spokes, tenn thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,
Each small annexment, pety consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the king sigh, but a generall *growne* †.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will hast vs.

Exeunt gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the arras I'll conuay my selfe
To here the proffesse, I'll warrant shee'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it sayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you go to bed.
And tell you what I know.

Exit.

King. Thankes deere my lord.
O my offence is rancke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my stronge *entent* ‡
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,

* *bough, buge.*

† *grone.*

‡ *intent.*

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE

And both neglect : what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete heauens
To wash it white as snow ? whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh ! what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne ? forgiue me my foule murther;
That cannot be since I am still possesst
Of those *affects* * for which I did the murther ;
My crowne, mine owne ambition, and my queene ;
May one be pardoned and retaine th' offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences *guided* † hand may show by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the law, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence : what then, what rests ?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
O wretched state, O bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged ! helpe angles make assay,
Bow stubborne knees, and hart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,

* *affects*, † *guided*.

And

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this fame villaine fend
To heauen.

Why, this is base and silly.——not reuendge,
A tooke my father grosely, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes faue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him : and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage ?

No,

Vp sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes ; my mother staies,
This phisicke but prolongs thy sickly daies.

Exit.

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.

Exit.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
With-draw, I heare him comming.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Now mother, whats the matter ?

Ger. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet* ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Ger. Haue you forgot me ?

Ham. No by the rood not so,

You are the queene, your husbands brothers wife,

And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse

Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me ?
Helpe hoe.

Pol. What hoe helpe.

Ham. How now, a rat, dead for a duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the king ?

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad good mother
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a king.

Ham. I lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to bee too busie is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

If damned custome haue nor brafd it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noyse so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls vertue hypocrit, takes of the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes mariage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, Oh such a deed !
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very soule : and sweet religion makes
A rapsody of words ; heauens face dooes glow
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought-sick at the act.

Quee. Ay me what act ?

Ham. That roares so low'de and thunders in the index,
Looke here vpon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on *his* * browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* him-selſe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination *and* † forme indeede,
Where euery god did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blaſting his wholesome brother : haue you eyes ?
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batton on this moore ; ha, haue you eyes ?

* *this.* † *and a.*

You

PRINCE OF DENMARKE

You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this? fence sure you haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that fence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor fenc to extacie was neere so thral'd
But it referu'd some quantity of choyce
To serue in such a difference. What diuell wast
That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true fence
Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost itselfe as actiuelly doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such black and greeued spots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the rancke sweat of an *incestuous* * bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to mee no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

* *inseemed*.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth
Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings,
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket. *

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards : what would your gracious figure ?

Ger. Alasse hee's mad.

Ham. Doe youe not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap'ft in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command. O say !

Ghost. Doe not forget : this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,
O step between her, and her *sighing* † foule !
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you lady ?

Ger. Alasse how i'ft with you ?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancy.
And with th' incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirrits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th' alarme,
Your *bedded* ‡ haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end : O gentle soune !
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke ?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones

* Gert. *No more.* 1st edit. † *sighing.* ‡ *bedded.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true collour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whome doe you speake this ?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there ?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is *there** I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare ?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liue'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation, extacy is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespasse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles rancke corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

* *there* omitted.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe;
Good night, but goe not to my vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frocke or liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie :
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And *maister* * the diuell, or throw him out
With wonderous potency : once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same lord
I doe repent ; but heauen hath pleas'd it so
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him ; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good lady.

Ger. What shall I doe ?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt king temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.

* either.

For

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

For who that's but a queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that,

Ger. Alacke I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweepe my way
And marshall me to knauery : let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blow them at the moone : O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete.
This man shall fet me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome ;
Mother good night indeed, this counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.

Exit.

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus and Gyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues ;
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne ?

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Gert. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne lord, what haue I seene to night ?

King. What *Gertrad*, how dooes *Hamlet* ?

Gert. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stirre,
Whips out his rapier, cryeis a rat, a rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deed !

It had beene so with vs had we beene there,
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd ?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man ; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life : where is he gone ?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnesse like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. *Gertrad*, com away,
The funne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But wee will shippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee must with all our maiesty and skill

Enter Ros. and Guyld.

Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,

Hamlet

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* flaine,
And from his mothers cloffet hath hee drag'd him,
Goe seeke him out speake fayre and bring the body
Into the chappell ; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds diameter,
As leuell as the cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poyfned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My foule is full of discord and difmay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but softly, what noyse, who calls on
Hamlet ?

O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you done my lord with the dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeeue it.

Ros. Beleeeue what ?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile and not mine owne,
besides to be demaunded of a sponge, what replication should
be made by the sonne of a king.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my lord ?

Ham. I sir, that fokes vp the kings countenance, his rewards,
his authorities, but such officers do the king best seruice in the
end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first
mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needs what you haue
gleand, it is but squeeing you, and sponge you shall be dry
again.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my lord.

Ham.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish care.

Ros. My lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him.

Exeunt.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis so, th' offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence : to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Hoe, bring in the lord.

They enter.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a * is eaten, a certaine conuocation of politique wormes are een at him : your worme is your only emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat ourselues for maggots, your fat king and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasse, alasse.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a king, eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. What dost thou meane by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guttes of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius* ?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vppe the staires into the lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine especiall safety
Which wee do tender, as wee deerely greeue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence :
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th' assotiate tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them, but come for *England*.
Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,

* *be.*

Man

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother :

Come for *England*.

Exit.

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abourd,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make hast,
And *England* if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set
Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
For like the heftique in my blood hee rages,
And thou must cure me till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere beginne.

Exit.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his armie ouer the stage.

Fortin. Goe captaine, from mee greet the *Danish* king,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his maiesty would ought with vs,
Wee shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my lord.

Fortin. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good fir whose powers are these ?

Cap. The are of *Norway* fir.

Ham. How proposd fir I pray you ?

Cap.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them sir ?

Cap. The nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir ?
Or for some frontire ?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it ?
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it bee sould in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garifond.

Ham. Two thousand soules and twenty thousand duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw,
This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and shewes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my lord ?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.

How all occasions do informe against mee,
And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feed, a beast, no more :
Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in vs vnusd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdome,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,

Sith

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Sith I haue cause, and wil and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffed,
Make mouthes at the inuisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vn Timer, sure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staine'd,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gen. She is importunat,
Indeed distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes shee heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winckes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing fure, yet much vnappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. ' To my sicke foule, as sinnes true nature is,
' Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
' So full of artlesse iealofie is guilt,
' It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous maiesty of *Denmarke*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*.

She sings.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his fendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,

S O N G.

He is dead and gone lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine
snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke heere my lord.

S O N G.

Ophe. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go
With true loue showers.

King.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

King. How doe you pretty lady ?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the owle was a bakers daughter, lord wee know what wee are, but know not what we may be, God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her father.

Ophe. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

SONG.

To morrow is *S. Valentines* day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayd at your window
To be your *Valentine*.

Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber
doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end ont,
By gis and by faint charity,
Alacke and fie for shame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
By cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,
(He answers) So should * I a done by yonder funne
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath shee beene thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile.

Come my coach, god night ladies, god night.

Sweet laides god night, god night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

* would.

O this

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her
fathers death, and now behold, O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first her father flaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent author
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholesome in thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much contayning as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my dear *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murthering-peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death. *A noyse within.*

Enter a messenger.

King. Attend, where are my *Swissers*, let them guard the
doore,

What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my lord.

The ocean ouer-peering of his list.

Eates not the flats with more *impetuous* * hast

Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head

Ore-bearres your officers: the rabble call him lord,

And as the world were now but to beginne,

* *impetuous.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be king,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, *Laertes* king.

Que. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry.

A noise within.
O this is counter, you false *Danish* dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this king? firs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue mee leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: keepe the doore, O thou vile king,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaimes me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmarched browe
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so giant-like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinity doth hedge a king,
That treason cannot peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incens'd, let him goe *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? He not be iugled with,
To hell alegiance, vowes to the blackest diuell,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reuengd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
The shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the the certainty
Of your deere father, i't writ in your reuenge,
That soope-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most fencible in grieve for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noyse is that?
O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauentimes salt
Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Till our scale turne the beame. O rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

SONG.

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the beere,
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false steward that stole his maisters daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's rosemary, that for remembrance, pray you
loue remember, and there is pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance
fitted.

Ophe. There's fennill for you, and colembines, there's rewe
for you, and heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of
grace a Sondaies, you may weare your rewe with a difference,
there's a dasie, I would giue you some violets, but they
witherd all when my father dyed, they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet *Robin* is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettinesse.

SONG.

Ophe. And will a not come againe,
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.

His

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and all christians soules,
God buy yours *.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grieve,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,
Make choice of whome your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kindome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction ; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophæ, sword, nor hachment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

Kin. So you shall,
And where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me ?

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from lord *Hamlet*.

* you.

S 3

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Enter Saylers.

Say. God blesse you fir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

Say. A shall fir and please him, there's a letter for you fir, it came from th' embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name bee *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt haue over-look't this, giue these fellowes some meanes to the king, they haue letters for him: ere wee were two daies old at sea, a pyrat of very war-like appointment gave vs chafe, finding our selues too slow of faile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner, they haue dealt with me like theeues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the king haue the letters I haue sent, and repayre thou to mee with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I haue words to speake in thine eare wil make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guildersterne* hold their course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will make you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whome you brought them.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance scale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father flaine
Pursued my life.

Laer.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Lar. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceede not against these feates,
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnes, wisdome, all things els,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r strong, the queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymbered for so loued *armes* *,
Would haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I † a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not
thinke
That we are made of stufte so flat and dull,
That we can let our berd be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,

* *armd.* † *I haue.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

I lou'd your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a messenger with letters.

Messe. These to your maiesty, this to the queene.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them ?

Messe. Saylers my lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them : leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
kingdome, to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes,
when I shall, first asking your pardon, there-vnto recount the
occasion of my suddaine returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come
backe,

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it my lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. I my lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vnder take it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,

Vnder

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall :
And for his death no winde of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practife,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a quality
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuy from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest sledge.

Laer. What part is that my lord?

King. A very *riband** in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then settled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two monthes since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse-backe, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp't, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very fame.

* *ribaud*.

Laer.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed
And iem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a maisterly report
For art and exercife in your defence,
And for your rapier most especiall,
That he cryd out t'would be a fight indeed
If one could match you ; the *scrimers* * of their nation
He fwore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them ; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my lord ?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why aske you this ?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when wee would : for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts figh,
That hurts by easing ; but to the quicke of th'vicer,

* *scrimures.*

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To show your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarize,
Reuengde should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keep close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbaded, and in a pace of practise,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for the purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a mountibancke
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be
death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,

Wee'l

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
 I *hau't* *, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
 As make your bouts more violent to that end,
 And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
 A challice for the *once* †, whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stucke,
 Our purpose may hold there ; but stay, what noyse ?

Enter queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
 So fast they follow ; your sisters drownd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, O where ?

Quee. There is a willow growes ascaunt the brooke,
 That shoves his hoary leaues in the glassy streame,
 There with fantastique garlands did she make
 Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
 That liberall shepheards giue a grosser name,
 But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
 There on the pendant boughes her *coronet* || weeds
 Clambring to hang, an enuious fluer broke,
 When down her weedy trophæes and her selfe,
 Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes spred wide,
 And mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
 As one incapable of her owne distresse.
 Or like a creature, natiue and indewed
 Vnto that element, but long it could not be
 Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
 Puld the poore *wench* § from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then is she drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

* *bate.* † *nonce.* || *crones.* § *wretch.*

Lar,

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Lar. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Lets follow *Gertrard*.
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe.
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two clownes.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in christian buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i't, crowners quest law.

Oth.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should haue bin buried out a christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drown or hang themfelues, more then their euen christen: come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but gardners, ditchers, and graue-makers, they hold vp *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter.

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-liues a thousand tennants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? it dooes well to those that do ill, now thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the church, argal, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who buildes stronger then a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes last tell doomesday.

Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

SONG.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

SONG.

In youth when I did loue did loue,
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a sings in
graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ha. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the
daintier sence.

SONG.

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes
Hath clawed mee in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once,
how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere *Caines* iaw-
bone, that did the first murder: this might be the pate of a
polliticiā, which this asse now ore-reaches, one that would
circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say good morrow *my* *
lord: how dost thou sweet lord? this might be my lord such
a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse whē a *ment* † to
beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my lord.

Ham. Why een so, and now my lady wormes choples, and
knockt about the *mazer* § with a sextens spade; heer's fine
reuolution and we had the trick to see't, did these bones cost
no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine
ake to thinke ont.

* *sweet.* † *went.* § *massene.*

SONG.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

SONG.

Clow. A pickaxe and a spade a spade,
for and a shrowding sheet,
Or a pit of clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cafes, his tenurs, and his trickes? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sconce with a durty shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of indentures? the vety conueyances of his lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my lord, and of calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are sheepe and calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede for thou lyeest in't.

Clow. You lye out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her foule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeares I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pefant comes so neere the heele of the courtier he galls his kybe.

How long hast thou bene a graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the are men as mad as hee.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in *Denmarke*: I haue beene sexton heere man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; and your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a poured a flagon of renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Yoricks* skull, the kings iester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my lord?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th heart?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so: pah.

Hora. Een so my lord.

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*? why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hora. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth wee make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not stoppe a beare-barrell?

Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

Enter King Quee. Laertes and the corse.

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the king,
The queene, the courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand
Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make*.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies haue beene as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrant, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified beene lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin crants,

* make.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish priest,
A ministring angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st haue beene my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe.
Fall tenne times double on that cursed head.
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyes head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis * I

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The diuell take thy soule.

* this,

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
from my throat,

For though I am not spleenatiue rash,

Yet haue I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand?

King. Plucke them a funder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'out doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,

Woo't drinke vp *Esill*, eate a crocadile

Ile doo't: doost come heere to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her graue,

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of acres on vs, till our ground

Sindging his pate against the burning zone

Make *Ossa* like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,

Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,

And this a while the fit will worke on him,

Anon as patient as *the* * female doe †

When that her golden cuplets are disclosed

His silence will sit drooping.

* a † doe.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. Heare you fir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may
The cat will mew, a * dogge will haue his day.

Exit Hamlet, and Horatio.

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,
And prayd be rashnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe fall, and that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

* and.

My

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiffion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall forts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmarkes* health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe ſuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. I't ſt poſſible?

Ham. Heeres the commiſſion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatists doe
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the king,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a comma tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this ſeald?

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the model of that *Danish* seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subscrib'd * it, gau't th' impressiō, plac'd it safely,
The changling neuer knowne : now the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience ; their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced poynts
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a king is this !

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon ?
Hee that hath kild my king, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cosnage, i't not perfect conscience ?

Enter a courtier.

Cour. Your lordshippe is right welcome backe to *Denmarke*.

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.
Doo'st know this water-fly ?

Hora. No my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know
him. He hath much land and fertill : let a beast be lord of
beasts, and his crib shall stand at the kings messe, tis a chough,
but as I say, spacious in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweet lord, if your lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his maiesty.

* *subscribe.*

Ham.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Ham. I will receiue it fir with all dilligence of spirrit, your bonnet to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleue me, tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very *foultry** and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my lord, it is very foultry, as t'were I cannot tell how: my lord his maiesty bad me signifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cou. Nay good my lord for my ease in good faith, fir here is newly come to court *Laertes*, beleue me an absolute gentlemā, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake *feelingly* ‡ of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry: for you shall finde in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dizzie th' arithmeticke of memory, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick faile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of greate article, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, *ns* † to make true dixon of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy fir, why do wee wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will doo't fir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

* *sully*, ‡ *sellingly*. † *as*

Cour.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in fayth if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are † ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation layd on him by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The king sir hath wagerd with him six *Barbary* horses against the which he has impaund as I take it six *French* rapiers and poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the cariages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most dilicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraze would be more german to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then, but on, six *Barbary* horses against six *French* fwords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The king sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes be-

† are not.

tweene

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

tweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate tryall, if your lordshippe would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Cour. I meane my lord the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with mee, let the foyles be brought, the gentleman willinge, and the kinge hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his duggie before a sucked it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the droffy age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of *misty** collection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and *trennowned*† opinions, and do but blowe them to their tryall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a lord.

Lord. My lord his maiesty commended him to you by younge *Ostricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, hee sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

* *besty.* *trennowed.*

Lord.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Lord. The king and queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you goe ‡ to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since hee went into *France*, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obay it. I will forestall their repair hether and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let bee.

A table prepard, trumpets, drums and officers with cushions, King, Queene, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this prefence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht
With a fore distraction: what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnes,
Wast *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*,
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,

* fall,

And

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

And when hee's not himselfe, doo's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* doo's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then ? his madnes. Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemye,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free mee so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngor'd : but all that time
I doe receiue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cosin *Ham.* *
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my lord.
Your grace has layde the ods a'th weaker side.

King. I do not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

* *Hamlet.*

Laer.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Laer. This is too heavy : let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange.
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The king shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an onixe shall he throw,
Richer then that which foure successiue kings
In *Denmarkes* crowne haue worne : giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the cannoneere without,
The cannons to the heauens, the heauens to earth,
Now the king drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne.

Trumpets the while.

And you the iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drum, trumpets and shot.

Laer. Well, againe.

Florish, a piece goes off.

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit.

What say you ?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quæ.

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The queene carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good madam.

King. *Gertrard*, doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost againft my confcience.

Ham. Com for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you paffe with your beft violence

I am fure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you fo come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenft.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the queene there hoe.

Hora. They bleed on both fides, how is it my lord?

Ostr. Hoft ift *Laeres*?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne fpringde. *Ostrick*
I am iuftly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the queene?

King. She founds to fee them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drink, the drinke, O my deare *Ham-*
let!

The drinke, the drinke, I am poyfned.

Ham. O villanie*! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, feeke it out.

* villaine.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,
No medcin in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise
Hath turn'd it felfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poyfned,
I *can* * no more, the king, the kings too blame.

Ham. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestious damned *Dane*,
Drinke of this potion, is the onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poyson temperd by him-
fefe.

Exchange forgiuenes with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell sergeant death
Is strict in his arrest. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright
To the vnsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer beleeeue it;
I am more an antike *Romane* then a *Dane*,
Heere's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man,
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine

A march a farre off.

To tell my story: what warlike noise is this?

Enter Ostrick.

Osr. Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from *Poland*,
Th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*.
But I do prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
To tell him with th'occourants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hlra. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet prince,
And flights of angels singe thee to thy rest,
Why dooes the drumme come hether?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the embassadors.

Fortin. Where is this fight?

Hora. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your searck

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strooke?

Embaf. The fight is dismall

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are fencelesse that should giue us hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilld,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldenstirne* are dead,
Where should wee haue our thankes ?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th' ability of life to thanke you ;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death ;
But since so iump vpon this bloody question
* You from the *Pollock* warres, and you from *England*
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let mee speake, to the yet vnknowing world
How these things came about ; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts.
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the inuenters heads : all this can I
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will draw no more,
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let foure captaines

* My first copy was imperfect from this place.

Beare

PRINCE OF DENMARKE,

Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,
The souldiers musique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him :
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shoves much amisse.
Go bid the souldiers shoote.

Exeunt.

MOORE OF VENICE.

As it hath bene diuers times acted at the Swan, and
at the Black-Friars, by his Highnesse seruants.

F I N I S.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N U 2

Printed by N. O. for Thomas Hakley, and are to be sold at
Shoppe at the Eagle and Child, in Brittaines Church. 1611.

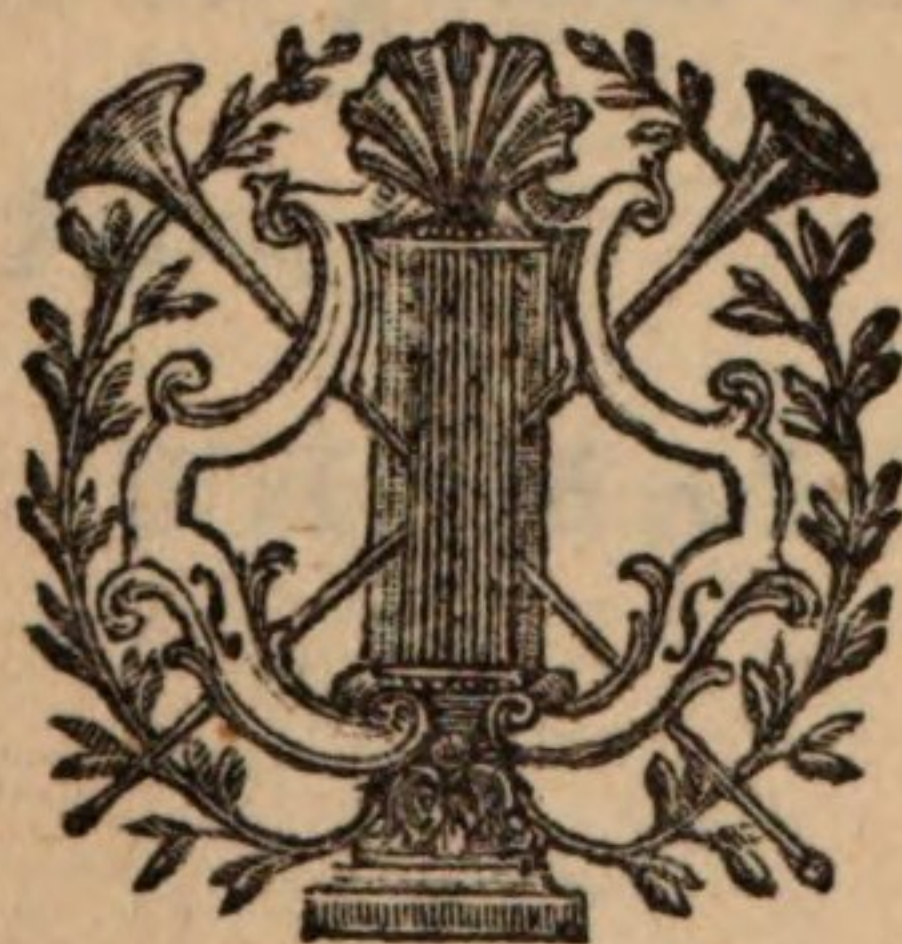
T H E
T R A G O E D Y
O F
O T H E L L O,

T H E
M O O R E of V E N I C E.

As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the *Globe*, and
at the *Black-Friers*, by his Maiesties Seruants.

W R I T T E N B Y

W I L L I A M S H A K E S P E A R E.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his
shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittons Burse. 1622.

☞ This Copy has been collated with another
printed in 1630. I have likewise an Edi-
tion published by *William Leake* in 1655,
but it seems to be no more than a repub-
lication of the foregoing one.



T H E
S T A T I O N E R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

TO set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old *English* prouerbe, *A blew coat without a badge*, and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke vpon mee : to commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty : and I am the bolder, because the authors name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement : I haue ventered to print this play, and leaue it to the generall censure.

Yours,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

THE
STATUTE

OF THE

REDACTED

To be read in the House of Commons
The first of the Statute of the
Redacted Act, which I do not
know to be the same as the
one which I will not read, I hope
every man will understand, without
the aid of the author's name is
known to him. I have therefore
been obliged to put this
play, and leave it to the
judgment of the
reader.

Yours

THOMAS WALKER

U

T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
O T H E L L O
T H E
M O O R E of V E N I C E.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Roderigo.

TVSH, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That you Iago, who has * had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Iag. S'blood, but you will † not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iag. Despise me if I doe not : three great ones of the cittie
In personall suite to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purposes,
Euades them, with a bumbast circumstance,
Horribly stuft with epithites of warre :
And in conclusion ‡,

* That thou who hast.

† But you'le.

‡ omitted.

Non-suits.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Non-suits my mediators : for certes, sayes he,
 I have already chosen my officer, and what was he ?
 Forsooth, a great arithmetition,
 One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
 A fellow almost dambd in a faire wife,
 That neuer set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the deuision of a battle knowes,
 More then a spinster, vnlesse the bookish theorique,
 Wherein the *toged** consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : meere prattle without practise,
 Is all his fouldier-shippe : but he sir had the election,
 And I, of whom his eyes had seene the prooffe,
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds.
Christian † and heathen, must be *led* ‡, and calm'd,
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster :
 He in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, God blesse the marke, his *worships* § ancient.

Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Ia. But there's no remedy,
 Tis the curse of seruice,
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 Not by the olde gradation, where each second
 Stood heire to the first :
 Now sir be iudge yourselfe,
 Whether I, in any iust tearme am *assign'd* ||
 To loue the *Moore*.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Ia. O sir, content you,
 I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,
 We cannot be all masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke.
 Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,

* *tongued.* † *Chrissen'd.* ‡ *be-leed.* § *Mooreships.* || *affind.*

That

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

That doting on his owne obsequious bondage,
Weares out his time much like his masters asse,
For noughe but prouender, and when hee's old cashierd,
Whip mee such honest knaues :
Others there are, who trimd in formes,
And vissages of duty, keepe yet their hearts,
Attending on themselues, and throwing
But shewes of seruice on their lords,
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themselues homage,
Those fellowes haue some soule,
And such a one doe I professe myselfe,—for sir,
It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago* :
In following him, I follow but my selfe,
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but seeming so,
For my peculiar end.
For when my outward action does demonstrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe. tis not long after,
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue,
For doues to pecke at,
I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus ?

Ia. Call vp her father,
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the streete, incense her kinsmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
As it may loose some colour.

Rod.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Rod. Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Ia. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous citties.

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, seignior *Brabantio*, ho,

Ia. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues :
Looke to your house, you daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio at a window.

Brab. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Seignior, is all your family within ?

Ia. Are all *doore lockts* * ?

Brab. Why, wherefore aske you this ?

Iag. Zounds † fir you are robd, for shame put on your
gowne,

Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your foule ;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke ram
Is tuppung your white ewe ; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the diuell will make a grandfire of you, arise I say.

Brab. What, haue you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reuerend seignior, doe you know my voyce ?

Bra. Not I, what are you ?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome,

I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,

* *your doors lock'd.* † *Zounds omitted.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come
To start my quiet ?

Rod. Sir, fir, fir.

Bra. But thou must needes be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good fir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.

Iag. Zouns fir, you are one of those, that will not serue
God if the deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you ser-
uice, you thinke we are ruffians, youle haue your daughter
couered with a *Barbary* horse ; youle haue your nephewes ney
to you ; youle haue courfers for cousens, and iennits for
iermans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou ?

Iag. I am one fir, that come to tell you, your daughter,
and the Moore, are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir *, I will answer any thing : but I beseech you †,

If

* Zouns fir.

† If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od even, and dull watch oth' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier
To the grosse claspes of a lascivious Moore :
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
We then haue done you bold and sawcy wrongs ?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke : do not beleue
That from the sense of al ciuilitie

I thus

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the iustice of the state,
For this delusion,

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleeefe of it oppresses me already:
Light I say, light.

Iag. Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my pate,
To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
Now euer this may gaule him with some checke,
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbark'd,
With such loud reason, to the *Cipres* warres,
Which euen now stands in act, that for their soules,
Another of his fathome, they haue not
To leade their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely
Finde him: lead to the *Sagittar* †, the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

*It thus would play and trifle with your reuerence.
Your daught' (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
I say againe) hath made a grosse reuolt.
Tying her duty, beauty wit and fortunes,
In an extrauagant and wheedling stranger,
Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your self;
If she be, &c.*

These lines are wanting in the edition of 1622. and are printed from that in 1630.

† *Sagittary.*

Enter

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Enter Brabantio || in his night gowne, and seruants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what's to come, of my despised time,
Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her ; O vnhappy girle,
With the Moore faist thou ? who would be a father ?
How didst thou know twas she ? O *thou deceiuest* § me
Past thought : what said she to you ? get more tapers,
Raife all my kindred, are they married thinke you ?

Rod. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. O heauen, how got she out ? O treason of the blood ;
Fathers from hence, trust not your daughters mindes,
By what you see them act ; is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd ? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of some such thing.

Rod. I haue sir *.

Bra. Call vp my brother ; O *that* † you had had her,
Some one way, some another ; doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore ?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good guard, and goe along with me.

Bra. Pray leade me on †, at euery house Ile call,
I may command at most : get weapons ho,
And raife some speciall officers of night ‡ :
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deferue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with torches.

Ia. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue slaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very *stufte* of || conscience.

|| *Brabantio.*

§ *she deceives.*

* *Yes sir, I haue indeed.*

† *would.*

† *you lead on.*

‡ *might.*

|| *stufte o'th.*

To

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

To doe no contriu'd murther ; I lacke iniquity
 Sometimes to doe me seruice : nine or ten times,
 I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,
 Vnder the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is.

Iag. Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking tearmes
 Against your honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue,
 I did full hard forbear him : but I pray sir,
 Are you fast married ? for be sure of this,
 That the magnifico is much beloued,
 And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,
 As double as the dukes, he will diuorce you,
 Or put vpon you what restraint, and greeuance,
That * law with all his might to inforce it on,
 Weele giue him cable.

Oth. Let him doe his spite,
 My seruices which I haue done the feigniorie,
 Shall out tongue his complaints, tis yet to know, †
 That boasting is an honour,
 I shall *provulgate* ‡, I fetch my life and being,
 From men of royall height, and my demerits,
 May speake vnbonnited to ‡ as proud a fortune
 As this that I haue reach'd ; for know *Iago*,
 But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
 I would not, my vnhoufed free condition,
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the seas worth,
 But looke what lights come yonder.

Enter Cassio with lights, officers, and torches.

Ia. These are the raised father and his friends,
 You were best goe in.

* *The.* † *which when I know.* ‡ *promulgate.* ‡ *to omitted.*

Oth.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my title, and my perfect soule,
Shall manifest *me rightly* || : it is they.

Ia. By *Ianus* I thinke no.

Oth. The seruants of the duke, and my lieutenant,
The goodnesse of the night vpon *your friends* §,
What is the newes.

Cas. The duke does greete you generall,
And he requires your hast, post hast appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Oth. Whats the matter thinke you :

Cas. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a businesse of some heate, the galleyes
Haue sent a dozen *frequent* * messengers
This very night, *at one* † anothers heeles :
And many of the consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the dukes already ; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent aboue three seuerall quests
To search you out.

Othe. Tis well I am found by you,
Ile † spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

Cas. Auncient, what makes he here ?

Ia. Faith he to night, hath boorded a land *carrick* † :
If it proue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.

Cas. I doe not vnderstand.

Ia. Hee's married.

Cas. To *who* * § ?

Enters Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights and
weapons.

Ia. Marry to.—Come captaine, will you goe ?

Oth. Ha, with *who* * † ?

|| *my right by.* § *you (friends)* * *sequent.* † *one at.* † *I will but.*
‡ *carriact.* * § *whom.* * † *Ha' with you.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Cas. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

Ia. It is *Brabantio*, generall be aduifde,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him theife.

Ia. You *Roderigo*, come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust
em,

Good feignior you shall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my
daughter?

Damnd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

For Ile referre me to all *thing* * of sense, †

Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shund

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)

Runne from her gardage to the footy bosome

Of such a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight, ‡

Such ‡ an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant?

Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,

Subdue him at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands:

Both you of my inclining, and the rest,

* *things.*

† (If she in chaines of magick were not bound) From the Edit. in 1630.

‡ Judge me the world, if t'is no grosse in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foule charmes,

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weakens motion: Ile haue't disputed on

Tis portable and palpable to thinking:

I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee. From the Edit. 1630.

‡ For.

Were

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Were it my *qu* ||. to fight, I should haue knowne it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
And § answer this your charge?

Bra. To prifon till fit time
Of law, and courfe of direct feflion,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the duke be therewith fatisfied,
Whofe messengers are heere about my fide,
Vpon fome present businesse of the ftate,
To beare me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy feignior,
The duke's in councell, and your noble felfe,
I am fure is sent for.

Bra. How? the duke in councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away,
Mine's not an idle caufe, the duke himfelfe,
Or any of my brothers of the ftate,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if fuch actions, may haue paffage free,
Bondflaues, and *Pagans*, fhall our ftatemen be. *Exeunt.*

Enter duke and fenators, fet at a table with lights and attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in thefe newes,
That giues them credit.

1 *Sena.* Indeede they are disproportioned,
My letters fay, a hundred and feuen gallies.

Du. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 *Sena.* And mine two hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iuft account.
As in thefe cafes, where they *aym'd* * reports,
Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkish* fleete, and bearing vp to *Ciprefse*.

|| *cue.* § *To.* * *ayme.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
I doe not so secure me to the error,
But the mayne *articles* † I doe approue
In fearefull sence.

Enter a messenger.

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?

Sailor. A messenger from the galley.

Du. Now, the businesse?

Sailor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here, to the state. †

Du. How say you by this change?

¶ *Sena.* This cannot be by no assay of reason—
Tis a pageant,
To keepe vs in false gaze: when we consider
The importancy of *Cypresse* to the *Turke*:
And let our selues againe, but vnderstand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile question beare it. ‡

Du. And || in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*,
Officer. Here is more newes.

Enter a 2. messenger.

Mes. The *Ottamites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted with an after fleete §

† *Article.*

‡ *By Signor Angelo.*

‡ For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is drest in: if we make nought of this,
We must not thinke the *Turke* is so unskilfull,
To leave that latest which concernes him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger profitlesse. Edit. 1630.

|| *Nay.*

§ ¶ *Sena.* I, so I thought, how many, as you guesse.

Mes. Of 30 saile, &c. Edit. 1630.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Of 30. faile, and now they doe *resterine* *
 Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
 Their purpoſes towards *Cypreſſe* : ſeignior *Montano*,
 Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,
 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 And prayes you to beleue him.

Du. Tis certaine then for *Cypreſſe*,
Marcus Luccicos is not *here* † in towne.

I Sena. Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs, wiſh † him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caſſio, Deſdemona
and officers.

I Sena. Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imploy you,
 Againſt the generall enemy *Ottaman* ;
 I did not ſee you, welcome gentle ſeignior,
 We lacke ‡ your counſell, and your helpe to night,

Bra. So did I yours, good your grace pardon me,
 Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſſe
 Hath rais'd me from my bed, *nor* || doth the generall care
 Take any § hold of me ; for my particular *griefes* *§,
 Is of ſo floodgate and orebearing nature,
 That it engluts and ſwallowes other ſorrowes,
 And it is ſtill it ſelfe.

Du. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.

All. Dead ?

Bra. I to me :

She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and corrupted,
 By ſpels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,

* *reſterne.* † *be.* ‡ *to.* † *lackt.* || *not.* § *any omitted.*
 *§ *griefe.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

For nature so preposterously to erre, †
Saunce † witchcraft could not.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
 Hath thus beguild your daughter of her selfe,
 And you of her, the bloody booke of law,
 You shall your selfe, read in the bitter letter,
 After its owne sense, *tho* † our proper sonne
 Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your grace;
 Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
 Your speciall mandate, for the state affaires
 Hath hither brought.

All. We are very forry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, graue, and reuerend feigniors,
 My very noble and approoued good maisters:
 That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
 It is most true: true, I haue married her,
 The very head and front of my offending,
 Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
 For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,
 Till now some nine moones wasted, they haue vs'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field,
 And little of this great world can I speake,
 More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battaile,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gracious patience,
 I will || a round *unuarish'd* § tale deliuer,
 Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
 What coniuration, and what mighty magicke,

† (*Being not deficient, blind or lame of sense*) Edit. 1630.

† *Sans.* † *yea tho.* || *would.* § *unrauish'd.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

(For such proceedings am I charg'd withall :)

I wonne his daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold of spirit,
So still and quiet, that her motion
Blusht at her selfe : and she in spite of nature,
Of yeares, of countrey, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on ?
It is a iudgement maimd, and most imperfect,
That will confesse perfection, so would erre
Against all rules of nature, and must be driuen,
To find out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with some dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du. To youth this is no prooffe,
Without more certaine and more ouert test,
These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

I Sena. But *Othello* speake,
Did you by indirect and forced courtes,
Subdue and poison this young maides affections ?
Or came it by request, and such faire question,
As foule to foule affoordeth ?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittar* *,
And let her speake of me before her father ;
If you doe finde me foule in her report †,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence,
Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Exit ‡ two or three.

* *Sagittary.*

† *The trust, the office, I do hold of you* Edit. 1630.

‡ *Exeunt.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place ;
And till she come, as *faithfull* † as to heauen, †
So iustly to your graue eares I'le present,
How I did thriue in this faire ladies loue,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello*.

Oth. Her father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I haue past :
I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moouing *accident* of ‡ flood and field ;
Of *heire* §-breadth scapes ith imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe :
And sold to slavery, and my redemption thence,
And with it all || my travells historie ;
Wherein of *antrees* * vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hils, whose heads touch heauen,
It was my *bent* †† to speake, such was *the* ‡‡ processe :
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate ;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whose heads
Doe grow beneath their shoulders : this to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline ;
But still the house affaires would draw her thence,
And §§ euer as she could with hast dispatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure vp my discourse ; which I obseruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,

† truly. † I doe confesse the vices of my bloud. ‡ accidents by. § haire
|| And portance in. * antars. †† hint. ‡‡ my. §§ Which. Whereof

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Whereof by parcell she had something heard,
 But not intentiuely ; I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 When I did speake of some *distressed* || stroake
 That my youth suffered : my story being done ;
 She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes ;
 She swore Ifaith twas strange, twas passing strange ;
 Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull ;
 She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
 That heauen had made her such a man : she thanked me,
 And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would wooe her. Vpon this heate I spake :
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lou'd her that she did pittie them.
 This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd :
 Here comes the lady,
 Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to,—
 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
 Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,
 Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake.
 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
 Destruction lite on me, if my bad blame
 Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse :
 Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
 I doe perceiue here a deuided duty :
 To you I am bound for life and education ;

|| *distressful.*

My

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

My life and education both doe learne me
How to respect you, you are *lord of all my* * duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, but heere's my husband :
And so much duty as my mother shewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may professe,
Due to the Moore my lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done :
Please it your grace, on to the state affaires ;
I had rather to adopt a child then get it ;
Come hither Moore :

I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart †
I would keepe from thee : for your sake iewell,
I am glad at foule. I haue no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done lord.

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence
Which as a greefe or step may help these louers
Into your fauour.

When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischief on ?

What cannot be preferu'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.

The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile ;
He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,
But the free comfort, which from thence he heares :

* *the lord of.*

† *Which but thou hast already, with all my heart*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall:
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare:
Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for
Cipres: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to
you, and tho we haue there a substitute of most allowed suf-
ficiency, yet opinion, a soueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes
a more safer voyce on you; you must therefore bee content
to stubber the glosse of your new fortunes, with this more
stubborne and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custome most great senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele cooch of warre,
My thrice driuen bed of downe: I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardnesse, and would vndertake
This present warres against the *Ottamites*,
Most humbly therefore, bending to your state,
I craue fit disposition for my wife,
Due *reuerence* * of place and exhibition,
Which such accomodation? and besort,
As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.

Bra. Ile not haue it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Desd. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye: most gracious duke,
To my vnfoldings lend a gracious eare,

* reference.

And

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

And let me finde a charter in your voyce,
And if † my simplenesse.—

Du. What would you—*speake* †.

Des. That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe right violence, and *scorne* § of fortunes,
May trumpet to the world : my hearts subdued,
Euen to the *vtmost pleasure* || of my lord :
I saw *Othelloes* viſſage in his minde,
And to his honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoule and fortunes conſecrate :
So that deere lords, if I be left behinde,
A mothe of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his deare abſence, let me goe with him.

Oth. Your voyces lords : beſeech you let her will,
Haue a free way, * I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the pallat of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heate, the young affects
In my deſunct, and proper ſatiſfaction,
But to be free and bounteous of §§ her mind,
And heauen defend your good ſoules that you thinke
I will your ſerious and good buſineſſe ſcant,
For ſhe is with me ;—no, when light-wingd toyes,
And feather'd *Cupid* foyles with wanton dulneſſe,
My ſpeculatiue and actiue instruments,
That my diſports, corrupt and taint my buſineſſe,
Let huſwiues make a ſkellet of my helme,
And all indigne and baſe aduerſities,
Make head againſt my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you ſhall priuately determine,

† *T' aſſiſt.*
me heauen.

‡ *Deſdemona.*
§§ 10.

§ *ſtorme.*

|| *very qualitie*

• *Vouch with*

Either

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Either *for* † stay or going, the *affaires* cry † hast,
And speede must answer, you must hence to night.

Desd. To night my lord?

Du. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Du. At *ten* ‡ i'the morning here weel meete againe.

Othello, leaue some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you,

With such things else of quality *or* || respect,

As doth *concerne* § you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient,

A man he is of honesty and trust,

To his conueyance I assigne my wife,

With what else needefull your good grace shall thinke,

To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so :

Good night to euery one, and noble seignior,

If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,

Your son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

Sena. Aduie braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, *haue a quicke eye to see* *,

She has deceiu'd her father, may *doe* †† thee.

Exeunt.

Oth. My life vpon her faith: honest *Iago*,

My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,

I preethee let thy wife attend on her,

And bring her after in the best aduantage;

Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre

Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,

To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago.

Exit Moore and Desdemona.

Iag. What saiest thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkest thou?

† *for ber.* † *affaire cries.* ‡ *nine.* || *and.* § *import.*

* *if thou hast eyes to see* †† *doe omitted.*

Iag.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my felfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it,
Why, thou silly gentleman.

Rod. It is fillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a prescription, to dye when death is our phy-sition.

Iag. *I ha* † look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue him-selſe: ere I would say I would drowne my felfe, for the loue of a *Ginny* hen, I would change my humanity with a baboone.

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue? a fig, tis in ourselues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gar-diners, so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettice, set isop, and weed vp time; supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many; either to haue it sterill with idle-nesse, or manur'd with industry, why the power, and corri-gible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of sen-suality; the blood and basenesse of our natures, would con-duct vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vnbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will: come, be a man; drowne thy felfe? drowne cats and blinde puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with cables of perdurable tough-nesse; I could neuer better steede thee then now. Put money

† *O villainous I ha, &c.*

in

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

in thy purse; follow these warres, defeate thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue vnto the Moore, put money in thy purse,—nor he to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse.—These Moores are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now, is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as *acerbe* * as *the* † colloquintida. ‡ When shee is sated with his body, shee will finde the error of her choyce; shee must haue change; shee must. Therefore put money in thy purse: if thou wilt needes damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a super subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way; seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes? §

Iag. Thou art sure of me—goe, make money—I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cause is harted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be *communicative* || in our reuenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many euent in the womb of time, which will be deliuered, Trauerce, go, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th morning.

Iag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell:—doe you heare *Roderigo*?

* *Bitter.* † *the omitted.* ‡ *She must change for youth, when, &c.* § *if I depend on the issue.* || *conjective.*

Rod.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Rod. What say you ?

Iag. No more of drowning, do you heare ?

Rod. I am chang'd *.

Exit Roderigo.

Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse † ;

Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse :

For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit : I hate the Moore,

And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes

Ha's done my office ; I know not, if't be true—

Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,

Will doe, as if for surety : he holds me well,

The better shall my purpose worke on him.

Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,

To get his place, and make vp to my will,

A double knauery—how, how,—let me see,

After some time, to abuse *Othelloe's* eare,

That he is too familiar with his wife :

He has a person and a smooth dispose,

To be suspected, fram'd to make women false :

The Moore a free and open nature too,

That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so :

And will as tenderly be led bit'h nose—as asses are :

I ha't, it is ingender'd : hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

A C T U S II.

S C O E N A I.

Enter Montanio, gouernor of Cypres, with two other gentlemen.

Montanio. What from the cape can you discerne at sea ?

I Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,

* *Ile go sell all my land.*

† This line is omitted in the second edition.

I cannot

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

I cannot twixt the *hauen* ** and the mayne
Descry a saile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our battlements :
If it ha ruffiand so vpon the sea.

What ribbes of oake, when the huge mountaine mealt,
Can hold the morties,—What shall we heare of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleete :
For doe but stand vpon the *banning* * shore,
The chiding *billow* † seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The winde shak'd furge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water, on the burning beare,
And quench the guards of th' euer fired pole,
I neuer did, like molestation view,
On the inchaſed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* fleete
Be not inshelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible *they* ‡ beare it out.

Enter a third gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes lords §, your warres are done :
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their designement halts : another || shippe of *Venice* hath
seene

A greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of *the* §§ fleete.

Mon. How, is this true?

3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put in :
A *Veroneſſa*, *Michael Caſſio*,
Leiutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come ashore : the Moore himſelfe at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cypres*.

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy gouernour.

** *beauen.* * *foaming.* † *billowes.* ‡ *to.* § *lads.* || *a noble.*
§§ *their.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

3. *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heauen he be :
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full fouldier :

Lets to the sea side, ho,
As well to see the vessell that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello* *.

3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this worthy † iſle
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt ?

Cas. His barke is stoutly timberd, and his pilate
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. A faile, a faile, a faile.

Cas. What noyse ?

Mess. The towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
otand ranckes of people, and they cry a fayle.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.

2 *Gen.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least.

A shot.

* *Euen till we make the maine and th'aire all blue,*
An indistinct regard.

† *worthy omitted.*

Cas.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Cas. I pray you fir goe forth,
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 Gent. I shall. *Exit.*

Mon. But good leutenant, is your generall wiu'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame:
One that excells *the* * blasoning pens,
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare *all* † excellency:—now, who has put in?

Enter 2. gentleman.

2 Gent. Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the generall,
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselues, *by* † seas, and houling windes,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors *enscerped* ‡; to clog the guiltlesse keele,
As hauing fence of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spoke of, our great captains captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A fennights speede—great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emillia, and Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits.
And bring all *Cypresse* comfort,—O behold

* *the quirkes.* † *an.* ‡ *high.* † *ensteep'd.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

The riches of the ship is come *ashore* ||.

Ye men of *Cypres*, let her haue your knees :

Haile to thee lady : and the grace of heauen,

Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,

Enwheelee thee round.

Desd. I thanke you valiant *Cassio* :

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Caf. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,

But that hee's well, and will be shortly here.

Desd. O but I feare :—how lost you company ?

[Within.] *A saile, a saile.*

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship: but harke, a faile.

2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the cittadell,

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. So speakes this voyce &:

Good ancient, you are welcome, welcome mistresse,

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,

That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,

That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iag. For * would she giue you so much of her lips,

As of her tongue, she has bestowed on me,

You'd haue enough.

Des. Alas ! shee has no speech.

Iag. I know † too much :

I finde *it* †, I; for when I ha *list* ‡ to sleepe,——

Mary, before your ladyship I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are pictures out adores:

Bells in your parlors : wildcats in your kitchens :

on shore.

§ See for the newes.

* *Sir.*

† *In faith.*

† *it still.*

I leave.

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Saints in your iniuries: diuells being offended:
Players in your houswifery; and houswiues in your beds,
O fie vpon thee slanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Desd. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

Iag. O gentle lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not criticall.

Desd. Come on, assay—there's one gone to the harbor?

Iag. I madam.

Desd. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my muse labors,
And thus she is deliuer'd:
If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit;
The one's for vse, the other *vsing* * it.

Desd. Well praisde: how if she be blacke and witty?

Iag. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
Shee'le finde a white, that shall her blacknesse *hit* †.

Desd. Worse and worse.

Em. How if faire and foolish?

Iag. She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,
For euen her folly helpt her, *to a haire* †.

Desd. These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the
alehouse,
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?

* *useth.* † *fit.* † *to an haire.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.

Desd. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but
what praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman in-
deed? one, that in the authority of her merri-
ts, did iustly put
on the vouch of very malice it selfe?

Iag. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisedome, neuer was so fraile,
To change the codshead for the salmons taile.
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde, *
She was a wight, if euer such wight were.

Des. To doe what?

Iag. To suckle fooles, and chronicle small beere.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband;
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberall
Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home madam, you may relish him
More in the souldier then in the scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well fed, whisper: as
little a webbe as this will ensnare as great a *flee* † as *Cassio*. I
smile vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your owne courtesies:
you say true, tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you
out of your leutenantry, it had beene better you had not rist
your three fingers so oft, which now againe, you are most apt
to play the fir in: good, well kist, an excellent courtesie; tis
so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at your lips? would they

* See sutors following and not looke behinde

† *flee*.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

were clisterpipes for your sake.—The Moore, I know his trumpet.

Trumpets within.

Enter Othello, and attendants.

Cas. Tis truely so.

Des. Lets meete him, and receiue him.

Cas. Loe, where he comes.

Oth. O my faire warriour.

Des. My deare *Othello*.

Oth. It giues me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me: O my foules ioy,
If after euery tempest, come such calmenesse,
May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death,
And let the labouring barke clime hills of seas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from heauen: If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be most happy, for I feare
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in vnknowne fate.

Des. The heauens forbid,
But that our loues and comforts should increase,
Euen as our dayes doe growe.

Oth. Amen to that sweete power *,
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stops me heere, it is too much of ioy:
And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *they kisse.*
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But I'le fet downe the pegs, that make this musique,
As honest as I am.

* powers.

Y 4

Oth.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Come, let vs to the castle:
 Newes friends, our warres are done, the *Turks* are drown'd:
 How doe our old acquaintance of the isle;
 Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cypres*;
 I haue found great loue amongst them: O my sweete,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
 In mine one comforts: I preethee good *Iago*,
 Goe to the bay, and disimbarke my coffers;
 Bring thou the master to the cittadell;
 He is a good one, and his worthinesse,
 Does challenge much respect: come *Desdemona*,
 Once more well met at *Cypres*. *Exit.*

Iag. Doe thou meete me presently at the harbour: come
 hither, if thou bee'st valiant, as they say, base men being in
 loue, haue then a nobility in their natures, more then is natie
 to them—list me, the leutenant to night watches on the court
 of guard: first I will tell thee, this *Desdemona* is directly in
 loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed:
 marke me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but
 for bragging, and telling her fantastick lies; and will she
 loue him still for prating? let not the discreet heart thinke so*.
 Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she haue to look
 on the diuell? when the blood is made dull with the act of
 sport, there should be againe † to inflame it, and giue society
 a fresh appetite. Loue lines in fauour, sympathy in yeares,
 manners and beauties; all which the Moore is defectiue in:
 now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate ten-
 derneffe will finde it selfe abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge,
 disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her
 to it, and compell her to some second choyce: now sir, this
 granted, as it is a most pregnant and vnforced position, who

* it. † a game.

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stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble, no farder conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and hand-seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and hidden affections: a subtle slippery knave, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye, can stampe and counterfeit the true *aduantages neuer present themselves* *. Besides, the knave is handsome, yong, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green mindes look after; a pestilent compleate knave, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleue that in her, shee's full of most blest condition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine shee drinkes is made of grapes: if she had beene blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an index *and* † prologue to the history of lust and foule thoughts: they met so neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together. ‡ When these mutualities so marshall the way, hand at hand, comes || the maine exercise, the incorporate conclusion. But sir, be you rul'd by mee, I haue brought you from *Venice*: watch you to night, for *your* § command Ile lay't vpon you, *Cassio* knowes you not, I'le not be farre from you, do you finde some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other cause you please; which the time shall more fauourably minister,

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is rash, and very suddain in choler, and haply with his trunchen may strike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cause these of *Cypres* to mutiny, whose

* *aduantages, tho' true aduantage neuer presents it selfe.* † *and obscure.*

‡ *Villainous thoughts when, &c.* || *comes on Roderigo, the master, and the, &c.*

§ *your omitted.*

qualification

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

qualification shall come into no true *trust* * again't, but by the displanting of *Cassio*: so shall you haue a shorter iourney to your desires by the meanes I shal then haue to prefer them, and the impediment, most profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meete me by and by at the cittadell; I must fetch his necessaries ashore.—Farewell.

Rod. Aduē.

Exit.

Iag. That *Cassio* loues her, I doe well beleue it;
That she loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,
Is of a constant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, hee'le proue to *Desdemona*,
A most deere husband: now I doe loue her too,
Not out of absolute lust, tho peraduenture,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe suspect the lustfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my seate, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous minerall gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, nor shall content my soule,
Till I am euen with him, wife, for wife:
Of failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least, into a iealousie so strong,
That iudgement cannot cure; which thing to doe,
If this poore trash of *Venice*, whom I crush,
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
I'le haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare *Cassio*, with my night cap to)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an asse,

* *rasse.*

And

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

And practising vpon his peace and quiet,
Euen to madnesse : tis here, but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face is neuer seene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

*Enter a gentleman * reading a proclamation.*

It is *Othello's* pleasure; our noble and valiant generall, that
vpon certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meere per-
dition of the *Turkish* fleete; that euery man put himselfe into
triumph : some to dance, some make bonefires; each man to
what sport and reuels his *minde* † leades him; for besides these
beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his nuptialls: so
much was his pleasure should bee proclaimed. All offices are
open, and there is full liberty, from this present houre of five,
till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen blesse the isle of *Cypres*,
and our noble generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night,
Lets teach our selues *the* ‡ honourable stoppe,
Not to out sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath directed || what to doe :
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to it.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest,
Michael good night, to morrow with your earliest,
Let me haue speech with you, come my deare loue,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
The § profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit Othello and Desdemona.*

* *Othello's* berald, † addition. ‡ that. || direction. § That.

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre leiutenant, tis not yet ten a clock : our generall cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemona* : who let vs not therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for *Ioue*.

Cas. She is a most exquisite lady.

Iag. And I'le warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeede she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has ?

Me thinkes it sounds a parly of prouocation.

Cas. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right modest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Cas. It is indeede perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes—come leiutenant, I haue a stope of wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cypres* gallants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago* ; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking : I could well wish courtesie would inuent some other custome of entertainment.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup : I'le drink for you.

Cas. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here : I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of reuells, the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they ?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'le do't, but it dislikes me.

Exit.

Iag.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young mistris dog:—now my sicke foole *Roderigo*,
Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To *Desdemona*, hath to night caroust
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch
Three lads of *Cypres*, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honour, in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Haue I to night flustred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongst this flocke of drunkards,
I am to put our *Cassio* in some action,
That may offend the isle;

Enter Montanio, Cassio, and others.

But here they come:

If consequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate failes freely, both with winde and streame.

Cas. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,
As I am a souldier.

Iag. Some wine ho:

And let me the cannikin clinke, clinke,

And let me the cannikin clinke, clinke:

A souldier's a man, a life's but a span,

Why then let a souldier drinke.—Some wine boyes,

Cas. Fore God an excellent song.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most
potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germaine*, and your
swag-bellied *Hollander*; drinke ho, are nothing to your *English*:

Cas. Is your *English* man so expert * in his drinking?

* exquisite.

Iag.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Why he drinkes you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke: he sweats not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Cas. To the health of our generall.

Mon. I am for it lieutenant, and I will doe you iustice.

Iag. O sweete *England*,—king *Stephen* was * a worthy peere,

*His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held 'em sixpence all too deere,
With that he cald the taylor lowne,
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
Tis pride that puls the countrey downe,
Then take thine owd cloke about thee.—Some wine ho.*

Cas. Fore God † this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Cas. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does those things: well, God's aboue all, and there bee soules that must bee faued.

Iag. It is true good leiutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be faued.

Iag. And so doe I leiutenant.

Cas. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the leiutenant is to be faued before the ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: God ‡ forgiue vs our sins: gentlemen, let's looke to our businesse; doe not thinke gentlemen I am drunke, this is my ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

* was and.

† Why.

‡ God omitted.

Cas.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Cas. Very well then : you must not thinke, that I am
drunke. *Ex.*

Mon. To the plotforme maisters. Come, let's set the
watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a souldier fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And giue direction : and doe but see his vice,
Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,
The one as long as th'other : tis pittie of him,
I feare the trust *Othello* put him in,
On some odde time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the prologue to his sleepe :
Hee'le watch the horolodge a double set,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. Twere well the generall *wete* * put in minde of it,
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature,
Praises the *vertues* † that appears in *Cassio*,
And looke ‡ not on his euills : is not this true ?

Enter Roderigo.

Iag. How now *Roderigo*,
I pray you after the lieutenant, goe. *Exit Rod.*

Mon. And tis great pittie that the noble Moore
Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action to say so to the Moore.

Iag. Not I, for this faire island :
I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much,

Helpe, helpe, within.

To cure him of this euill : but harke, what noyse.

* were. † vertue. ‡ looks.

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. Zouns *, you rogue, you rascall.

Mon. What's the matter lieutenant?

Cas. A knaue, teach mee my duty : but I'le beate the knaue into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Doeſt thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good lieutenant; pray ſir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe ſir, or Ile knocke you ore the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Cas. Drunke?

They fight.

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out and cry a muteny.

A bell rung.

Nay good lieutenant: Godſwill gentlemen,
Helpe ho, lieutenant: ſir *Montanio*, ſir,
Helpe maiſters, here's a goodly watch indeed,
Who's that that rings the bell? diablo—ho,
The towne will riſe, *Godſwill* † lieutenant, hold,
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zouns ‡, I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, to the death:

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold lieutenant, ſir *Montanio*, gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of fence, and duty:
Hold, the generall ſpeakes to you; hold, hold, for ſhame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſes this?
Are we turn'd *Turkes*, and to our ſelues doe that,
Which heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*:
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle;

* Zouns omitted. † ſie, ſie. ‡ Zouns omitted.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

He that stirres next, to carue *forth* * his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion ;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety ; what's the matter masters ?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
As if some plannet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds ;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
These † legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wisest censure : what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler ? giue me answer to't ?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's sed or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.

* *for.* † *Those*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way. *Zouns †*, if I stirre,
Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,
Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a towne of warre,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage priuate and domesticke quarrels,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?

Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no souldier.

Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out *from* * my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: fir this gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
And *Cassio* high in oaths, which till to night,

† *If once.* * *of.*

I ne're

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

I ne're might *see* † before : when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget ;
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio* : *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona, with others.

Looke if my gentle loue be not raise vp :
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter ?

Oth. All's well now sweeting :

Come away to bed : sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon ; leade him off ;

Iago, looke with care about the towne,
And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.

Come *Desdemona* : tis the fouldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Iag. What are you hurt lieutenant ?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants.

Cas. I, past all surgery.

Iag. Mary God † forbid.

† say. † Heaven.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Caf. Reputation, reputation, I § ha lost my reputation :
I ha lost the immortall part sir of my selfe,
And what remaines is beaftiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd
some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in
reputation : reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft
got without merit, and lost without deseruing, you haue lost
no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a loser ;
what man, there are wayes to recouer the generall agen : you
are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in pollicy,
then in malice, euen so, as one would beate his offencelesse
dog, to affright an imperious lyon : sue to him againe, and
hees yours.

Caf. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good
a commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an
officer || O thou inuisible spirt of wine, if thou hast no name
to bee knowne by, let vs call thee diuell.

Iag. What was he, that you followed with your sword ?
What had he done to you ?

Caf. I know not.

Iag. Ist possible ?

Caf. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly ;
a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should
put an enemy in there mouthes, to steale away there braines ;
that wee should with ioy, reuell, pleasure, and applause, trans-
forme our selues into beasts.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you
thus recouered ?

§ ob I.

|| Drunke ? and speak Parrat ? and squabble, swagger, sweare ? and discourse
fustian with ones own shaddow.

Caf.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Caf. It hath pleasde the diuell drunkennesse, to giue place to the diuell wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuerer a morraller; as the time, the place, the condition of this countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befallne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

Caf. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all: to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast. Euery vnordinate cup is vnblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more against it; and good leuteuant, I thinke you thinke I loue you.

Caf. I haue well approou'd it sir,—I drunke?

Iag. You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at some *time**: I'll tell you what you shall do,—our generals wife is now the generall; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: she is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that shee holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to doe more then shee is requested. This *braule*† betweene you and her husband, intreate her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue shall grow stronger then twas before.

Caf. You aduise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

Caf. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

* *time man.* † *broken joint.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago*. *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen? for tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest suite, she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free elements: and then for her
To win the Moore. Wer't to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?
To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course,
Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackest sins put on,
They doe suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I doe now: for while this honest foole
Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore:
I'le poure this pestilence into his eare,
That she repeales him for her bodyes lust;
And by how much she striues to doe him good,
She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the net
That shall enmesh em all:

Enter Roderigo.

How now *Roderigo*?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that
hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almost
spent,

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

spent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgeld : I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so much experience for my paines, *as that comes to,* and * no money at all, and with *that* † wit returne to Venice.

Iag. How poore are they that ha not patience ?
What wound did euer heale, but by degrees ?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by wichcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Do'st not go well ? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast casheird *Cassio*,
Tho other things grow faire against the sun,
But ‡ fruites that blofome first, will first be ripe,
Content thy selfe awhile ; bi'the masse tis morning ;
Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short :
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter :
Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
I'le fet her on.
My selfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,
Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way,
Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Cassio, with musitians and the Clowne.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's briefe, and bid good morrow generall.

Clo. Why masters, ha your instruments bin at *Naples*, that they speake i'th nose thus ?

Boy. How sir, how ?

Clo. Are these I pray, cald wind instruments ?

Boy. I marry are they sir.

* *and so.*

† *a little more.*

‡ *Yet.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Clo. O, thereby hangs a taylor.

Boy. Whereby hangs a taylor sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde instrument that I know:
But masters, heere's money for you, and the generall so likes
your musique, that hee desires you *of all loues* †, to make no
more noyse with it.

Boy. Well sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't
againe, but as they saay, to heare musique, the generall does
not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away; goe,
vanish § away.

Cas. Dost thou heare my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Cas. Preethee keepe vp thy quilllets, there's a poore pēce
of gold for thee; if the gentlewoman that attends the gene-
rals wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio*, entreats her a
little fauour of speech—wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme
to notifie vnto her.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend: in happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold *Iago*, to send in to your wife,—my suite to her,
Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*,
Procure me some access.

Iag. I'le send her to you presently,
And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse,
May be more free.

Exit.

† *for loues sake.* § *vanish into aire.*

Cas.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Cas. I humbly thanke you *for it* || : I neuer knew
A *Florentine* more kinde and honest.

Enter Emilla.

Em. Good morrow good lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,
The generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly : the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cypres*,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,
He might not but refuse you * but he protests he loues you,
And needes no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in againe.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some brieve discourse
With *Desdemona* alone,

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall haue time,
To speake your bosome freely †.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, and other gentlemen.

Oth. These letters giue *Iago*, to the pilate,
And by him doe my duties to the state ;
That done, I will be walking on the workes,
Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good lord, I'le do't.

Oth. This fortification gentlemen, shall wee see't ?

Gent. We waite vpon your lordship.

Exeunt.

|| *for't.*

* you omitted.

† *Cas.* I am much bound to you.

Enter

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emillia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good madam do, I know it grieues my husband,
As if the case were his.

Desd. O that's an honest fellow :—do not doubt *Cassio*,
But I will haue my lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bountious madame,
What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

Des. O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my lord :
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangest, stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cas. I but lady,
The * pollicy may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice, and watriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelfe, ſo out of circumstance,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupplied,
My generall will forget my loue and ſeruice.

Desd. Doe not doubt that, before *Emillia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place ; assure thee
If I doe vowe a friendship, I'll performe it
To the laſt article ; my lord ſhall neuer reſt,
I'll watch him tame, and talke him out of patience ;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole, his boord a ſhrift,
I'll intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Cassio's* ſuite ; therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy ſolliciter ſhall rather die,
Than giue thee † cauſe away.

* *That.* † *thy.*

Enter

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Enter Othello, Iago, and gentlemen.

Em. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Desd. Why stay and heare me speake.

Cas. Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purpose,

Desd. Well, doe your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iag. Ha, I like not that.

Oth. What doest thou say?

Iag. Nothing my lord, or if, I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iag. *Cassio* my lord?—no fure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would sneake away so guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.

Oth. I doe beleue twas he.

Desd. How now my lord,
I haue beene talking with a suiter here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who i'th you meane?

Desd. Why your lieutenant *Cassio*, good my lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His present reconfiliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face,
I prethee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Desd. Yes faith, so humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
I suffer with him; good loue call him backe.

Oth.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Not now sweete *Desdemona* * some other time.

Desd. But shal't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner sweete for you.

Desd. Shal't be to night at supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Desd. To morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home,

I meete the captaines, at the cittadell.

Desd. Why then to morrow night, or *Tuesday* morne,

On *Tuesday* morne, or night, or *Wensday* morne,

I preethee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes: ifaith hee's penitent,

And yet his trespasse, in our common reason,

(Saue that they say, the warres must make examples,

Out of her best) is not almost a fault,

To incurre a priuate checke: when shall he come?

Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my soule,

What you could aske me, that I should deny?

Or stand so *muttering* † on? what *Michael Cassio*?

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time

When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath tane your part, to haue so much to doe

To bring him in? *birlady* † I could doe much.

Oth. Preethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Desd. Why this is not a boone,

Tis as I should intreate you weare your gloues:

Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,

Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit

To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,

Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,

It shall be full of poise and *difficulty* ‡,

And fearefull to be granted,

* *Desdemon.* † *mam'ring.* ‡ *trust me.* ‡ *difficult weight.*

Oth.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Desd. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, I'le come to thee straight.

Desd. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit Desd. and Em.*

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iag. My noble lord.

Oth. What doest thou say *Iago*?

Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my lady,
Know of your loue?

Oth. He did from first to last:—why doest thou aske?

Iag. But for a fatisfaction of my *thoughts* ||.
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?

Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very often §.

Iag. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iag. Honest my lord?

Oth. Honest? I honest.

Iag. My lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What doest thou thinke?

Iag. Thinke my lord?

Oth. Thinke my lord? *by heauen he ecchoes me* *.
As if there were some monster in his † thought:
Too hideous to be shewne: thou *didst* † meane something;
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,

|| *thought.* § *oft.* * *why dost thou ecchoe me.* † *thy.* † *dost.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

When *Cassio* left my wife : what didst not like?
 And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cridst indeed?
 And didst contract, and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,
 Some horrible *counsell* † : if thou doest loue me,
 Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou doest,
 And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,
 And weighest thy words, before thou *giue* || em breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine *affright* § me the more :
 For such things in a false disloyall knaue,
 Are trickes of custome ; but in a man that's iust,
 They are close *denotements* *, working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,
 I dare *presume* †, I thinke that he is honest,

Oth. I thinke so to.

Iag. Men should be *that* † they seeme,
 Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iag. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay yet there's more in this,
 I preethee speake to me †† to thy thinkings :
 As thou doest ruminare, and giue *the* ||| worst of thought,
 The worst of word.

Iag. Good my lord pardon me ;
 Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaues are free to,
 Utter my thoughts ? why, say they are vile and false :
 As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things

† conceit.

|| giu'st.

§ fright.

* dilations.

† be sworne.

† what.

†† me as.

||| thy.

Sometimes

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some vncleanely apprehensions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in session *fit* §
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou doest conspire against thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but thinkest him wrongd, and makest his eare
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my ghesse,
As I confesse it is my natures plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not; *I intreate you then* *
From one that so imperfectly *coniects* †,
You'd † take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble,
Out of my scattering, and vnfore obseruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisedome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. *Zouns* ‡.

Iag. Good name in man and woman's ||| deere my lord;
Is the immediate iewell of our foules:
Who steales my purse, steals trash, tis something, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. By heauen §§ I'le know thy thought**.

Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst tis in my custody: ††
O beware †§ iealousie.
It is *the* †§ greene eyd monster, which doth mocke

§ *fit.* * *that your wisedome yet.* † *conceits.* † *Would.* † *What*
doest thou meane? ||| *woman.* §§ *By heauen omitted.* ** *thoughts.*
†† *Oth. Ha?* †§ *beware my lord.* †§ *a.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

That || meate it feedes on. That cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his fate, *hates* § not his wronger :
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loues.

Oth. O misery.

Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches, finelesse, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore :
Good God, the foules of all my tribe defend
From iealousie.

Oth. Why, why is this ?
Thinkst thou I'de make a life of iealousie ?
To follow still the changes of the moone
With fresh suspitions ? no, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolud : exchange me for a goate,
When I shall turne the businesse of my soule
To such exufflicate, and blowne furmises,
Matching thy inference : tis not to make me iealous,
To say my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of speech, sings, playes, and dances well ;
Where vertue is, these are more vertuous :
Nor from mine owne weake merriits will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eies, and *chose* * me : no *Iago*,
I'le see before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this :
Away at once with loue or iealousie.

Iag. I am glad of it, for now I shall haue reason,
To shew the loue and duty that I beare you,
With franker spirit : therefore as I am bound
Receiue it from me : I speake not yet of prooffe,
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio* ;
Weare your eye thus, not iealous, nor secure,

|| *The.* § *loves.* * *chosen.*

I would

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

I would not haue your free and noble nature,
Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't:
I know our countrey disposition well,
In *Venice* they doe let *God* † see the pranks
They *dare* † shew their husbands: their best conscience,
Is not to *leauē* ‡ vndone, but *keepe* || vnknowne.

Oth. Doest thou say so.

Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iag. Why go too then,
She that so young, could giue out such a seeming,
To seale her fathers eyes vp, close as oake,
He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame,
I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dasht your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. Ifaith & I feare it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my loue: but I doe see you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To groser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Cassio's* my trusty friend:
My lord, I see you are moou'd.

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemonas* honest.

† Heaven. † dare not. † leau't. || keepe't. § Trust me.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point : as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends ;
Fie we may smell in such a will, most ranke
Foule disproportion : thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me : I doe not in position,
Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue : leaue me *Iago*.

Iag. My lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? this honest creature doubtlesse
Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoulds.

* My lord, I would I might intreate your honour,

Iag. To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
Tho it be fit †, that *Cassio* haue his place,
For sure he fills it vp with great ability :
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceiue him and his meanes ;
Note if your lady straine her entertainment,
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am ;
And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*

* *Iag.* † *And tho tis fit.*

Oth

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of humaine dealing: if I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her iesses were my deare heart strings,
I'de whistle her off, and let her *downe* * the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,
That chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the *vault* † of yeares; yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Must be to lothe her: O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vses: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
Tis destiny, vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* comes,
If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
I'le not beleuee it.

Enter Desdemona and Emillia.

Desd. How now my deare *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous ilander
By you inuited, doe attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead here.

Des. Faith ‡ that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind *your head* †, within this houre
It will be well againe §.

* *downe.* † *vault.* ‡ *Why* † *it hard.* § *againe omitted.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Your napkin is too little:

Let it alone, come I'll goe in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin,

Ex. Oth. and Desd.

This was her first remembrance from the Moore;
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Woode me to steale it, but she so loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she referues it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; I'll ha the worke *taine* † out,
And giu't *Iago*: what hee'll doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I,
I nothing *know*, but for || his fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?

Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing.

Em. Ha?

Iag. To haue a foolish *thing* §.

Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,

For that same *handkercher* *?

Iag. What *handkercher* *?

Em. What *handkercher* *?

Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,

That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iag. Ha'st stole it from her?

Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,

And to the aduantage, I being here, *took't* ‡ vp:

Looke here it is.

Iag. A good wench, giue it me.

† *tane.* || *but to please.* § *wise.* * *handkerchiefe.* ‡ *took it.*

Em.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Em. What will you doe with it, that you haue bin
So earnest to haue me filch it ?

Iag. Why what's that to you ?

Em. If it * be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore lady, shee'll run mad,
When she shall lacke it.

Iag. Be not you *knowne* † on't, I haue vse for it :—go
leaue me ;

Exit Em.

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
And let him finde it : trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy writ, this may doe something ‡,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast.
But with a little *art* §, vpon the blood,

Ent. Othello.

Burne like the *mindes* || of sulphure : I did say so :
Looke where he comes, not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drouisie sirrops of the world,
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to me, to me ?

Iag. Why how now generall ? no more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone, thou hast set me on the racke,
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to *know* ** a little.

Iag. How now my lord ?

Oth. What sence had I of her stolne houres of lust :
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry ;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips,

* *If t.* † *acknowne.* ‡ *The Moore already changes with my poison.* § *act.*
|| *mines.* ** *know't.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Iag. I am sorry to heare this.

Oth. I had bin happy if the generall campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweete body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres:
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpe,
The spirit-stirring drumme, the eare-peircing fife;
The royall banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre,
And O ye mortall engines, whose wide throates,
The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeite;
Farewell, *Othello's* occupation's gone.

Iag. Ist possible my lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my loue a whore,
Be sure of it, giue me the oculer prooffe,
Or by the worth of *mans* †† eternall soule,
Thou hadst bin better haue beene borne a dog,
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Ist come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't or at the least so proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble lord.

Oth. If thou doest slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorse.
On horrors head, horrors accumulate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation *ad* †† greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,

†† my. †† adde.

Are

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence ?
 God buy you, take *mine* §§ office,—O wretched foole
 That liuest to make thine honesty a vice,
 O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe,
 I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
 I'le loue no friend, since loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
 And looses that it workes for : *
 I see sir, you are eaten vp with passion,
 I doe repent me that I put it to you,
 You would be fatisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how fatisfied my lord ?
 Would you, the *superuisor* † grossely gape on,
 Behold her topt ?

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
 To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,
 If euer mortall eyes did see them boulder
 More then their owne ; what then, how then ?
 What shall I say ? where's fatisfaction ?
 It is impossible you should see this.
 Where they as prime as goates, as hot as monkies,

§§ my.

* *Oth.* By the world

*I thinke my wife is honest, and thinke she is not,
 I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not ;
 Ile haue some prooffe : her name that was as fresh
 As Dians uisage, is now begrind, and blacke
 As mine owne face : if there be cords or kniues,
 Poyson, or fire, or suffocating streames,
 Ile not endure it : would I were fatisfied.*

Iag. I see sir, &c.

† *supervision.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

As salt as wolues, in pride ; and fooles as grosse,
As ignorance made drunke: but yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that shee's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep.
There are a kinde of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Cassio*:

In sleepe I heard him say. Sweete *Desdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues ;
And then sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed, and then
Cried, cursed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O Monstrous, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

Oth. But this *denoted* * a fore-gone conclusion,

† *Iag.* Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'le teare her all to peeces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet, tell me but this,

* *denoted.*

† This line is added to *Othello's* speech, the next two are continued to *Iago.*

Haue

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Haue you not sometimes seene a handkercher,
Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.

Oth. I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.

Iag. I know not that, but such a handkercher,
I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If't be that,

Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It speakes against her, with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the slaue had forty thousand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge :
Now doe I see tis time, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen,—tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance from thy hollow cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted throne,
To tirranous hate, swell bosome with thy fraught,
For tis of aspecks tougues.

Iag. Pray be content.

he kneeles.

Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood,

Iag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change,

Oth. Neuer : *

In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words.

Iag. Doe not rise yet :

* — Neuer *Iago* ;

Like the Pontick sea

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,

To the Propontick and the Hellespont :

Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,

Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebbe to humble loue,

Till that a capeable and wilde reuenge

Swallow them up, Now by yond marble heauen,

I in, &c.

Witnesse

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Witnesse you * euer-burning lights aboue,
You elements that clip vs round about,

Iago kneeles.

Witnesse that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The excellency † of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* seruice : let him command,
And to obey, shall be remorse,
What bloody worke so euer.

Oth. I greeete thy loue :
Not with vaine thankes, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee to't,
Within these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliue.

Iag. My friend is dead :
Tis done as you request, but let her liue.

Oth. Dam her lewd minks : O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire diuell : now art thou my lieutenant.

Iag. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt.*

Enter Desdemonia Emilla and the clowne.

Des. Do you know sirra, where the lieutenant *Cassio* lies ?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man ?

He † is a fouldier, and for one to say a fouldier lies, is
stabbing.

Des. Go to, where lodges he ? §

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a
lodging, and say he lies there, were to lie in my || throate

* the. † execution.

‡ *Clo.* He is, &c.

§ *Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

|| mine owne.

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Desd. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make questions

And by them answer.

Desd. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To doe this is within the compasse of a man †, and therefore I'll attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*

Desd. Where should I loose that handkercher ‡ *Emillia*?

Em. I know not madam.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purse Full of crusadoes: and but my noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse, As iealous creatures are, it were enough, To put him to ill thinking.

Em. Is he not iealous.

Desd. Who he? I thinke the sun where he was borne, Drew all such humors from him,

Enter Othello.

Em. Looke where he comes.

Des. I will not leaue him now,
Let *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my lord?

Oth. Well my good lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse and liberall heart,
Not || hot and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;

† mans witte.

‡ handkerchief.

|| Hot.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

For heere's a young and fwetting diuell here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Des. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this, come, *come* §, your promise.

Oth. What promise chucked?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and fullen rhume offends me,

Lend me thy *handkercher* *,

Des. Here my lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not.

Des. No *faith* † my lord.

Oth. Thats a fault: that *handkercher* *

Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her loue: but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it: my fathers eye
Should hold her *loathely* †, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she dying, gaue it me,
And bid me when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did so, and take heede on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Desd. I't possible?

§ now. † indeed. * *handkerchiefe.* † *loathed.*

Oth.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,
A *Sybell* that had numbred in the world,
The fun to *make* † two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke;
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the filke,
And it was died in mummy, *with* || the skilfull
Conserues § of maidens hearts.

Des. *Ifaith* * i't true ?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.

Des. Then would to God, that I had neuer seene it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore ?

Des. Why doe you speake so startlingly and *rashly* †.

Oth. I't lost ? i't gone ? speake, is it out o'the way ?

Des. *Heauen* †† blesse vs.

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost, but what and if it were ?

Oth. Ha.

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
I pray let *Cassio*, be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me that *handkercher* |||, my mind misgiues.

Des. Come, come, you'll neuer meete a more sufficient man.

Oth. The *handkercher* |||.

§§ *Des.* I pray talke me of *Cassio*.

Oth. The *handkercher*.

Des. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The *handkercher* |||.

Des. *Ifaith* ** you are too blame.

† *course.* || *which.* § *Conserue.* * *Indeed.* † *rash.* †† *Heauen*
omitted. ||| *handkerchiefe.* §§ These two speeches omitted. ** *In sooth.*

Oth.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Zouns §.

Exit.

Em. Is not this man iealous?

Des. I ne're saw this before:

Sure there's some wonder in this *handkercher* *,
I am most vnhappy in the *losse* †.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeere or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.

Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.

Des. How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the *duty* † of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That *neither* ‡ seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd meritt, in futurity
Can ransome me, into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And *shoote* || my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.

Des. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altred.

§ *Away.* * *handkerchiefe.* † *losse of it.* [† *office.* ‡ *not my.* || *shut.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you, all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech : you must a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.

Iag. Is my lord angry ?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iag. Can he be angry ? I haue seene the cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre,
And (like the diuell) from his very arme,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry ?
Something of moment then : I will goe meete him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Desd. I preethee do so : something fure of state,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to him,
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen so : for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other heathfull members,
Euen to that fence of paine ; nay, we must thinke
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the bridall : beshrew me much *Emillia*
I was, (vnhandsome, warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindensse with my soule ;
But now I finde, I had subbornd the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.

Em. Pray heauen it be state matters, as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.

Desd.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Desd. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Em. But iealous foules will not be answered so,
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous : tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Desd. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.

Em. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seeke him, *Cassio*, walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, I'le moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my uttermost.

Exeunt Desd. and Emillia.

Cas. I humbly thanke your ladiship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Saue you friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What make you from home ?
How is it with you my most faire *Bianca* ?

*Ifaith** sweete loue I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging *Cassio*;
What, keepe a weeke away ? seuen daies and nights,
Eightscore eight houres, and louers absent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightscore times,
No weary reckoning.

Cas. Pardon me *Bianca*,
I haue this while with *laden*† thoughts bin prest,
But I shall in a more *conuenient*‡ time,
Strike off this score of absence : sweete *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this ?
This is some token from a newer friend,
To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,
Ist come to this ?

Cas. Go to woman,
Throw your vile ghesse in the diuels teeth,

* *Indeed.* † *laden.* ‡ *continue.*

From

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from some mistrisse, some remembrance,
No *by my faith* & *Bianca*.

Bian. Why who's ist?

Cas. I know not sweete, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you wherefore?

Cas. I doe attend here on the generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,
To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. But that you doe not loue me :
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night.

Cas. Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'le see you soone.

Bian. Tis very good, I must be circumstance'd.

Exeunt.

A C T U S IV.

Enter Iago and Othello.

Iag. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so *Iago*.

Iag. What, to kisse in private?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse.

Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme.

Oth. Naked a bed *Iago*, and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisie against the diuell :
They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,
The diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen :

§ in good truth.

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B b

Iag.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall slip ;
But if I giue my wife a *handkercher* *,

Oth. What then ?

Iag. Why then tis hers my lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectres of her honour to †,
May she giue that ?

Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not :
But for the *handkercher* *.

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it :
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the rauen o're the infected house,
Boding to all.) He had my *hankercher* *.

Iag. I, what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said I had seene him do you wrong ?
Or heard him say (as knaues be such abroad)
Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,
Or by the voluntary dotage of some mistris,
Conuinc'd ‡, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iag. He hath my lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more then hee'l vnsweare.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iag. *Faith* § that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. But || what ?

Iag. Lye.

Oth. With her ?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her ? We say lie on her, when they

* *handkerchiefe.* † *too.* ‡ *Conjured.* § *Why.* || *But omitted.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

bely her; lye with her, zounds, that's fulsome, handkerchers, confession, hankerchers**.

He fals downe ††.

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke : thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chaste dames, euen thus *all guiltlesse* §, meete reproach; what ho my lord, my lord I say, *Othello*,—how now *Cassio*.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter?

Iag. My lord is falne into an epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday,

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. No, forbear,
The lethergie, must haue his quiet course,
If not he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse : looke he stirres :
Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight, when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.
How is it generall, haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doeſt thou mocke me †?

Iag. I mocke you? no by heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a ciuill monster.

Oth. Did he confesse?

** To confesse, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd, and then to confesse; I tremble at it: nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: it is not words that shapen me thus, (pish) noses, eares, and lippes: i'st possible? confesse? handkerchiefe? O deuill.

†† in a trance. § In a parenthesis. † Exit Cassio.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Good fir be a man,
 Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
 May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
 That nightly lyes in those vnproper beds,
 Which they dare sweare peculiar : your case is better :
 O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
 To lip a wanton in a secure coach,
 And to suppose her chaste : no, let me know,
 And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.

Iag. Stand you a while apart,
 Confine your selfe but in a patient list :
 Whilst you were here *ere while*, mad * with your grieve,
 A passion most *unfuting* † such a man,
Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
 And layed good scuse, vpon your extacy,
Bid ‡ him anon retire, and here speake with me,
 The which he promise : but incaue your selfe,
 And marke the *ieeres* ‡, the *iibes* ||, and notable scornes,
 That dwell in euery region of his face ;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
 He has, and is againe to cope your wife :
 I say, but marke his ieasure, mary patience,
 Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doest thou heare *Iago*,
 I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
 But doest thou heare, most bloody.

Iag. That's not amisse :
 But yet keepe time in all ; will you withdraw ?
 Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca* ;
 A hufwife that by felling her desires,

* overwhelmed. † unfitting. ‡ Bade. † geeres. || gibes.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Buys her felfe bread and cloathes: it is a creature,
 That dotes on *Cassio*: as tis the strumpets plague
 To beguile many, and be beguild by one,

Ent. Cassio.

He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
 From the excesse of laughter: here he comes:
 As he shall smile, *Othello* shall goe mad,
 And his vnbookish iealousie must conster
 Poore *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behauour,
 Quite in the wrong: how doe you now leutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you giue me the addition,
 Whose want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't.
 Now if this suite lay in *Bianca*'s power,
 How quickly should you speed.

Cas. Alas poore catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man so.

Cas. Alas poore rogue, I thinke *ifaith* * she loues me.

Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,
 Goe to, well said.

Iag. She giues it out that you shall marry her,
 Doe you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph *Roman*, doe you triumph?

Cas. I marry her? † I prethee beare some charity to my
 wit,

Doe not thinke it so vnwholesome: ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so ‡, laugh that wins.

* indeed. † what a customer? I prethee, &c. ‡ so they.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. Faith the cry goes, you shall marry her.

Cas. Preethee say true.

Iag. I am a very villaine else.

Oth. Ha you *stor'd me well* §.

Cas. This is the monkies own giuing out; she is perswaded I wil marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the story.

Cas. She was heere euen now, shee haunts me in euery place, I was tother day, talking on the sea banke, with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, *by this hand she fals thus* * about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Cassio*, as it were: his iecture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and *lolls* †, and weepes vpon me; so hales, and puls me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my chamber, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to,

Cas. Well, I must leaue her company.

Enter Bianca.

Iag. Before me, looke where she comes, 'Tis such another *ficho* †; marry a perfum'd one, what doe you meane by this hanting of me.

Bian. Let the diuel and his dam haunt you, what did you meane by that same *handkercher* †, you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine foole to take it; I must take out the whole worke, a likely peece of worke, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke; there, giue it the hobby horse, wheresoeuer you had it, I'll take out no worke on't.

Cas. How now my sweete *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that should be my *handkercher* †.

§ *scar'd me well.* * *fals me thus.* † *jolls.* † *fitchew.* † *handkerchiefe.*

Bian.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Caf. Faith || I must, shee'll raile i'the streete else.

Iag. Will you sup there † ?

Caf. Faith * I intend so.

Iag. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very faine speake with you.

Caf. Preethee come, will you ?

Iag. Goe to, say no more.

Exit Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him *Iago* ?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice ?

Oth. O *Iago*.

Iag. And did you see the handkercher ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Oth †. I would haue him nine yeares a killing ; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman.

Iag. Nay you must forget †.

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for she shall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to †† stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe but say what she is: so delicate with her needle, an admirable musition, O shee will sing the sauagenesse out of a beare; of so hye and plentious wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worfe for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

|| *Faith* omitted,

† *You sup there.*

* *Yes.*

† *Oth.* omitted.

† forget that.

†† *to a.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. I that's certaine, but yet the pittie of it *Iago*, the pittie.

Ia. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes—cuckold me!

Iag. O tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases very good.

Iag. And for *Cassio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight. *A trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and attendants.

Oth. Excellent good:
What trumpet is that same?

Iag. Something from *Venice* sure, tis *Lodouico*,
Come from the duke, and see your wife is with him.

Lod. God saue the || worthy generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of *Venice* greete you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you feignior:—welcome to *Cypres*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does leutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Liues sir.

Des. Cousen, there's falne betweene him and my lord,
An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

|| *Save you.*

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Des. My lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper :

Is there diuision *betweene* § thy lord and *Cassio* ?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone.

Des. My lord.

Oth. Are you wise ?

Desd. What, is he angry ?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him ;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Desd. By my troth *, I am glad on't,

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweete *Othello* ?

Oth. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not bē beleeu'd in *Venice*,
Tho I should sweare I saw't : tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O diuell, diuell,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares
Each drop she falls, would proue a crocadile :
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you,

Lod. Truly an obedient lady :
I doe beseech your lordship, call her backe.

Oth. Mistrisse.

Des. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her sir ?

§ *twixt.* * *trust me,*

Lod.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Lod. Who, I my lord?

Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne:
 Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet go on,
 And turne againe, and she can weepe fir, weepe;
 And shee's obedient, as you say, obedient;
 Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,
 Concerning this fir: O well painted passion:
 I am commanded *here* †:—get you away,
 I'll send for you anon:—fir, I obey the mandat,
 And will returne to *Venice*:—hence, auant,
Cassio shall haue my place; and fir to night
 I doe intreate that we may sup together,
 You are welcome fir to *Cypres*,—goates and monkies.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full senate
 Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
 Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
 Could neither graze, nor peirce?

Iag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breathe my censure,
 What he might be, if as he might, he is not,
 I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife.

Iag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
 That stroake would proue the worst.

Lod. Is it his vse?
 Or did the letters worke vpon his blood.
 And new create this fault?

Iag. Alas, alas.
 It is not honesty in me to speake,
 What I haue seene and knowne, you shall obserue him *,

↓ *home.* * *him omitted.*

And

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

And his owne courfes will denote him fo,
That I may faue my fpeech : doe but goe after,
And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am forry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello and Emillia.

Oth. You haue feene nothing then.

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did fufpect.

Oth. Yes, and you haue feene *Caffio* and ſhe together.

Em. But then I ſaw no harme, and then I heard
Each ſillable that breath made vp betweene 'em.

Oth. What, did they neuer whiſper ?

Em. Neuer, my lord.

Oth. Nor fend you out o'the way ?

Em. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing ?

Em. Neuer, my lord,

Oth. That's ſtrange.

Em. I durſt my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay downe my ſoule at ſtake : if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuſe your boſome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let *heauens requite it* † with the ſerpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of *her ſex* ‡
Is foule as ſlander.

Exit Emillia.

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She ſayes enough ; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawde,
That cannot ſay as much : this is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet, locke and key, of villainous ſecrets,
And yet ſhee'll kneele and pray, I ha ſeene her do't.

† *Heaven require it.* ‡ *their wives.*

Enter.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray chucked come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes——looke in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. Some of your function mistress,
Leaue procreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery : nay dispatch.

Exit Em. §

Des. Vpon my knees, what does your speech import ?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife my lord, your true and loyall wife.

Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe
Least being like one of heauen, the diuells themselues
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd,
Sweare thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truely know it.

Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord, with whom ? how am I false ?

Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe ?

Am I the occasion of those teares my lord ?

If haply you my father doe suspect,

An instrument of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me ; if you haue *left* || him,

Why I haue *left* || him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he ram'd

§ *Exit, &c. omitted.* ¶ *left.*

All

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

All kindes of fores, and shames on my bare head,
 Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
 Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
 I should haue found in some part of my soule
 A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
 To point his slow vnmouing *fingers* * at—oh, oh,
 Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
 But there : where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
 Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
 The fountaine, from the which my currant runnes,
 Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
 Or keepe it as a cesterne, for foule toades
 To knot and gender in : turne thy complexion there,
 Patience thy young and rose-lip'd cherubin,
 I here looke grim as hell.

Des. I hope my noble lord esteemes me honest.

Oth. O I, as summers flies, are in the shambles,
 That quicken euen with blowing :
 O thou blacke weede, why art so louely faire ?
 Thou smell'st so fweete, that the fence akes at thee,
 Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed ?

Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
 Made to write whore *on* † ?—What, committed ? †
 Heauen stops the nose at it, and the moone winkes,
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meetes,
 Is husht within the hallow mine of earth,
 And will not hear't :—what committed,—impudent strumpet ?

* *finger.* † *upon.*

‡ *Committed: ob thou publick commoner ;
 I should make very forges of my cheekes,
 That would to cinders burne up modestie,
 Did I but speak thy deedes : what committed ?
 Heauen, &c.*

Des.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Des. By heauen you doe me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a Christian :

If to preferue this vessell for my lord,
From any *hated* §§ foule vnlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be faued.

Enter Emillia *.

Oth. Ist possible ?

Des. O heauen *forgiuenesse* †

Oth. I cry you *mercy* ‡,

I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello* : you mistrisse,
That haue the office opposite to *S. Peter*,
And keeps the gates in hell, *I, you, you, you* § ;
We ha done our course ; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keep our counsell. *Exit.*

Em. Alas, what does this gentleman conceiue ?

How doe you madam, how doe you my good lady ?

Des. Faith halfe asleepe.

Em. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord ?

Des. With who ?

Em. Why with my lord madam ||.

Des. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,
I cannot weepe, nor answer haue I none,
But what should goe by water : preethee to night
Lay on my bed *our* ** wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Em. Here is a change indeed.

Exit.

§§ *other*

* *Enter, &c. omitted.*

† *forgive us !*

‡ *mercy then.*

§ *you, you, I you.*

|| *Des. Who is thy lord ?*

Em. He that is yours, sweet lady.

** *my.*

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Des. Tis meete I should be vſde ſo, very well ;
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might ſticke
The ſmalleſt opinion, on my *greateſt* *abuse* †.

Enter Iago, and Emillia.

Iag. What is your pleaſure madam
How iſt with you ?

Des. I cannot tell : thoſe that doe teach young babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and eaſie taſkes,
He might ha chid me ſo, for in good faith,
I am a child *at* § chiding.

Iag. What is the matter lady ?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Throwne ſuch deſpite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts cannot beare.

Des. Am I that name *Iago* ?

Iag. What name faire lady ?

Des. Such as ſhe ſayes my lord did ſay I was ?

Em. He call'd her whore : a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed ſuch tearmes vpon his callet.

Iag. Why did he ſo ?

Des. I doe not know, I am ſure I am none ſuch.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe : alas the day.

Em. Has ſhe forſooke ſo many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, *all* † her friends,
To be cald whore ? would it not make one weepe ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Beſhrew him for it ; how comes this tricke vpon him ?

Des. Nay, heauen doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternall villaine,
Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, couſening ſlaue, to get ſome office,
Haue not deuifde this ſlander, I'll be hang'd elſe.

Iag. Fie, there is no ſuch man, it is impoſſible.

† *leaſt miſuſe.* § *to* † *and.*

Des.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Des. If any such there *be* *, heauen pardon him.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones :
 Why should he call her whore ? who keepes her company ?
 What place, what time, what forme, what likelihood ?
 The Moore's abus'd by some outrageous knaue :
 Some base notorious knaue, some scuruy fellow,
 O heauen, that such companions thou'dst vnfold,
 And put in euery honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascall naked through the world,
 Euen from the east to the west.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him ; some such squire he was,
 That turnd your wit, the feamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Des. O good *Iago*.

What shall I doe to win my lord againe ?
 Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
 I know not how I lost him. †

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
 The businesse of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

* are.

† Here I kneele

*If ere my will did trespassse 'gainst his loue,
 Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed
 Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sence
 Delighted them in any other forme ;
 Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,
 And ever will (though he do shake me off
 To beggerly diuorcement,) loue him deerely :
 Comfort forswear me ; unkindnesse may do much,
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But neuer taint my loue, I cannot say whore,
 It doth abhorre me, now I speake the word,
 To do the act, that might th' addition earne,
 Not the worlds masse of vanity could make me.*

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Des. If t'were no other.

Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you,
Harke how these instruments summon you to supper,
And the † great messengers of *Venice* stay,
Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well.

Exit women,

Enter Roderigo.

How now *Roderigo*?

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Euery day, thou doffist me, with some deuise *Iago*;
And rather, as it seemes to me, *thou* || keepest from me,
All conueniency, then suppliest me, with the least
Aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it,
Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already
I haue foolishly sufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

Rod. Faith § I haue heard too much, for your words,
And performance are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. I haue * wasted my selfe out of meanes: the iewels you
haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue
corrupted a votarist: you haue told me she has receiu'd em,
and return'd mee expectation, and comforts, of suddaine re-
spect, and acquittance †, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very good |||.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very
well, by this hand **, I say tis very scuruy, and begin to
finde my selfe sopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe knowne
to *Desdemona*, if she will returne me my iewels, I will giue

† The meate.

|| now.

§ Sir.

* With nought but truth: I haue.

‡ acquaintance.

||| well.

** by this hand, omitted.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

ouer my suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe I'll seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue said now.

Rod. I, and I haue said nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this *time** doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me thy hand *Roderigo*: thou hast taken against me a most iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue delt most directly in thy *affaires*†.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement: but *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now, then euer, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it, if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take mee from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall command come from *Venice*, To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him

The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd Here by some accident, wherein none can be so Determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place, Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and right, hee sups to night with a *harlot*‡, and thither will I goe to

* *instant.* † *affaire.* ‡ *harlotry.*

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

him ;—he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune : if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure : I will be neere to second your attempt, and hee shall fall betweene vs : come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with mee, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to wast : about it.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emillia, and attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied.

Ex. Iag. and Rod.

Lod. I do beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your ladieship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir :— O *Desdemona* :

Des. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be return'd, forthwith, dispatch your attendant there,—looke it be done.

Exeunt.

Des. I will my lord.

Em. How goes it now ? he lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent :
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismisse you.

Em. Dismisse me ?

Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We must not now displease him.

Em. I † would you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,

† I, omitted.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

That euen his stubbornenesse, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me, haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.

Des. All's one good *faith* * : how foolish are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheetes.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Des. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it exprest her fortune,
And she died singing it, that song to night,
Will not goe from my mind †—harke, who's that knocks?

* *father.*

† *I haue much to doe ;*

*But to goe hang my head all at one side and sing it like poore Barbary ; prithee
dispatch.*

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Em. A very handsome man.

Des. He speakes well.

Em. I know a lady in Venice, would haue walk'd bare-footed to Palestine
for a touch of his neither lip.

Desdemona sings.

The poore soule sat sighing by a sicamour tree

sing all a green willow,

Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,

sing willow, willow, willow,

The fresh streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,

sing willow, willow, willow,

Her salt teares fell from her, which softened the stones,

sing willow, &c.

(Lay by these.)

willow, willow,

(Prethee bie thee, be'le come anon)

Sing all a greene willow must be my garland

Let no body blame him, his scorne I approve :

Nay thats not next—harke, &c.

Em.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Em. It is † the wind. †

Des. Now || get thee gone, good night :

Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping ?

Em. Tis neither here nor there. §

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world ?

Em. Why would not you.

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,

I might *doe it as well* * in the darke.

Des. Would †† thou doe such a *thing* ||| for all the world ?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.

Des. Good §§ troth I thinke thou wouldst not.

Em. By my ** troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I
had done it, mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt
ring; or for measures of lawne, nor for gownes, or *† petti-
cotes, nor caps, nor any *such* *|| exhibition; but for the whole
world? *uds pittty* *§, who would not make her husband a
cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory
for it.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would doe such a *† wrong,
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and
hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne
world, and you might quickly make it right.

† Tis.

† *Des.* I call'd my love false, but what said he then ?

sing willow, willow, willow,

If I court no women, youle couch with no men.

|| So.

§ *Des.* I have heard it said so: O these men, these men :

Dost thou in conscience thinke (tell me Emi'ia)

That there be women who abuse their husbands

In such grosse kinds ?

* *as well doe it.* †† *Wouldst.* ||| *deede.* §§ *In.* ** *In.* *† *or omit-*
ted, *|| *petty.* *§ *why.* *† *a omitted.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for. *

Des. Good night, good night: *God* † me such *usage* † send,
Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

A C T U S V. ||

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iag. Here stand behind this bulke, strait will he come,
Weare thy good rapier bare, and put it home,
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be at thy elboe;
It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe *most* † firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy sword **.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the *dead* ††;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons,
Tis but a man gone: forth my sword, he dies.

* But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wives doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And poure our treasures into forreigne laps,
Or else breake out in peeuish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former hauing in despight)
Why we haue galles, and tho we haue some grace,
Yet haue we some revenge: let husbands know
Their wives haue sence like them; they see, and smell,
And haue their pallats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe
When they change us for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is so too; and haue not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em use us well, else let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills instruct us so.

† heauen. † uses. || *Scena I.* † more. ** stand, †† deed;
Iag.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Iag. I haue rubd this young *gnat* ||| almost to the sense,
And he growes angry now : whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game ; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For gold and iewells, that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona* :
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly : and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him ; there stand I in * perrill :
No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming.

Ent. Cas.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou diest.

Cas. That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou *think'st* †.
I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. O I am slaine.

Cas. I am maind ‡ for euer, light ho, murder, murder ||.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke tis euen so.

Cas. O helpe ho, light, a surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honest and iust,
That hast such noble fence of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me ; — minion, your deare lies dead,
And your *fate hies apace* § ; strumpet I come ;
Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed lust-staind, shall with lusts blood be spotted. *Ex.*

||| *gnat.* * in much. † *knowst.* ‡ *maim'd.* || *murder omitted.*
§ *unleſt fate hies.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder.

Grat. Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.

Cas. O helpe.

Lod. Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine.

Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
These may be counterfeits, let's think't vnsafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. No body come, then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago with a light.

Lod. Harke.

Grat. Here's one comes in his shirt, with lights and weapons.

Iag. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder.

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Cas. Here, here, for heauens fake helpe me.

Iag. What's the matter.

Grat. This is *Othello's* ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iag. What are you here, that cry so greeuoufly?

Cas. *Iago*, O I am spoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me some helpe.

Iag. O my * leutenant: what villaines haue done this?

Cas. I thinke the one of them is heere about,
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villaines:
What are you there? come in and giue some helpe.

* me.

Rod.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Rod. O, helpe me here.

Cas. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous slaue, O villaine.

Rod. O dambd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog,—O, O, O.

Ia. Kill him i'the dark? where be those bloody theeues?
How silent is this towne? ho, murder, murder:
What may you be, are you of good or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iag. Seignior *Lodouico*.

Lod. He fir.

Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by villaines.

Grat. *Cassio*.

Iag. How is it brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heauen forbid:

Light gentlemen, I'le bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter ho, who ist that cried?

Iag. Who ist that cried.

Bian. O my deare *Cassio*, O my sweete *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*,

Iag. O notable strumpet: *Cassio* may you suspect
Who they should be, that thus haue mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus, I haue bin to seeke you.*

Bian. Alas he faints, O *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe suspect this trash
To beare a part in this: patience a while good *Cassio*:
Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes sure: O heauen || *Roderigo*.

* *Iag.* Lend me a garter, so;—qb for a chaire to beare him easily hence.

|| yes tis,

Gra.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

Gra. What of *Venice*?

Iag. Euen he fir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iag. How doe you *Cassio*? O a chaire, a chaire.

Gra. *Roderigo*.

Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the generalls surgeon: for you mistrisse,
Saue you your labour, he that lies slaine here *Cassio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?

Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieastures of her eye,
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see gentlemen? nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse.

Enter Em.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray * *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Cassio*, where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?

* prithee.

Bian.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie, *fie* § vpon thee strumpet.

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.

Em. As I: *fough* *, *fie* vpon thee.

Iag. Kind gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* drest,
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.

Emillia, runne you to the cittadell,

And tell my lord and lady what has hapt:

Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello with a light. †

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:
It is the cause, yet I'le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then snow,
And smooth, as monumentall alabaster;
Yet she must die, else shee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe, thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethian* heate,
That can thy light *returne* ‡: when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needes wither; I'le smell it on the tree,
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade

§ *fie* omitted.

* *now.*

† and *Desdemona* in her bed.

‡ *relumine.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Iustice her selfe to breake her *sword once more* ||,
 Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee.
 And loue thee after : *once † more*, and this the last,

He kisses her.

So sweete was ne're so fatall : I must weepe,
 But they are cruell teares ; this *sorrowes* * heauenly,
 It strikes *when ‡* it does loue : she wakes.

Des. Who's there. *Othello* ?

Oth. I, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed my lord ?

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona* ?

Des. I my lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
 Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
 Sollicite for it straite.

Des. Alas my lord, what *may §* you meane by that ?

Oth. Well doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
 I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
 No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.

Des. Talke you of killing !

Oth. I, I doe.

Des. Then heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I feare you, for you are fatall then,
 When your eyes roule so : why I should feare, I know not,
 Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.

Des. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou diest.

|| *sword* : one more. † one. * *sorrow's*. ‡ *where*. § *do*.

Des.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Des. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing,
Alas, why gnaw you so your neather lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,
These are portents : but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will, so, what's the matter ?

Oth. That *handkercher* † which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gauest to *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soule,
Send for the man and aske him.

Oth. Sweete soule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong *conceit* *,
That I do groane withall : thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say Amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too :
I neuer did offend you in my life,—neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrantie of heauen,
As I might loue : I neuer gaue him token.

Oth. By heauen I saw my *handkercher* † in his hand,
O periured woman, thou doest stone *thy* ‡ heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice;
I saw the *handkercher* †.

Des. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,
And § let him confesse a truth.

† *bandkerchiefe*.

* *conception*.

‡ *my*.

§ *And*, omitted.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. He has confest.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—*uds death* ||.

Des. How, vnlawfully?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,
Honest *Iago* hath tane order for't.

Des. My feare interprets then,—what is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haire bin liues,
My great reuenge had stomacke for 'em all.

Des. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone.

Oth. O strumpet,—weepest thou for him to my face?

Des. O bannish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, an you striue.

Des. But halfe an houre, * but while I say one prayer.

Oth. Tis too late.

He stifles her.

Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord †.

Emillia calls within.

Em. My lord, my lord, what ho, my lord, my lord.

Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine,—so, so.

Em. What ho, my lord, my lord.

Oth. Who's there?

Em. O good my lord, I'de speake a word with you.

|| *usde thee.*

* *Oth. Being done there is no pause.*

Des. But while, &c.

† *Des. &c. &c. omitted.*

Oth.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by : shee's dead :
 'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassios* death ;
 The noyse was here ; ha, no more mouing,
 Still as the graue : shall she come in ? were't good ?
 I thnike she stirres againe ; no, what's the best ?
 If she come in, shee'll fure speake to my wife.
 My wife, my wife, my † wife ; I ha no wife ;
 O insupportable : O heauy houre,
 Me thinks it should be now a huge ecclips
 Of sunne and moone, and that the affrighted globe,
 Should yawne at alteration.

Em. I doe beseech you I may speake with you,—good my lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee : O come in *Emillia*.
 Soft, by and by ; let me the curtaines draw,

Ent. Emil.

Where art thou ? what's the matter with thee now ?

Em. O my good lord, yonder's foule murders done.

Oth. What now ?

Em. But now my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moone,
 She comes more neere the earth, then she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

Em. *Cassio* my lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
 Cal'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild ?

Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kild, then murders out of tune,
 And sweete reuenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.

† what.

Em.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Em. O Lord *, what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Em. Out and alas, it is † my ladyes voyce.

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O lady speake againe,

Sweete *Desdemona*, O sweete mistresse speake.

Des. A guiltlesse death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed?

Des. No body, I my selfe, farewell:

Commend me to my kinde lord, O farewell.

She dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murdered?

Em. Alas, who knowes?

Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.

Em. She sayd so, I must needes report a truth.

Oth. She's like a lyer, gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that kild her.

Em. O the more angell she,

And you the blacker diuell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Em. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou as rash as fire,

To say that she was false: O she was heavenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,

O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed, vpon iust grounds,

To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

Em. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Em. That she was false to wedlocke?

Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,

If heauen would make me such another world,

* *Alas.* † *was.*

Of

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Of one intire and perfect crisolite,
I'de not haue fold her for it.

Em. My husband?

Oth. I, twas he that told me first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime,
That sticks on filthy deedes.

Em. My husband?

Oth. What needes this iteration? woman, I say thy husband. *

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.

Oth. Ha?

Em. Doe thy worst,
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirtt; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter, how now generall?

Em. O, are you come *Iago*? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.

All. What is the matter?

* *Em.* Ob mistres, villainy bath made mockes with love:

My husband say that she was false?

Oth. He woman, I say thy husband; dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man ;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false,
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine :
Speake, for my heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.

Em. But did you euer tell him she was false ?

Iag. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie ;
Vpon my foule, a lie, a wicked lie :
She false with *Cassio* ; did you say with *Cassio* ?

Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse ; go to, charme your tongue.

Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to
speake. †

Iag. What are you mad, I charge you get you home.

Em. Good gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake,
Tis proper I obey him, but not now :
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Oth. fals on the bed.

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and rore,
For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. O she was foule :
I scarce did know you vncke, there lies your niece,

† *My mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.*

All. Oh heavens forefend.

Em. And your reports have set the murderer on.

Oth. Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. Tis a strangetruth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act !

Em. Villainy, villany, villany ;

I thinke upon't, I thinke, I smell a villany ;

I thought so then ; Ile kill my selfe for grieve,

O villany, villany.

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt,
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.

Gra. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure grieve,
Shore his old thread *atwaine* * : did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea curse his better angell from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, *hath* † the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With the recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkercher; an antique token
My father gaue my mother.

Em. O God, O heauenly God.

Iag. *Zouns* ‡, hold your peace.

Em. 'Twill out, 'twill: I hold my peace fir, no,
I'll be in speaking, liberall as the ayre,
Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speake.

Iag. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?

Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkercher thou speakst
on,

I found by fortune, and did giue my husband:
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He beg'd of me to steale it.

Iag. Villainous whore.

* in twaine.

† bad.

‡ Come.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.

Iag. Filth thou liest.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not gentlemen,
O murderous coxcombe! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman?

The Moore runnes at Iago, Iago kils his wife.

Oth. Are there no stones in heauen,
But what serues for the thunder? *pretious* || villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, fure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my mistresse side.

Exit Iago.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that same villaine,
For tis a damned slaue.

Exit Mont. and Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipster gets my sword,
But why should honour out liue honesty?
Let it goe all.

Em. * Moore, she was chaste, she lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my foule to blisse, as I speake true;
So speaking as I thinke, I die, I die.

She dies.

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of *Spaine*, the isebrookes temper;

|| *pernicious.*

* *What did thy song bode lady?*

Harke, canst thou beare me? I will play the swan,

And die in musicke: willow, willow, willow.

Moore, &c.

O here

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

O here it is ; vncke I must come forth.

Gra. *within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a souldiers thigh : I haue seene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times *you* * stop : but O vaine boast,
Who can controule his fate ? tis not so now, †
Pale as thy smocke, when we we shall meete at count §,
This looke of thine, will hurle my soule from heauen,
And fiends will snatch at it : cold, cold, my girle,
Euen like thy chastity ; O cursed slaue ;
Whippe me you diuells,
From the possession of this heauenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphure,
Wash me in steepe downe gulphes of liquid fire :
O *Desdemona, Desdemoua*, dead, O o, o.

* *your.*

† *Be not affraid, though you doe see me weapon'd ;
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very sea-marke of my utmost saile.
Doe you goe backe dismaid ? tis a lost feare,
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello goe ?
How dost thou looke now ? O ill-star'd wench.
Pale, &c.*

§ *compte.*

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, and officers.

Cassio in a chaire.

Lod. Where is this rash and most infortunate man.

Oth. That he that was *Othello*, here I am.

Lod. Where is *this* † viper, bring the villaine forth.

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable
I^c thou beest a diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. *Wring* ‡ his sword from him.

Iag. I bleed fir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my sence tis happinesse to die.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,
Falne in the practise of a damned slaue,
What should be said to thee?

Oth. Why any thing,
An honourable murderer if you will :
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy :
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. I.

Cas. Deare generall, I did neuer giue you cause.

Oth. I doe belceue it, and I aske you pardon,
Will you § pray demand that demy diuell,
Why he hath thus insnar'd my soule and body?

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know,
From this time forth I neuer will speake word.

Lod. What not to pray?

Grat. Torments will op'e your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doest best.

Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befallne,
Which, as I thinke you know not : here is a letter,

† *that.* ‡ *Wrench.* § *you I.*

Found

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
And here another ; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* ; to be vndertooke—by *Roderigo*.

Oth. O villaine.

Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke *
Came in, and fatisfied him.

Oth. O the pernitious catieffe !
How came you *Cassio* by a handkercher,
That was my wifes ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber,
And he himselfe confest it ‡ euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose ;
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Cas. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was cast ; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago fet him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cypres* : for this slaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his : you shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State ; come, bring him away.

* interim, ‡ it but.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
 I haue done the state some seruice, and they know't;
 No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deedes relate,
 Speake of *them as they are* §; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set downe ought in malice, then *must you* || speake,
 Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
 Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,
 Perplext in the extreame; of one whose hand,
 Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
 Richer then all his tribe: of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
 Drops teares as fast as the *Arabian* trees,
 Their medicinall gum; set you downe this,
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a malignant and a turband *Turke*,
 Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the state;
 I took bi'th throate the circumcised dog,
 And smote him thus.

He stabs himselfe.

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is mard.

Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
 Killing my selfe, to die vpon a kisse.

He dies.

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
 More fell then anguish, hunger, or the sea,
 Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed:
 This is thy worke, the obiekt poisons fight,

§ *me as I am.* || *you must.*

Let

THE MOORE OF VENICE.

Let it be hid : *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore :
For they succeed to you, to you lord gouernour,
Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
The time, the place, the torture : O inforce it,
My selfe will straite aboard, and to the state,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

SHAKE-

THE TRAGIE

Oth. Soft you, a word or
I haue done the state some ill
No more of that : I pray you
When you shall these unluke
Speake of *them as they are*
Nor set downe ought in me
Of one that lou'd not wisely
Of one not easily iealous,
Perplext in the extreame ;
Like the base *Indian*, thre
Richer then all his tribe :
Albeit vnused to the meane
Drops teares as fast as they
Their medicinall gum ;
And say besides, that in
Where a malignant and
Beate a *Venetian*, and that
I took bi'th throate the
And smote him thus.

Lod. O bloody per

Gra. All that's sp

Oth. I kist thee ere
Killing my selfe, to

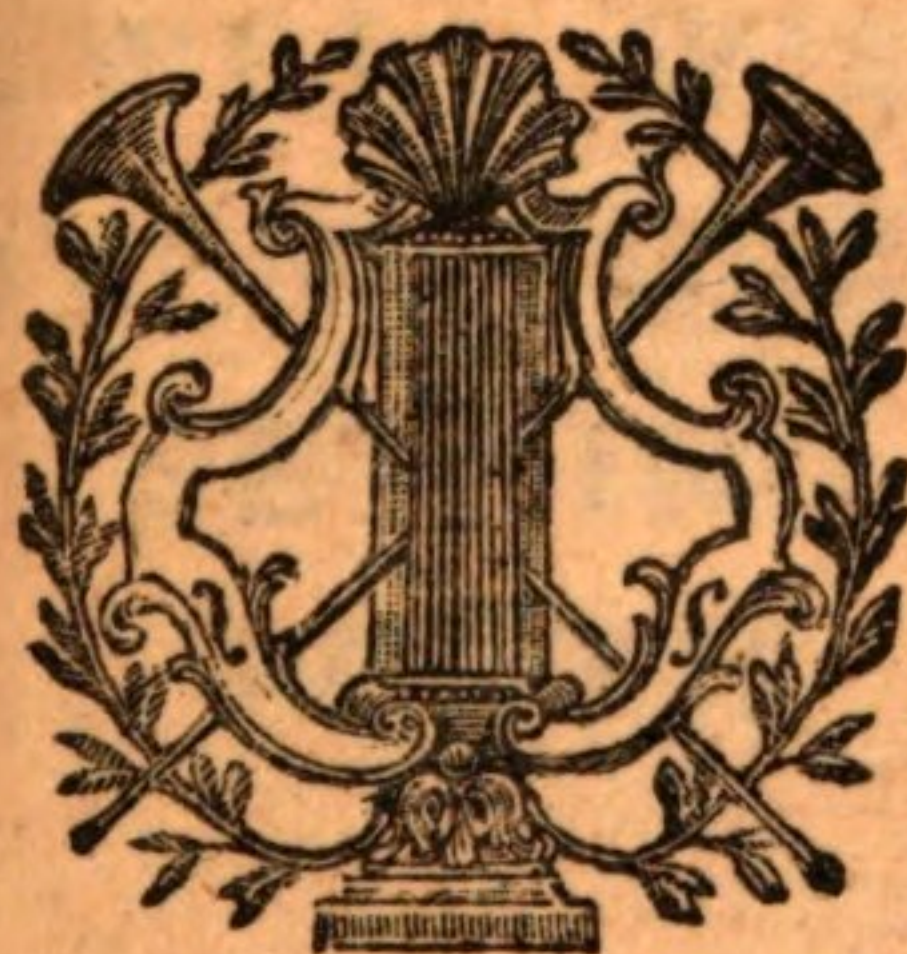
Cas. This did I
For he was great

Lod. O *Sparta*
More fell then an
Looke on the tr
This is thy wor

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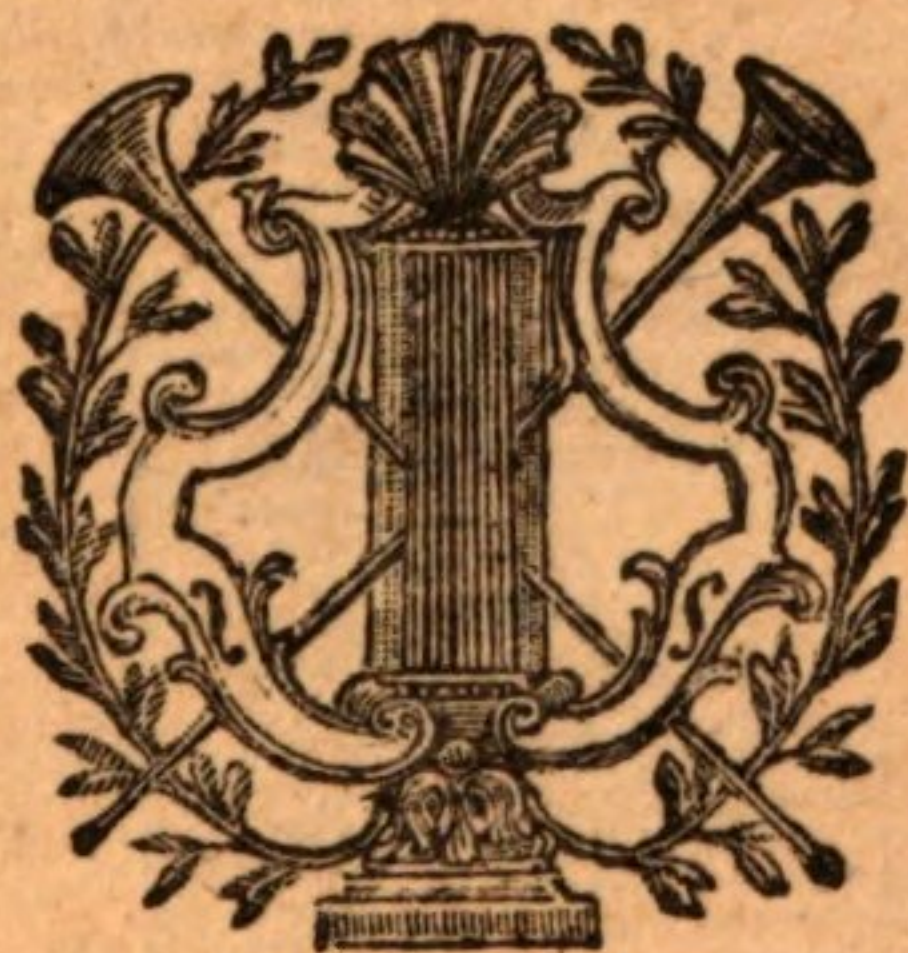
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THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.
Mr. W.H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
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PROMISED,

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THE. WELL-WISHING.

ADVENTVRER. IN.

SETTING.

FORTH.

T. T.

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OUR EVER-LIVING POET

WISHETH

THE WELL-WISHING

ADVENTURER IN

SETTING

FORTH

T. T.

SHAKESPEARES,
SONNETS.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties rose might neuer die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory :
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweete selfe too cruell :
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,
And tender chorde mak'st wast in niggarding :
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee,

II.

WHEN fortie winters shall beseige thy brow,
And digge deepe trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,
Wil be a totter'd weed of smal worth held :

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies ;
To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
Where an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vse,
If thou couldst answere this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Proouing his beautie by succession thine.

This were to be new made when thou art ould.
And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could,

III.

LOOKE in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
Now is the time that face should forme an other,
Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,
Thou doo'st beguile the world, vnblesse some mother.
For where is she so faire whose vn-eard wombe
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry ?
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
Of his selfe loue to stop posterity ?
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.

But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die single and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

VNTHRIFTY louelinesse why doest thou spend,
Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy ?
Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,
And being franck she lends to those are free :

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then beautilous nigard why doost thou abuse,
The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?
Profites vferer why doost thou vse
So great a summe of summes yet can'st not liue?
For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceaue,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *audit* can'st thou leaue?

Thy vnus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which vsed liues th' executor to be.

V.

THOSE howers that with gentle worke did frame,
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell
Will play the tirants to the very same,
And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:
For neuer resting time leads summer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap-checkt with frost and lustie leau's quite gon.
Beauty ore-snow'd and barennes euery where,
Then were not summers distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.

But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete,
Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

VI.

THEN let not winters wragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:
Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,
With beauties treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

That vse is not forbidden vsery,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,
Leauing thee liuing in posterity?
Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

VII.

LOE in the orient when the gracious light,
Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
Seruing with lookes his sacred maiesty,
And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heauenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
But when from high-moſt pitch with wery car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes (fore dutious) now conuerted are
From his low tract and looke an other way:
So thou thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
Vnlok'd on diest vnlesse thou get a sonne.

VIII.

MVſick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly,
Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:
Why lou'st thou that which thou receauſt not gladly,
Or else receau'st with pleasure thine annoy?

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By vnions married do offend thine eare,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st beare:
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling fier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.

IX.

IS it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
Ah; if thou issuleste shalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makelesse wife,
The world wil be thy widdow and still weepe,
That thou no forme of thee hast left behind,
When euery priuat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde:
Looke what an vnthrif in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world inioyes it
But beauties waste hath in the world an end,
And kept vnvsde the vsr so destroyes it:
No loue toward others in that bosome fits
That on himselfe such murderous shame commits.

X.

FOR shame deny that thou bear'st loue to any
Who for thy selfe art so vnproudent
Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,
But that thou none lou'st is most euident:

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

For thou art so possest with murderous hate,
That gainst thy selfe thou stickst not to conspire,
Seeking that beautilous rooſe to ruinate
Which to repaire ſhould be thy chiefe deſire :
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue ?
Be as thy preſence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy ſelfe at leaſt kind harted proue,
Make thee an other ſelfe for loue of me,
That beauty ſtill may liue in thine or thee.

XI.

AS faſt as thou ſhalt wane ſo faſt thou grow'ſt,
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt,
And that freſh bloud which yongly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou maiſt call thine, when thou from youth conuertedſt,
Herein liues wiſdome, beauty, and increaſe,
Without this follie, age, and could decay,
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcoore yeare would make the world away :
Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore,
Harſh, featureleſſe, and rude, barrenly perrish,
Looke whom ſhe beſt indow'd, ſhe gaue the more ;
Which bountious guiſt thou ſhouldeſt in bounty cherrish.
She caru'd thee for her ſeale, and ment thereby,
Thou ſhouldeſt print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

WHEN I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And ſee the braue day ſunck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls or ſiluer'd ore with white :

When

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

When lofty trees I see barren of leaues,
Which erst from heat did canopie the herd
And sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues
Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard :
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must goe,
Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing gainst times fieth can make defence
Saue breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O That you were your selfe, but loue you are
No longer yours, then you your selfe here liue,
Against this cumming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other giue.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination, then you were
You selfe again after your selves decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare.
Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold ?
O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know,
You had a father, let your son say so.

XIV.

NO T from the stars do I my iudgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I haue astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell ;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or say with princes if it shal go wel,
By oft predict that I in heauen finde,
But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,
And constant stars in them I read such art
As truth and beautie shal together thriue
If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst conuert :
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truthes and beauties doome and date.

XV.

WHEN I consider euery thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shoves
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment.
When I perceiue that men as plants increase,
Cheared and checkt euen by the selfe-same skie :
Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,
And were their braue state out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wastfull time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to sullied night,
And all in war with time for loue of you
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

XVI.

BV T wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre vppon this bloudie tirant time ?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay
With meanes more blessed then my barren rime ?

Now

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
And many maiden gardens yet vnset,
With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit :
So should the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (times pensel or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,
— To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
And you must liue drawne by your owne sweet skill.

XVII.

WH O will beleue my verse in time to come
If it were fild with your most high deserts ?
Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts :
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say this poet lies,
Such heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,
And your true rights be termd a poets rage,
And stretched miter of an antique song.
But were some childe of yours aliue that time,
You should liue twise in it, and in my rime.

XVIII.

SH A L L I compare thee to a summers day ?
Thou art more louely and more temperate :
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
And sommers lease hath all too short a date:

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euery faire from faire some-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd :
But thy eternall sommer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

XIX.

Deuouring time blunt thou the lyons pawes,
And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phænix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets :
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,
O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen.
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeding men.
Yet doe thy worst ould time dispight thy wrong,
My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

XX.

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haste thou the master mistris of my passion;
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,

An

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling :
Gilding the obiect where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all hews in his controwling,
Which steales mens eyes and womens foules amafeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
Mine be thy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

XXI.

SO is it not with me as with that muse,
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,
And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,
Making a coopelment of proud compare
With sunne and moone, with earth and seas rich gems :
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleeue me, my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe, though not so bright
As those Gould candells fixt in heauens ayer :
Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

MY glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
Then look I death my daies should expiate.

For

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
 Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
 Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me.
 How can I then be elder then thou art?
 O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,
 As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,
 Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
 Prefume not on thy heart when mine is flaine,
 Thou gau'st me thine not to giue backe againe.

XXIII.

AS an vnperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his feare is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
 Whose strengths abondance weakens his owne heart;
 So I for feare of trust, forget to say,
 The perfect ceremony of loues right,
 And in mine owne loues strength seeme to decay,
 Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
 O let my books be then the eloquence,
 And dumb presagers of my speaking brest,
 Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
 More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.
 O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,
 To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wiht.

XXIV.

MINE eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,
 Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
 My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
 And perspective it is best painters art.

For

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

For through the painter must you see his skill,
To finde where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil.
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes :
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the sun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

XXV.

LET those who are in fauor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles boist,
Whilst I whome fortune of such triumph bars
Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour most ;
Great princes fauorites their faire leaues spread,
But as the marygold at the suns eye,
And in them-selues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrier famosed for worth,
After a thousand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toild :
Then happy I that loue and am beloued
Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued.

XXVI.

LORD of my loue, to whome in vassalage
Thy merrit hath my dutie strongly knit ;
To thee I send this written ambassage
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit.

Duty

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it ;
But that I hope some good conceipt of thine
In thy foules thought (all naked) will bestow it :
Till whatsoeuer star that guides my mouing,
Points on me gratioufly with faire aspect,
And puts apparrell on my tottered louing,
To show me worthy of their sweet respect,
Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee,
Til then, not show my head where thou maist proue me.

XXVII.

WEARY with toyle, I hast me to my bed,
The deare repose for lims with trauaill tired,
But then begins a iourny in my head
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.
Saue that my foules imaginary sight
Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view,
Which like a iewell (hunge in gastly night)
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

XXVIII.

HOW can I then returne in happy plight
That am debar'd the benifit of rest ?
When daies opppression is not eazd by night,
But day by night and night by day oprest.

And

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

And each (though enimes to ethers raigne)
Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day to please him thou art bright,
And do'st him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen :
So flatter I the swart complexiond night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou guil'st th' eauen.
But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer,
And night doth nightly make greefes length seeme stronger.

XXIX.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries,
And looke vpon my selfe and curse my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
With what I most inioy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the larke at breake of daye arising)
From fullen earth sings himns at heauens gate,
For thy sweet loue remembred such welth brings,
That then I skorne to change my state with kings.

XXX.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
I sommon vp remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste :

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vf'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,
And mone th' expence of many a vannisht sight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

XXXI.

TH Y bosome is indeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking haue supposed dead,
And there raignes loue and all loues louing parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Hath deare religious loue stolne from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appeare,
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.
Thou art the graue where buried loue doth liue,
Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

IF thou suruiue my well contented daie,
When that churle death my bones with dust shall couer
And shalt by fortune once more re-furuyay :
These poore rude lines of thy deceased louer :

Compare

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be out-stript by euery pen,
Reserue them for my loue, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the hight of happier men.
Oh then voutsafe me but this louing thought,
Had my friends muse growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought
To march in ranckes of better equipage :
But since he died and poets better proue,
Theirs for their stile Ile read, his for his loue.

XXXIII.

FVLL many a glorious morning haue I seene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with foueraine eie,
Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene ;
Guilding pale streames with heauenly alcumy :
Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,
With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
And from the for-lorne world his visage hide
Stealing vnseene to west with this disgrace :
Euen so my funne one early morne did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may staine, whē heauens sun stainteh.

XXXIV.

WHY didst thou promise such a beautious day,
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salue can speake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame giue phisicke to my griefe,
Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse,
Th' offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the strong offenses losse.

Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue sheeds,
And they are ritch, and ranfome all ill deeds.

XXXV.

NO more bee greeu'd at that which thou hast done,
Roses haue thornes, and siluer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses staine both moone and sunne,
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse,
Excusing their sins more then their sins are :
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
Thy aduerse party is thy aduocate,
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me,

XXXVI.

LE T me confesse that we two must be twaine,
Although our vndeuided loues are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

In our two loues there is but one respect,
Though in our liues a seperable spight,
Which though it alter not loues sole effect,
Yet doth it steale sweete houres from loues delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name:
But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

AS a decrepit father takes delight,
To see his active childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortunes dearest spight
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more
Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance giue,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:
Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.

XXXVIII.

HOW can my muse want subiect to inuent
While thou dost breath that poor'st into my verse,
Thine owne sweete argument, to excellent,
For euery vulgar paper to rehearse:

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Oh giue thyselfe the thankes if ought in me,
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy selfe dost giue inuention light ?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Then those old nine which rimers inuocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth.
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight muse doe please these curious daies,
The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

XXXIX.

OH how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring ;
And what i'st but mine owne when I praise thee,
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue loose name of single one,
That by this seperation I may giue :
That due to thee which thou deseru'st alone :
Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue,
Were it not thy soure leifure gaue sweet leaue,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue.
And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

XL.

TAKE all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What hast thou then more then thou hadst before ?
No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more :

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiuest,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vfest,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest,
By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refuseth.
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thou steale thee all my pouerty :
And yet loue knowes it is a greater grieve
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury.
Lasciuious grace, in whom all il wel showes,
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,
Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,
For still temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.
And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,
Will sourely leaue her till he haue preuailed.
Aye me, but yet thou mightst my seate forbear,
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot euen there
Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth :
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.

XLII.

THAT thou hast her it is not all my grieve,
And yet it may be said, I lou'd her deerely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
A losse in loue that touches me more neerely.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Louing offenders thus I will excuse yee,
Thou doost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,
And for my sake euen so doth she abuse me,
Suffring my friend for my sake to approoue her,
If I loose thee, my losse is my loues gaine,
And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse,
Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.

XLIII.

WHEN most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things vnrespected,
But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,
To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
By looking on thee in the liuing day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
Through heauy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?
All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me,

XLIV.

IF the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Iniurious distance should not stop my way,
For then dispight of space I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,

No

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

No matter then although my foote did stand
Vpon the farthest earth remoou'd from thee,
For nimble thought can iumpe both sea and land,
As soone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend, times leasure with my mone.

Receiuing naughts by elements so floe,
But heauie teares, badges of eithers woe.

XLV.

THE other two, slight ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
Thele present absent with swift motion slide,
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassie of loue to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death, opprest with melancholie.
Vntill liues composition be recured,
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe assured,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.

This told, I ioy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

MINE eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
How to deuide the conquest of thy sight,
Mine eye, my heart their pictures fight would barre,
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
(A closet neuer pearst with christall eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
To fide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes moyitie, and the deare hearts part.
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

XLVII.

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famisht for a looke.
Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother;
With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.
So either by thy picture or my loue,
Thy selfe away, are present still with me,
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

XLVIII.

HOW carefull was I when I tooke my way,
Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,
That to my vse it might vn-vsed stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?

But

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,
Thou best of deereft, and mine onely care,
Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.
Thee haue I not lockt vp in any cheft,
Saue where thou art not, though I feele thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my brest,
From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
And euen thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,
For truth proues theeuish for a prize so deare.

XLIX.

A G A I N S T that time (if euer that time come)
When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath cast his vtmost summe,
Cauld to that audite by aduis'd respects,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
And scarcely greete me with that sunne thine eye,
When loue conuerted from the thing it was
Shall reasons finde of setled grauitie.
Against that time do I insconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne defart,
And this my hand, against my selfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
To leaue poore me, thou hast the strength of lawes,
Since why to loue, I can alledge no cause.

L.

H O W heauie doe I iourney on the way,
When what I seeke (my wearie trauels end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
Thus farre the miles are measurde from thy friend.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lou'd not speed being made from thee:
The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on,
That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heauily he answers with a grone,
More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind,

LI.

THUS can my loue excuse the slow offence,
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,
From where thou art, why should I hast me thence,
Till I returne of posting is noe need.
O what excuse will my poore beast then find,
When swift extremity can seeme but slow,
Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know,
Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,
Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)
Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,
Since from thee going, he went wilfull slow,
Towards thee lle run, and giue him leaue to goe.

LII.

SO am I as the rich whose blessed key,
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
The which he will not eu'ry hower furuay,
For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure.

Therefore

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
 Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captaine iewells in the carconet.
 So is the time that keepes you as my chest,
 Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some speciall instant speciall blest,
 By new vnfoulding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you whose worthinesse giues skope,
 Being had to tryumph, being lackt to hope.

LIII.

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?
 Since euery one, hath euery one, one shade,
 And you but one, can euery shaddow lend:
 Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
 Is poorely immitated after you,
 On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set,
 And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
 Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
 The one doth shaddow of your beautie show,
 The other as your bountie doth appeare,
 And you in euery blessed shape we know.
 In all externall grace you haue some part,
 But you like none, none you for constant heart.

LIV.

OH how much more doth beautie beautionous secme,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
 The rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
 For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue;

The

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

The canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die.
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,
Die to themselues. Sweet roses doe not so,
Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beautious and louely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

LV.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monument,
Of princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vnswept stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time.
When wastefull warre shall statues ouer-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:
The liuing record of your memory.
Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all posterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

LVI.

SW E E T loue renew thy force, be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be then apeteite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
To morrow sharpned in his former might.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill
Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulnesse,
Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill
The spirit of loue, with a perpetual dulnesse :
Let this said intrim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,
Come daily to the banckes, that when they see :
Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.
As cal it winter, which being ful of care,
Makes sōmers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

BEING your slaue what should I doe but tend,
Vpon the houres, and times of your desire?
I haue no precious time at al to spend,
Nor seruices to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilst I (my foueraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence sowre,
When you haue bid your seruant once adieue.
Nor dare I question with my iealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affaires suppose,
But like a sad slaue stay and thinke of nought
Saue where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a foole is loue, that in your will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

LVIII.

THAT God forbid, that made me first your slaue,
I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th'account of houres to craue,
Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.

Oh

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
 Th'imprison'd absence of your libertie,
 And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,
 Without accusing you of iniury.
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
 That you your selfe may priuiledge your time
 To what you will, to you it doth belong,
 Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.
 I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

LIX.

IF their bee nothing new, but that which is,
 Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
 Which laboring for inuention beare amisse
 The second burthen of a former child?
 Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
 Euen of five hundreth courses of the sunne,
 Show me your image in some antique booke,
 Since minde at first in carrecter was done.
 That I might see what the old world could say,
 To this composed wonder of your frame,
 Whether we are mended, or where better they,
 Or whether reuolution be the same.
 Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
 To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

LX.

LIKE as the waues make towards the pibled shore,
 So do our minuites hasten to their end,
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toile all forwards do contend.

Natiuity

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Natiuity once in the maine of light,
Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
And delues the paralels in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow.

And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, dispight his cruell hand.

LXI.

IS it thy wil, thy image should keepe open
My heauy eielids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle houres in me,
The skope and tenure of thy ielousie?
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

LXII.

SINNE of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie,
And all my soule, and al my euery part;
And for this sinne there is no remedie,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.

Me

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitic,
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read
Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity,
Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies.

LXIII.

A G A I N S T my loue shall be as I am now
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow
With lines and wrinces, when his youthfull morne
Hath trauaild on to ages steepie night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring.
For such a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding ages cruell knife,
That he shall neuer cut from memory
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene,
And they shall liue, and he in them still Greene.

LXIV.

W H E N I haue seene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,
And brasse eternall slaue to mortall rage.

When

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

When I haue seene the hungry ocean gaine
Aduantage on the kingdome of the shoare,
And the firme soile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.
When I haue seene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminare
That time will come and take my loue away.

This thought is as a death which cannot choose
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

LXV.

SINCE brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,
How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?
O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
Against the wrackfull sledge of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
Nor gates of steele so strong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where alack,
Shall times best iewell from times chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?
O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my loue may still shine bright.

LXVI.

TYR'D with all these for restfull death I cry,
As to behold desert a begger borne,
And needie nothing trimd in iollitie,
And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,

And

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
And folly (doctor-like) controuling skill,
And simple-truth miscalde simplicitie,
And captiue-good attending captaine ill.

Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

LXVII.

AH wherefore with infection should he liue,
And with his presence grace impietie,
That sinne by him aduantage should atchiue,
And lace it selfe with his societie?
Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,
And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?
Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke,
Roses of shaddow, since his rose is true?
Why should he liue, now nature banckrout is,
Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?
O him she stores, to show what welth she had,
In daies long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

TH U S is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow:

Before

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Before the goulden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
To liue a scond life on second head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay :
In him those holy antique howers are seene,
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,
Making no summer of an others Greene,
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To shew faulse art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

THOSE parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend :
All touns (the voice of soules) giue thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, euen so as foes commend.
Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd,
But those same touns that giue thee so thine owne,
In other accents doe this praise confound
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The solye is this, that thou doest common grow.

LXX.

THAT thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slanders marke was euer yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

So thou be good, slander doth but approue,
Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue,
And thou present'st a pure vnstayned prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd,
Yet this thy praise cannot be foe thy praise,
To tye vp enuy, euermore enlarged,
If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

NOE longer mourne for me when I am dead,
Then you shall heare the furly fullen bell
Giue warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell :
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
The hand that writ it, for I loue you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poore name reherse ;
But let your loue euen with my life decay.
Least the wise world should looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

LXXII.

O Least the world should taske you to recite.
What merit liu'd in me that you should loue
After my death (deare lone) for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.

Vnlesse

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Vnlesse you would deuise some vertuous lye,
To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
And hang more praise vpon deceased I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart :
O least your true loue may seeme false in this,
That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.
For I am shamd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

THAT time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,
When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,
Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.
This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong,
To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

LXXIV.

BUT be contented when that fell areft,
With out all bayle shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS?

When thou reuwest this, thou dost reuew,
 The very part was consecrate to thee,
 The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,
 My spirit is thine the better part of me,
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
 The coward conquest of a wretches knife,
 To base of thee to be remembred,
 The worth of that, is that which it containes,
 And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

LXXV.

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground ;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
 As twixt a miser and his wealth his found.
 Now proud as an inioyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
 Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by cleane starued for a looke,
 Possessing or pursuing no delight
 Saue what is had, or must from you be tooke.
 Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

WH Y is my verse so barren of new pride ?
 So far from variation or quicke change ?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new found methods, and to compounds strange ?

Why

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Why write I still all one, euer the same,
 And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
 That euery word doth almost fel my name,
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,
 And you and loue are still my argument:
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending againe what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my loue still telling what is told,

LXXVII.

THY glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
 Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waste,
 The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,
 And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.
 The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly show,
 Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,
 Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,
 Times theeuissh progresse to eternitie.
 Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
 Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde
 Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy booke.

LXXVIII.

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee for my muse,
 And found such faire assistance in my verse,
 As euery alien pen hath got my vse,
 And vnder thee their poesie disperse.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,
 And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,
 Haue added fethers to the learneds wing,
 And giuen grace a double maiestie.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,
 In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,
 And arts with thy sweete graces graced be.
 But thou art all my art, and doost aduancè
 As high as learning, my rude ignorance,

LXXIX.

WHILST I alone did call vpon thy ayde,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
 But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
 And my sick muse doth giue an other place.
 I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument
 Deserues the trauaile of a worthier pen,
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth inuent,
 He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,
 He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,
 From thy behauiour, beautie doth he giue,
 And found it in thy cheeke: he can afford
 No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue.
 Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,

LXXX.

OH how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tounge-tide speaking of your fame.

But

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest faile doth beare,
My sawsie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a floate,
Whilst he vpon your foundlesse deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then if he thriue and I be cast away,
The worst was this, my loue was my decay.

LXXXI.

OR I shall liue your epitaph to make,
Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life shall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,
And touns to be, your beeing shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall liue (such vertue hath my pen)
Where breath most breaths, euen in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I Grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers vse
Of their faire subiect, blessing euery booke.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
 Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,
 And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,
 Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes.
 And do so loue, yet when they haue deuifde,
 What strained touches rhethorick can lend,
 Thou truly faire, wert truly simpathizde,
 In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
 And their grosse painting might be better vs'd,
 Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I Neuer saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your faire no painting fet,
 I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
 The barren tender of a poets debt;
 And therefore haue I slept in your report,
 That you your selfe being extant well might show,
 How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
 This silence for my sinne you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory being dombe,
 For I impaire not beautie being mute,
 When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.
 There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
 Then both your poets can in praise deuise.

LXXXIV.

WHO is it that fayer most, which can say more,
 Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,
 In whose confine immured is the store,
 Which should example where your equall grew,

Leane

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS. 2

Leane penurie within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his subiect lends not some small glory,
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.
 Let him but coppy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so cleere,
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
 Making his stile admired euery where.

You to your beautious blessings adde a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

MY tounge-tide muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise richly compil'd,
 Reserue their character with goulden quill,
 And precious phraze by all the muses fil'd.
 I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,
 And like vnlettered clarke still crie amen,
 To euery himne that able spirit affords,
 In polliht forme of well refined pen.
 Hearing you praifd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,
 But that is in my thought, whose loue to you
 (Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before.

Then others, for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

WAS it the proud full saile of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you
 That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce,
 Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?

Was

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
 Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compiers by night
 Giuing him ayde, my verse astonished.
 He nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors of my silence cannot boast,
 I was not sick of any feare from thence.

But when your countenance fild vp his line,
 Then lackt I matter, that infeeble mine.

LXXXVII.

FArewell thou art too deare for my possessing,
 And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
 The charter of thy worth giues thee releasing:
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
 And for that ritches where is my deseruing?
 The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,
 And so my pattent back againe is fweruing.
 Thy selfe thou gau'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,
 Or mee to whom thou gau'st it, else mistaking,
 So thy great guift vpon misprision growing,
 Comes home againe, on better iudgement making.

Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
 In sleepe a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

WHEN thou shalt be disposde to set me light,
 And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
 Vpon thy side, against my selfe Ile fight,
 And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:

With

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,
 Vpon thy part I can set downe a story
 Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:
 That thou in loosing me shall win much glory.
 And I by this wil be a gainer too,
 For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
 The iniuries that to my selfe I doe,
 Doing thee vantage, duple vantage me.
 Such is my loue, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

LXXXIX.

SA Y that thou didst forsake mee for some falt,
 And I will comment vpon that offence,
 Speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halt:
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not (loue) disgrace me halfe so ill,
 To set a forme vpon desired change,
 As Ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil,
 I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:
 Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
 Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,
 Least I (too much prophane) should do it wronge:
 And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against my selfe Ile vow debate,
 For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

THEN hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now,
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,
 Ioyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,
 And doe not drop in for an after losse:

Ah

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Ah doe not, when my heart hath scape this sorrow,
 Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
 Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,
 To linger out a purposed ouer-throw.
 If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,
 When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,
 But in the onset come, so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortunes might.
 And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
 Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

XCI.

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
 Some in their garments though new-fangled ill :
 Some in their hawkes and hounds, some in their horse.
 And euery humor hath his adiunct pleasure,
 Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the rest,
 But these perticulers are not my measure,
 All these I better in one generall best.
 Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,
 Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,
 Of more delight then hawkes or horses bee :
 And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

BV T doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
 For tearme of life thou art assured mine,
 And life no longer then thy loue will stay,
 For it depends vpon that loue of thine.

Then

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end,
I see, a better state to me belongs
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!

But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot,
Thou maist be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

SO shall I liue, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceiued husband, so loues face,
May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes, the false hearts history
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles strange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.
How like *Eaues* apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show.

XCIV.

THEY that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing, they most do shoue,
Who mouing others, are themselues as stone,
Vnmoued, could, and to temptation flow:

They

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

They rightly do inheritt heauens graces,
And husband natures ritches from expence,
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence :
The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die,
But if that flowre with base infection meete,
The basest weed out-braues his dignity :
For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

XCIV.

HOW sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name ?
Oh in what sweets doest thou thy finnes inclose !
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see !
Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,
The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

XCVI.

SOME say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse :
Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort :

As

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

As on the finger of a throned queene,
The basest iewell wil be well esteem'd:
So are those errors that in thee are seene,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the sterne wolfe betray,
If like a lambe he could his lookes translate.
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy state?
But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

HOW like a winter hath my absence beene
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies seene?
What old Decembers barenesse euery where?
And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,
The teeming autumnne big with ritch increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their lords decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
But hope of orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
For sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,
That leaues looke pale, dreading the winters neere.

XCVIII.

FROM you haue I beene absent in the spring,
When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:
That heauie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him.

Yet

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any summers story tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lillies white,
Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the rose,
They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:
Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
As with your shaddow I with these did play.

XCIX.

TH E forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that
smels
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died,
The lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

C.

WH ERE art thou muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light.

Returne

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Returne forgetfull muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise resty muse, my loues sweet face furuay,
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make times spoiles dispised euery where.
Giue my loue fame faster then time waits life,
So thou preuentst his sieth, and crooked knife.

CI.

OH truant muse what shal be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make answere muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best, if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-live a gilded tombe:
And to be praisd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office muse, I teach thee how,
To make him seeme long hence, as he shoves now.

CII.

MY loue is strengthned though more weake in seeming
I loue not lesse, thogh lesse the show appeare,
That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,
The owners tongue doth publish euery where.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies :
Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
Then when her mournfull himns did hush the night,
But that wild musick burthens euery bow,
And sweets growne common loose their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue :
Because I would not dull you with my songe.

CIII.

ALACK what pouerty my muse brings forth,
That hauing such a skope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write !
Looke in your glasse and there appears a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinfull then striuing to mend,
To marre the subiect that before was well,
For to no other passe my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more then in my verse can sit,
Your owne glasse shoves you, when you looke in it.

CIV.

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seemes your beautie still : three winters colde,
Haue from the Forrests shooke three summers pride,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Three beautilous springs to yellow autumnne turn'd,
In processe of the seasons haue I seene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.

For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

CV.

LET not my loue be cal'd idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an idoll show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and euer so.
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,
One thing expressing, leaues out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde, and true, varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention spent,
Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now, neuer kept seate in one.

CVI.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time,
I see discriptions of the fairest wights,
And beautie making beautifull old rime,
In praise of ladies dead, and louely knights.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would haue exprest,
Euen such a beauty as you maister now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
They had not still enough your worth to sing :
For we which now behold these present dayes,
Haue eyes to wonder, but lack tounge to praise.

CVII.

NOT mine owne feares, nor the prophetick foule,
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,
Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
And the sad augurs mock their owne presage,
Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de,
And peace proclaimes oliues of endlesse age,
Now with the drops of this most balmie time,
My loue looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since spight of him Ile liue in this poore rime,
While he insults ore dull and speechlesse tribes.
And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,
When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

CVIII.

WHAT's in the braine that inck may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
What's new to speake, what now to register,
That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit?

Nothing

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,
 I must each day say ore the very same,
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name.
 So that eternall loue in loues fresh case,
 Waighes not the dust and iniury of age,
 Nor giues to necessary wrinckles place,
 But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
 Finding the first conceit of loue there bred,
 Where time and outward forme would shew it dead.

CIX.

O Neuer say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
 As easie might I from my selfe depart,
 As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye:
 That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,
 Like him that trauels I returne againe,
 Iust to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
 So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
 Neuer beleue though in my nature raign'd,
 All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
 That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,
 To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good:
 For nothing this wide vniuerse I call,
 Saue thou my rose, in it thou art my all.

CX.

A L A S 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,
 And made my selfe a motley to the view,
 Gor'd mine owne thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,
 Made old offences of affections new.

SHAKE-SPEARES. SONNETS.

Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
Asconce and strangely: but by all aboue,
These blenches gaue my heart an other youth,
And worse essaies prou'd thee my best of loue,
Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.

Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best,
Euen to thy pure and most most louing brest.

CXI.

O For my sake doe you wish fortune chide,
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it workes in, like the dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,
Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,
Potions of eyfell gainst my strong infection,
No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.

Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

CXII.

YOUR loue and pittie doth th'impression fill,
Which vulgar scandall stamp't vpon my brow,
For what care I who calles me well or ill,
So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow?

You

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

You are my all the world, and I must strive,
 To know my names and praises from your tongue,
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong,
 In so profound abisme I throw all care
 Of others voyces, that my adders sense,
 To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are :
 Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence.

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides me thinks y'are dead.

CXIII.

SINCE I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
 And that which gouernes me to goe about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seemes seeing, but effectually is out :
 For it no forme deliuers to the heart
 Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
 Of his quick objects hath the minde no part,
 Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch :
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature,
 The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night :
 The croe, or doue, it shapes them to your feature.

Incapable of more repleat, with you,
 My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

CXIV.

OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
 Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery ?
 Or whether shall I say mine eie faith true,
 And that your loue taught it this alcumie ?

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

To make of monsters, and things indigest,
Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,
Creating euery bad a perfect best
As fast as objects to his beames assemble:
Oh tis the first, tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great minde most kingly drinkes it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,
That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.

CXV.

THOSE lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my iudgement knew no reason why,
My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckening time, whose milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Diuert strong mindes to th'course of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranie,
Might I not then say now I loue you best,
When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest.
Loue is a babe, then might I not say so
To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

O no,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;
It is the star to euery wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne, although his highth be taken.
Lou's not times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compasse come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

CXVII.

ACCUSE me thus, that I haue scanted all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,
Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
That I haue hoysted saile to al the windes
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,
And on iust prooffe surmise, accumulate,
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,
But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeale saies I did striue to prooue
The constancy and virtue of your loue.

CXVIII.

LIKE as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to preuent our malladies vnseene,
We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.

Euen

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding ;
And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

CXIX.

WHAT potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares
Distil'd from lymbecks foule as hell within;
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win ?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer ?
How haue mine eies out of their spheares bene fitted
In the distraction of this madding feuer ?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is, by euil still made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thrise more then I haue spent.

CXX.

THAT you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,
Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,
Vnlesse my nerues were brasse or hammered steele.

For

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

For if you were by my vnkindesse shaken
 As I by yours, y'haue past a hell of time,
 And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
 To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
 O that our night of wo might haue remembred
 My deepest fence, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
 The humble salue, which wounded bosomes fits !
 But that your trespasse now becomes a fee,
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransome mee.

CXXI.

TIS better to be vile then vile esteemed,
 When not to be, receiues reproach of being,
 And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
 For why should others false adulterat eyes
 Giue salutation to my sportiue blood ?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies ;
 Which in their wils count bad what I think good ?
 Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell
 At my abuses, reckon vp their owne,
 I may be straight though they themselues be beuel
 By their ranke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown
 Vnlesse this generall euill they maintaine,
 All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

CXXII.

THY guift, thy tables, are within my braine
 Full characterd with lasting memory,
 Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine
 Beyond all date euen to eternity.

Or

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS. 2.

Or at the least, so long as braine and heart
 Haue facultie by nature to subfist,
 Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
 Of thec, thy record neuer can be mist:
 That poore retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,
 Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receaue thee more,
 To keepe an adiunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulnesse in mee.

CXXIII.

NO! Time, thou shalt not boft that I doe change,
 Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might
 To me are nothing nouell, nothing strange,
 They are but dressings of a former fight:
 Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
 What thou dost foyft vpon vs that is ould,
 And rather make them borne to our desire,
 Then thinke that we before haue heard them ould:
 Thy registers and thee I both defie,
 Not wondring at the present, nor the past,
 For thy records, and what we see doth lye,
 Made more or les by thy continuall haft:
 This I doe vow and this shall euer be,
 I will be true difpight thy fyeth and thee.

CXXIV.

YF my deare loue were but the childe of ftate,
 It might for fortunes basterd be vnfathered,
 As fubieft to times loue, or to times hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.

No

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

No it was buylded far from accident,
It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls
Vnder the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto th'inuiting time our fashion calls:
It feares not policy that heriticke,
Which workes on leases of short numbred howers,
But all alone stands hugely pollitick,
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres.
To this I witnes call the soles of time,
Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

CXXV.

WER 't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Of layd great bases for eternity,
Which proues more short then wast or ruining?
Haue I not seene dwellers on forme and fauor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; forgoing simple fauor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.
Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render onely me for thee.
Hence, thou subbornd informer, a trew soule
When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

CXXVI.

O Thou my louely boy who in thy power,
Doeft hould times fickle glasse, his fickle, hower;
Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'ft,
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'ft.

If

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

If nature (foueraigne misteres ouer wrack)
 As thou goest on wards still will plucke thee backe,
 She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill.
 May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
 Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
 She may detaine, but not still keepe her trefure !
 Her *audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,
 And her *quietus* is to render thee.

()
 ()

CXXVII.

IN the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
 Or if it weare it bore not beauties name :
 But now is blacke beauties successeiue heire,
 And beautie slanderd with a bastard shame,
 For since each hand hath put on natures power,
 Fairing the foule with arts faulse borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
 But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgrace.
 Therefore my misteresse eyes are rauens blacke,
 Her eyes so futed, and they mourners seeme,
 At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,
 Slandring creation with a false esteeme,
 Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,
 That euery tounge saies beauty should looke so.

CXXVIII.

HOW oft when thou my musike musike playst,
 Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst
 The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
 Do

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Do I enuie those iackes that nimble leape,
 To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poore lips which should that haruest reape,
 At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.
 To be so tikled they would change their state,
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
 Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips,
 Since fausie iackes so happy are in this,
 Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

CXXIX.

TH' expence of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action, and till action, lust,
 Is periurd, murderous, blouddy full of blame,
 Sauage, extreame; rude, cruell, not to trust,
 Inioyd no sooner but dispised straight,
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
 Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt.
 On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
 Made in pursut and in possession so,
 Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame,
 A blisse in prooffe and proud and very wo,
 Before a ioy proposd behind a dreame,
 All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
 To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

MY mistres eyes are nothing like the sunne,
 Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun :
 If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head :

I haue

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

I haue seene rofes damaskt, red and white,
But no such rofes see I in her cheekes,
And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my mistres reekes.
I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,
That musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound ;
I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,
My mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground,
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any she beli'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

THOU art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell ;
For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart
Thou art the fairest and most precious iewell.
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone ;
To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
And to be sure that is not false I sweare
A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke do witnesse beare
Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds,
And thence this flaunder as I thinke proceeds.

CXXXII.

THINE eies I loue, and they as pittying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdaine,
Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

And truly not the morning sun of heauen
Better becomes the gray cheeks of th'east,
Nor that full starre that vsers in the eauen
Doth halfe that glory to the sober west
As those two morning eyes become thy face :
O let it then as well beseeme thy heart
To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,
And sute thy pittie like in euery part.

Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

CXXXIII.

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me ;
It'st not ynough to torture me alone,
But slaue to slavery my sweet'st friend must be.
Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
Of him, my selfe, and thee I am forsaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed :
Poison my heart in thy Steele bosomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
Thou canst not then vse rigor in my iaile.

And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

SO now I haue confest that he is thine,
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine,
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still :

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,
 He learnd but furetie-like to write for me,
 Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou vsurer that put'st forth all to vse,
 And sue a friend, came debter for my sake,
 So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.

Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me,
 He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

WH O euer hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
 And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus,
 More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
 Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
 And in my will no faire acceptance shine :
 The sea all water, yet receiues raine still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store,
 So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
 One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.

Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill,
 Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

IF thy foule check thee that I come so neere,
 Sweare to thy blind foule that I was thy *Will*,
 And will thy foule knowes is admitted there.
 Thus farre for loue, my loue-fute sweet fullfill.

Will,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Will, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue,
 I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
 In things of great receipt with ease we prooue,
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me passe vntold,
 Though in thy stores account I one must be,
 For nothing hold me so it please thee hold,
 That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.
 Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still,
 And then thou louest me for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

THOU blinde foole loue, what doost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold and see not what they see:
 They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
 Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
 Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?
 Why should my heart thinke that a feuerall plot,
 Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
 To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,
 In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII.

WHEN my loue sweares that she is made of truth,
 I do beleue her though I know she lyes,
 That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,
 Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
 Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress't :
 But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust ?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old ?
 O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
 Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

CXXXIX.

O Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
 That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge,
 Vse power with power, and slay me not by art,
 Tell me thou lou'st else-where ; but in my sight,
 Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
 What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might
 Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide ?
 Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes,
 Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,
 And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,
 That they else-where might dart their iniuries :
 Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,
 Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

CXL.

BE wise as thou art cruell, do not presse
 My tounge-tide patience with too much disdaine :
 Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
 The manner of my pittie wanting paine.

If

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their phisitions know.
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,
Madde slanderers by madde eares beleeued be.
That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,
Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe wide.

CXLI.

IN faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
Who in dispight of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy touns tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited
To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Diswade one foolish heart from seruing thee,
Who leaues vnswai'd the likenesse of a man,
Thy proud hearts slaue and vassall wretch to be:
Ouely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

CXLII.

LOUE is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
And thou shalt finde it merrits not reproouing,

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seald false bonds of loue as oft as mine,
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those.
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pittie may deserue to pittied bee.
If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide,
By selfe example mai'st thou be denide.

CXLIII.

LO E as a carefull hufwife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay:
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent,
To follow that which flies before her face:
Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou maist haue thy *Will*,
If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

CXLIV.

TW O loues I haue of comfort and dispaire,
Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worfer spirit a woman collour'd il,

To

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

To win me soone to hell my femall euill,
Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
And would corrupt my faint to be a diuel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I gesse one angel in an others hel.

Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

THOSE lips that loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,
To me that languisht for her sake:
But when she saw my wofull state,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that euer sweet,
Was vsde in giuing gentle dome:
And tought it thus a new to greete:
I hate she alterd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night who like a fiend
From heauen to hell is flowne away.

I hate, from hate away she threw,
And sau'd my life saying not you.

CXLVI.

POORE soule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Why so large cost hauing so short a lease,
Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse,
Eate vp thy charge ? is this thy bodies end ?
Then soule liue thou vpon thy seruants losse,
And let that pine to aggrauat thy store ;
Buy tearmes diuine in selling houres of drosse :
Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

MY loue is as a feauer longing still,
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preferue the ill,
Th'vncertaine sicklie appetite to please :
My reason the phisition to my loue,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I desperate now approoue,
Desire is death, which phisick did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantick madde with euer-more vnrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
At randon from the truth vainely exprest.
For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

CXLVIII.

O Me ! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
Which haue no correspondence with true sight,
Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright ?

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
What meanes the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then loue doth well denote,
Loues eye is not so true as all mens: no,
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
That is so vext with watching and with teares?
No maruaile then though I mistake my view,
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres.

O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde,
Least eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.

CXLIX.

CANST thou O cruell, say I loue thee not,
When I against my selfe with thee pertake:
Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom froun'st thou that I doe faune vpon,
Nay if thou lowrst on me doe I not spend
Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?
What merrit do I in my selfe respect,
That is so proude thy seruice to dispise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.

But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
Those that can see thou lou'st, and I am blind.

CL.

OH from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway,
To make me giue the lie to my true sight,
And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day?

Whence

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

Whence hast thou this becomming of things il,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds ?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and see iust cause of hate,
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
If thy vnworthinesse raisd loue in me,
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

CLI.

LOVE is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrge not my amisse,
Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my grosse bodies treason,
My soule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in loue, flesh staies no farther reason,
But ryding at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call,
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall.

CLII.

IN louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing.

But

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
When I breake twenty : I am periur'd most
For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee :
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse :
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse,
Or made them swere against the thing they see.

For I haue sworne thee faire : more periurde eye,
To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

CLIII.

CVPID laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly steepe
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground :
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
A datelesse liuely heat still to indure,
And grew a feething bath which yet men proue,
Against strang malladies a foueraigne cure :
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired
The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,
And thether hied a sad distemperd guest.

But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where *Cupid* got new fire ; my mistres eye.

CLIV.

THE little loue-god lying once a sleepe,
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphes that vou'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,

The

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS.

The fayrest votary tooke up that fire,
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And so the generall of hot desire,
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a coole well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseas'd, but I my mistrisse thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

F I N I S.

A LOUERS

A

LOUERS COMPLAINT.

B Y

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

FROM off a hill whose concaue wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a sistring vale
My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a plattid hiue of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the funne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw,
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,
Time had not sithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peept, through lettice of fear'd age.

Oft did she heaue her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters :
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares :
As often shriking vndistinguisht wo,
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battry to the spheres intend :
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gages lend,
To euery place at once and no where fixt,
The mind and sight distractedly commxit.

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat,
Proclaimd in her a carelesse hand of pride;
For some vntuck'd descended her sheu'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,
Some in her threedden fillet still did bide,
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand fauours from a maund she drew,
Of amber christall and of bedded iet,
Which one by one she in a riuer threw,
Vpon whose weeping margent she was set,
Like vsery applying wet to wet,
Or monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries some; but where exceffe begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sighd, tore and gaue the flud,
Crackt many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchers in mud,
Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,
With sleided filke, feate and affectedly
Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy,

These

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

These often bath'd she in her fluxiue eies,
And often kist, and often gaue to teare,
Cried O false blood thou register of lies,
What vnapproued witnes doost thou beare !
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and damned heare !
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny,
Sometime a blusterer that the ruffle knew
Of court of cittie, and had let go by
The swiftest houres obserued as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew :
And priuiledg'd by age desires to know
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So slides he downe vppon his greyned bat ;
And comely distant sits he by her side,
When hee againe desires her, being fatte,
Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide :
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her suffering extasie asswage
Tis promist in the charitie of age.

Father she saies, though in mee you behold
The iniury of many a blasting houre ;
Let it not tell your iudgement I am old,
Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power ;
I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower
Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed
Loue to my selfe, and to no loue beside.

But

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

But wo is mee, too early I attended
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace ;
O one by natures outwards so commended,
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And euery light occasion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their filken parcels hurles,
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde :
For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was fawne.

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like vnshorne veluet, on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautionous as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free ;
Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
When windes breath sweet, vnruely though they bee.
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
That horſe his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of ſubiection, noble by the ſwaie,
What rounds, what bounds, what courſe what ſtop he makes
And controuerſie hence a queſtion takes
Whether the horſe by him became his deed,
Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing ſteed.

But quickly on this ſide the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accompliſht in him-ſelfe not in his caſe :
All ayds them-ſelues made fairer by their place,
Can for addicions, yet their purpoſ'd trimme
Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his ſubduing tongue
All kinde of arguments and queſtion deepe,
Al replication prompt, and reaſon ſtrong
For his aduantage ſtill did wake and ſleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weepe :
He had the dialect and different ſkil,
Catching al paſſions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general boſome raigne
Of young, of old, and ſexes both enchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine
In perſonal duty, following where he haunted,
Conſent's bewicht, ere he deſire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Aſkt their own wils and made their wils obey.

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To serue their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination set
The goodly obiects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,
Then the true gouty landlord which doth owe them,

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart :
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,
And was my owne fee simple (not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Referu'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded,
Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this false iewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content
To put the by-past perrils in her way ?
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay :
For when we rage, advise is often seene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Nor giues it fatisfaction to our blood,
'That wee must curbe it vppon others prooffe ;
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behooffe ;
O appetite from iudgement stand alooffe !
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last.

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in other orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,
Knew vowes, were euer brokers to defiling,
Thought characters and words meerly but art,
And bastards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my citty,
Till thus hee gan besiege me : gentle maid
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pittie
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer vow.

All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood none of the mind :
Loue made them not, with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor trew nor kind,
They fought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much lesse of shame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproch containes,

A LOVERS COMPLAINT. A

Among the many that mine eyes haue seene,
Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,
Or any of my leifures euer charmed,
Harme haue I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood :
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of greefe and blushes, aptly vnderstood
In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare modesty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And lo behold these tallents of their heir,
With twisted mettle amorously empleacht
I haue receau'd from many a feuerall faire,
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie
Each stones deare nature, worth and quallity.

The Diamond ? why twas beautifull and hard,
Whereto his inuis'd properties did tend,
The deepe greene emrald in whose fresh regard,
Weake sights their sickly radience do amend.
The heauen hewd saphir and the opall blend
With obiects manyfold ; each feuerall stone,
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not,
But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render :
That is to you my origin and ender :
For these of force must your oblations be,
Since I their aulter, you en patrone me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phrazeles hand,
Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,
Take all these similies to your owne command,
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise :
What me your minister for you obaies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote,
For she was sought by spirits of ritchest cote,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue,
The thing we haue not, mastring what not strives,
Playing the place which did no forme receiue,
Playing patient sports in vnconstrained giues,
She that her fame so to her selfe contriues.
The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,
The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force subdewe,
And now she would the caged cloister flie :
Religious loue put out religions eye :
Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, oh heare me tell,
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well :
And mine I powre your ocean all amonge :
I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,
Must for your victorie vs all congeft,
As compound loue to phisick your cold brest.

My parts had powre to charme a sacred funne,
Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her eies, when they t'affaile begun,
All vowes and consecrations giuing place :
O most potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor space
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impressett what are precepts worth
Of stale example ? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame,
Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst sence, gainst shame
And sweetens in the suffering pangues it beares,
The *Alloes* of all forces, shockes and feares.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And supplicant their sighes to you extend
To leaue the battrie that you make gainst mine,
Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe,
And credent foule, to that strong bonded oth,
That shall preferre and vndertake my troth.

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount,
Whose sightes till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a riuer running from a fount,
With brynish currant dowe-ward flowed a pace :
Oh how the channell to the streame gaue grace !
Who glaz'd with christall gate the glowing roses,
That flame through water which their hew incloses.

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the small orb of one perticular teare ?
But with the invndation of the eies :
What rocky heart to water will not weare ?
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath :
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares,
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares :
All melting, though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautills, all straining formes receiues,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or founding palenesse : and he takes and leaues,
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues :
To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes
Or to turne white and found at tragick showes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,
Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme,
Shewing fair nature is both kinde and tame :
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,
Against the thing he fought, he would exclaime,
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praids cold chastitie.

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
That th' vnexperient gaue the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin aboue them houer'd,
Who young and simple would not be so louerd.
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a fake.

O that infected moysture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowd :
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruert a reconciled maide.

F I N I S.

THE TRUE
CHRONICLE HISTORY
OF
KING LEIR,
AND
HIS THREE DAUGHTERS,
GONORILL, RAGAN, and CORDELLA.

As it hath bene diuers and fundry times lately acted.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Simon Stafford* for *John Wright*, and are to bee
sold at his shop at *Christes church dore*, next *Newgate-*
market. 1605.

THE TRUE
 CHRONICLE HISTORY
 OF
 KING LEIR
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 HIS THREE DAUGHTERS
 GONORILL, RAGNELL, and CORDELLIA



L O N D O N
 Printed by Simon Stafford for John Wright, and are to be
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 Printed, 1607.

THE TRUE
CHRONICLE HISTORIE
OF
KING LEIR
AND HIS
THREE DAUGHTERS.

ACTVS I.

Enter king Leir and nobles.

THUS to our grieſe the obſequies performd
Of our (too late) deceaſt and deareſt queen,
Whoſe ſoule I hope, poſſeſt of heauēly ioyes,
Doth ride in triumph 'mōgſt the cherubins;

Let vs requeſt your graue aduice, my lords,
For the diſpoſing of our princely daughters,
For whom our care is ſpecially imployd,
As nature bindeth to aduaunce their ſtates,
In royall marriage with ſome princely mates:
For wanting now their mothers good aduice,
Vnder whoſe gouernment they haue receyued
A perfit patterne of a vertuous life:
Left as it were a ſhip without a ſterne,
Or ſilly ſheepe without a paſtors care;
Although our ſelues doe dearely tender them,
Yet are we ignorant of their affayres:
For fathers beſt do know to gouerne ſonnes;

But

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

But daughters steps the mothers counsell turnes.
A sonne we want for to succeed our crowne,
And course of time hath cancelled the date
Of further issue from our withered loynes:
One foote already hangeth in the graue,
And age hath made deepe furrowes in my face:
The world of me, I of the world am weary,
And I would fayne resigne these earthly cares,
And thinke vpon the welfare of my soule:
Which by no better meanes may be effected,
Then by resigning vp the crowne from me.
In equall dowry to my daughters three.

Skalliger. A worthy care, my liege, which well declares,
The zeale you bare vnto our *quondam* queene:
And since your grace hath licens'd me to speake,
I censure thus; your maiesty knowing well,
What feuerall suters your princely daughters haue,
To make them eche a ioynter more or lesse,
As is their worth, to them that loue professe.

Leir. No more, nor lesse, but euen all alike,
My zeale is fixt, all fashiond in one mould:
Wherefore vnpartiall shall my censure be,
Both old and young shall haue alike for me,

Nobl. My gracious lord, I hartily do wish,
That God had lent you an heyre indubitate,
Which might haue set vpon your royall throne,
When fates should loose the prison of your life,
By whose succession all this doubt might cease;
And as by you, by him we might haue peace.
But after-wishes euer come too late,
And nothing can reuoke the course of fate:
Wherefore, my liege, my censure deemes it best,
To match them with some of your neighbour kings,
Bordring within the bounds of *Albion*,

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

By whose vnited friendship, this our state
May be protected 'gainst all forrayne hate.

Leir. Herein, my lords, your wishes fort with mine,
And mine (I hope) do fort with heauenly powers:
For at this instant two neere neyghbouring kings,
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, motion loue
To my two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
My youngest daughter, fayre *Cordella*, vowes
No liking to a monarch, vnlesse loue allowes.
She is sollicitated by diuers peeres;
But none of them her partiall fancy heares.
Yet, if my policy may her beguyle,
Ile match her to some king within this ile,
And so establish such a perfit peace,
As fortunes force shall ne're preuayle to cease.

Perillus. Of vs and ours, your gracious care, my lord,
Deserues an euerlasting memory,
To be inrol'd in chronicles of fame,
By neuer-dying perpetuity:
Yet to become so prouident a prince,
Lose not the title of a louing father:
Do not force loue, where fancy cannot dwell,
Lest streames being stopt, aboue the banks do swell.

Leir. I am resolu'd, and euen now my mind
Doth meditate a sudden stratagem,
To try which of my daughters loues me best:
Which till I know, I cannot be in rest.
This graunted, when they ioyntly shall contend,
Eche to exceed the other in their loue:
Then at the vantage will I take *Cordella*,
Euen as she doth protest she loues me best,
Ile say, then, daughter, graunt me one request,
To shew thou louest me as thy sisters doe,
Accept a husband, whom my selfe will woo.

This

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

This sayd, she cannot well deny my fute,
Although (poore soule) her fences will be mute :
Then will I tryumph in my policy,
And match her with a king of *Brittany*.

Skal. Ile to them before, and bewray your secrecy.

Per. Thus fathers think their children to beguile,
And oftentimes themfelues do first repent,
When heauenly powers do frustrate their intent.

Exeunt.

Enter *Gonorill* and *Ragan*.

Gon. I maruell, *Ragan*, how you can indure
To see that proud pert peat, our youngest sister,
So slightly to account of vs, her elders,
As if we were no better then her selfe !
We cannot haue a quaynt deuice so soone,
Or new made fashion, of our choyce inuention ;
But if she like it, she will haue the same,
Or study newer to exceed vs both.
Besides, she is so nice and so demure ;
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise,
That all the court hath work ynough to do,
To talke how she exceedeth me and you.

Ra. What should I do ? would it were in my power,
To find a cure for this contagious ill :
Some desperate medicine must be soone applyed,
To dimme the glory of her mounting fame ;
Els ere't be long, sheele haue both prick and praise,
And we must be set by for working dayes.
Doe you not see what feuerall choyce of futers
She daily hath, and of the best degree ?
Say, amongst all, she hap to fancy one,
And haue a husband when as we haue none :

Why

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Why then, by right, to her we must giue place,
Though it be ne're so much to our disgrace.

Gon. By my virginity, rather then she shall haue
A husband before me,
Ile marry one or other in his shirt :

And yet I haue made halfe a graunt already
Of my good will vnto the king of *Cornwall*,

Ra. Swear not so deeply (sister) here cometh my *L.*

Skalliger.

Something his hasty comming doth import.

(*Enter Skal.*)

Skal. Sweet princesses, I am glad I met you heere so luckily,
Hauing good newes which doth concerne you both,
And craueth speedy expedition.

Ra. For Gods sake tell vs what it is, my lord,
I am with child vntill you vtter it.

Skal. Madam, to saue your longing, this it is :
Your father in great secrecy to day,
Told me, he meanes to marry you out of hand,
Vnto the noble prince of *Cambria* ;
You, madam, to the king of *Cornwalls* grace :
Your yonger sister he would fayne bestow
Vpon the rich king of *Hibernia* :
But that he doubts, she hardly will consent ;
For hitherto she ne're could fancy him.
If she do yeeld, why then, betweene you three,
He will deuide his kingdome for your dowries.
But yet there is a further mystery,
Which, so you will conceale, I will disclose.

Gon. What e're thou speakst to vs, kind *Skalliger*,
Thinke that thou speakst it only to thy selfe.

Skal.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Skal. He earnestly desireth for to know,
Which of you three do beare most loue to him,
And on your loues he so extremely dotes,
As neuer any did, I thinke, before.
He presently doth meane to send for you,
To be resolu'd of this tormenting doubt:
And looke, whose answere pleaseth him the best,
They shall haue most vnto their marriages.

Ra. O that I had some pleasing mermayds voyce,
For to inchaunt his sencelesse fences with!

Skal. For he supposeth that *Cordella* will
(Striuing to go beyond you in her loue)

Promise to do what euer he desires:

Then will he straight enioyne her for his sake,

The *Hibernian* king in marriage for to take.

This is the summe of all I haue to say;

Which being done, I humbly take my leaue,

Not doubting but your wisdomes will foresee,

What course will best vnto your good agree.

Gon. Thanks, gentle *Skalliger*, thy kindnes vnderued,
Shall not be vnrequited, if we liue.

Exit Skalliger.

Ra. Now haue we fit occasion offred vs,

To be reueng'd vpon her vnperceyu'd.

Gon. Nay, our reuenge we will inflict on her,

Shall be accounted piety in vs:

I will so flatter with my doting father,

As he was ne're so flattred in his life.

Nay, I will say, that if it be his pleasure,

To match me to a begger, I will yeeld:

For why, I know what euer I do say,

He meanes to match me with the *Cornwall* king.

Ra. Ile say the like: for I am well assured,
What e're I say to please the old mans mind,

Who

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Who dotes, as if he were a child agayne,
I shall inioy the noble *Cambrian* prince:
Only, to feed his humour, will suffice,
To say, I am content with any one
Whom heele appoynt me; this will please him more.
Then e're *Apolloes* musike pleased *Ioue*,

Gon. I smile to think, in what a wofull plight
Cordella will be, when we answere thus:
For she will rather dye, then giue consent
To ioyne in marriage with the *Irish* king:
So will our father think, she loueth him not,
Because she will not graunt to his desire,
Which we will aggrauate in such bitter termes,
That he will soone conuert his loue to hate:
For he, you know, is alwayes in extremes.

Rag. Not all the world could lay a better plot,
I long till it be put in practice.

Exeunt.

Enter Leir and Perillus.

Leir. *Perillus*, go seeke my daughters,
Will them immediately come and speak with me.

Per. I will, my gracious lord.

Exit.

Leir. Oh, what a combat feeles my panting heart,
'Twixt childrens loue, and care of common weale!
How deare my daughters are vnto my soule,
None knowes, but he, that knowes my thoughts and secret
deeds.

Ah, little do they know the deare regard,
Wherein I hold their future state to come:
When they securely sleepe on beds of downe,
These aged eyes do watch for their behalfe:
While they like wantons sport in youthfull toyes,
This throbbing heart is pearst with dire annoyas.
As doth the sun exceed the smallest starre,
So much the fathers loue exceeds the childs.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Yet my complaynts are causlesse: for the world
Affords not children more conformable:
And yet, me thinks, my mind presageth still
I know not what; and yet I feare some ill.

Enter Perillus, with the three daughters.

Well, here my daughters come: I haue found out
A present meanes to rid me of this doubt.

Gon. Our royall lord and father, in all duty,
We come to know the tenour of your will,
Why you so hastily haue sent for vs.

Leir. Deare *Gonorill*, kind *Ragan*, sweet *Cordella*,
Ye flourishing branches of a kingly stocke,
Sprung from a tree that once did flourish greene,
Whose blossomes now are nipt with winters frost,
And pale grym death doth wayt vpon my steps,
And summons me vnto his next assizes.

Therefore, deare daughters, as ye tender the safety
Of him that was the cause of your first being,
Resolue a doubt which much molests my mind,
Which of you three to me would proue most kind;
Which loues me most, and which at my request
Will soonest yeeld vnto their fathers heft.

Gon. I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughters loue to him:
Yet for my part, to shew my zeale to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearft,
I prize my loue to you at such a rate,
I thinke my life inferiour to my loue.
Should you inioyne me for to tye a milstone
About my neck, and leape into the sea,
At your commaund I willingly would doe it:
Yea, for to doe you good, I would ascend

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The highest turret in all *Brittany*,
And from the top leape headlong to the ground :
Nay, more, should you appoynt me for to marry
The meanest vassayle in the spacious world,
Without reply I would accomplish it :
In briefe, commaund what euer you desire,
And if I fayle, no fauour I require.

Leir. O, how thy words reuiue my dying soule !

Cor. O, how I doe abhorre this flattery !

Leir. But what sayth *Ragan* to her fathers will ?

Rag. O, that my simple vtterance could suffice,
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burnes in zeale of duty to your grace,
And neuer can be quench'd, but by desire
To shew the same in outward forwardnesse.
Oh, that there were some other mayd that durst
But make a challenge of her loue with me ;
Ide make her soone confesse she neuer loued
Her father halfe so well as I doe you.
I then, my deeds should proue in playner case,
How much my zeale aboundeth to your grace :
But for them all, let this one meane suffice.
To ratify my loue before your eyes :
I haue right noble suters to my loue,
No worse then kings, and happely I loue one :
Yet, would you haue me make my choyce anew,
Ide bridle fancy, and be rulde by you.

Leir. Did neuer *Philomel* sing so sweet a note.

Cord. Did neuer flatterer tell so false a tale.

Leir. Speak now, *Cordella*, make my ioyes at full,
And drop downe nectar from thy hony lips.

Cor. I cannot paynt my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report for me :

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

But looke what loue the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I beare, my gracious lord.

Gon. Hete is an answere answerlesse indeed :
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brooke it.

Rag. Dost thou not blush, proud peacock as thou art,
To make our father such a slight reply ?

Leir. Why how now, minion, are you growne so proud ?
Doth our deare loue make you thus peremptory ?
What, is your loue become so small to vs,
As that you scorne to tell vs what it is ?
Do you loue vs, as euery child doth loue
Their father ? True indeed, as some,
Who by disobedience short their fathers dayes,
And so would you ; some are so father-sick,
That they make meanes to rid them from the world ;
And so would you : some are indifferent,
Whether their aged parents liue or dye ;
And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud gyrl,
What care I had to foster thee to this,
Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do :
Our life is lesse, then loue we owe to you.

Cord. Deare father, do not so mistake my words,
Nor my playne meaning be misconstrued ;
My tounge was neuer vsde to flattery.

Gon. You were not best say I flatter : if you do,
My deeds shall shew, I flatter not with you.
I loue my father better then thou canst.

Cor. The prayse were great, spoke from anothers mouth :
But it should seeme your neighbours dwell far off.

Rag. Nay, here is one, that will confirme as much
As she hath sayd, both for my selfe and her.
I say, thou dost not wish my fathers good.

Cord. Deare father.—

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. Peace, bastard impe, no issue of king *Leir*,
I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
Call not me father, if thou loue thy life,
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:
Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and trust vnto thy selfe:
My kingdome will I equally deuide
'Twixt thy two sisters to their royall dowre,
And will bestow them worthy their deserts:
This done, because thou shalt not haue the hope,
To haue a childs part in the time to come,
I presently will dispossesse my selfe,
And set vp these vpon my princely throne.

Gon. I euer thought that pride would haue a fall.

Ra. Plaine dealing, sister: your beauty is so sheene,
You need no dowry, to make you be a queene.

Exeunt *Leir*, *Gonorill*, *Ragan*.

Cord. Now whither, poore forsaken, shall I goe,
When mine owne sisters triumph in my woe?
But vnto him which doth protect the iust,
In him will poore *Cordella* put her trust.
These hands shall labour, for to get my spending;
And so Ile liue vntill my dayes haue ending.

Per. Oh, how I grieve, to see my lord thus fond,
To dote so much vpon vayne flattering words.
Ah, if he but with good aduice had weyghed,
The hidden tenure of her humble speech,
Reason to rage should not haue giuen place,
Nor poore *Cordella* suffer such disgrace.

Exit.

Enter the Gallian king with Mumford, and three nobles more.

King. Disswade me not, my lords, I am resolu'd,
This next fayre wynd to sayle for *Brittany*,

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

In some disguise, to see if flying fame
Be not too prodigall in the wondrous prayse
Of these three nymphes, the daughters of king *Leir*.
If present view do answere absent prayse,
And eyes allow of what our eares haue heard,
And *Venus* stand auspicious to my vowes,
And fortune fauour what I take in hand ;
I will returne feyz'd of as rich a prize
As *Iason*, when he wanne the golden fleece.

Mum. Heauens graūt you may; the match were ful of
honor,
And well beseeming the young *Gallian* king.
I would your grace would fauour me so much,
As make me partner of your pilgrimage.
I long to see the gallant *Brittish* dames,
And fked mine eyes vpon their rare perfections:
For till I know the contrary, Ile say,
Our dames in *Fraunce* are far more fayre then they.

Kin. Lord *Mumford*, you haue saued me a labour,
In offering that which I did meane to aske :
And I most willingly accept your oompany.
Yet first I will inioyne you to obserue
Some few conditions which I shall propose.

Mum. So that you do not tye mine eyes for looking
After the amorous glaunces of fayre dames:
So that you do not tye my tounge from speaking,
My lips from kissing when occasion serues,
My hands from congees, and my knees to bow
To gallant gyrles ; which were a taske more hard,
Then flesh and bloud is able to indure :
Commaund what else you please, I rest content.

Kin. To bind thee from a thing thou canst not leaue,
Were but a meane to make thee seeke it more:
And therefore speake, looke, kisse, salute for me;

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

In these my selfe am like to second thee.
Now heare thy taske. I charge thee from the time
That first we set sayle for the *Brittish* shore,
To vse no words of dignity to me,
But in the friendliest manner that thou canst,
Make vse of me as thy companion :
For we will go disguisde in palmers weeds,
That no man shall mistrust vs what we are.

Mum. If that be all, Ile fit your turne I warrant you. I
am some kin to the *Blunts*, and I think, the bluntest of all my
kindred ; therefore if I bee too blunt with you, thanke your
selfe for praying me to be so.

King. Thy pleasant company will make the way seeme short.
It resteth now, that in my absence hence,
I do commit the gouernment to you
My trusty lords and faythfull counsellors.
Time cutteth off the rest I haue to say :
The wynd blowes fayre, and I must needs away.

Nobles. Heauens send your voyage to as good effect,
As we your land do purpose to protect. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the king of Cornwall and his man booted and spurred, a
riding wand, and a letter in his hand.*

Corn. But how far distant are we from the court ?

Ser. Some twenty miles, my lord, or thereabouts.

Corn, It seemeth to me twenty thousand myles :

Yet hope I to be there within this houre. *To himselfe.*

Ser. Then are you like to ride alone for me.
I thinke my lord is weary of his life.

Corn. Sweet *Gonorill*, I long to see thy face,
Which hast so kindly gratified my loue.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

*Enter the king of Cambria booted and spurred, and his man with
a wand and a letter.*

Cam. Get a fresh horse : for by my soule I sweare,

He lookes on the letter.

I am past patience, longer to forbear
The wished sight of my beloued mistris,
Deare *Ragan*, stay and comfort of my life.

Ser. Now what in Gods name doth my lord intend ?

To himselfe.

He thinks he ne're shall come at's iourneyes end.
I would he had old *Dedalus* waxen wings,
That he might flye, so I might stay behind :
For e're we get to *Troynouant*, I see,
He quite will tyre himselfe, his horse and me.

*Cornwall and Cambria looke one vpon another, and start to
see eche other there..*

Corn. Brother of *Cambria*, we greet you well,
As one whom here we little did expect.

Cam. Brother of *Cornwall*, met in happy time :
I thought as much to haue met with the souldan of *Persia*,
As to haue met you in this place, my lord.
No doubt, it is about some great affayres,
That makes you here so slenderly accompanied.

Corn. To say the truth, my lord, it is no lesse,
And for your part some hasty wind of chance
Hath blowne you hither thus vpon the sudden.

Cam. My lord, to break off further circumstances,
For at this time I cannot brooke delayes :
Tell you your reason, I will tell you mine.

Corn.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Corn. In fayth content, and therefore to be briefe;
For I am fure my hafte's as great as yours:
I am fent for, to come vnto king *Leir*,
Who by thefe present letters promifeth
His eldeft daughter, louely *Gonorill*,
To me in mariage, and for present dowry,
The moiety of halfe his regiment.
The ladies loue I long ago poffeff:
But vntill now I neuer had the fathers.

Cam. You tell me wonders, yet I will relate
Strange newes, and henceforth we muft brothers call;
Witneffe thefe lynes: his honourable age,
Being weary of the troubles of his crowne,
His princely daughter *Ragan* will beftow
On me in mariage, with halfe his feignories,
Whom I would gladly haue accepted of,
With the third part, her complements are fuch.

Corn. If I haue one halfe, and you haue the other,
Then betweene vs we muft needs haue the whole.

Cam. The hole! how meane you that? zlood, I hope,
We fhall haue two holes betweene vs,

Corn. Why, the whole kingdome.

Cam. I, that's very true.

Cor. What then is left for his third daughters dowry,
Louely *Cordella*, whom the world admires?

Cam. Tis very ftrange, I know not what to thinke,
Vnleffe they meane to make a nunne of her.

Corn. 'Twere pity fuch rare beauty fhould be hid
Within the compaffe of a cloyfters wall;
But howfoe're, if *Leirs* words proue true,
It will be good, my lord, for me and you.

Cam. Then let vs hafte, all danger to preuent,
For feare delayes doe alter his intent.

Exeunt.

Enter

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR.

Enter *Gonorill and Ragan.*

Gon. Sister, when did you see *Cordella* last,
That pretty piece, that thinks none good ynough
To speake to her, because (sir-reuerence)
She hath a little beauty extraordinary ?

Ra. Since time my father warnd her from his presence,
I neuer saw her, that I can remember.
God giue her ioy of her surpassing beauty ;
I thinke, her dowry will be small ynough.

Gon. I haue incenst my father so against her,
As he will neuer be reclaymd agayne.

Rag. I was not much behind to do the like.

Gon. Faith, sister, what moues you to beare her such good
will ?

Rag. In truth, I thinke, the same that moueth you ;
Because she doth surpasse vs both in beauty.

Gon. Beshrew your fingers, how right you can gesse :
I tell you true, it cuts me to the heart.

Rag. But we will keepe her low enough, I warrant,
And clip her wings for mounting vp too hye.

Gon. Who euer hath her, shall haue a rich mariage of her.

Rag. She were right fit to make a parsons wife :
For they, men say, do loue faire women well,
And many times doe marry them with nothing.

Gon. With nothing ! marry God forbid : why, are there
any such.

Rag. I meane, no money.

Gon. I cry you mercy, I mistooke you much :
And she is far too stately for the church ;
Sheele lay her husbands benefice on her back,
Euen in one gowne, if she may haue her will.

Ra. In faith, poore soule, I pittie her a little,
Would she were lesse fayre, or more fortunate.

Well

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Well, I thinke long vntill I see my *Morgan*,
The gallant prince of *Cambria*, here arriue.

Gon. And so do I, vntill the *Cornwall* king
Present himselfe, to consummate my ioyes.
Peace, here, commeth my father.

Enter Leir, Perillus and others.

Leir. Cease, good my lords, and sue not to reuerse
Our censure, which is now irreuocable,
We haue dispatched letters of contract
Vnto the kings of *Cambria* and of *Cornwall*;
Our hand and seale will iustify no lesse :
Then do not so dishonour me, my lords,
As to make shipwrack of our kingly word.
I am as kind as is the pellican,
That kills it selfe, to saue her young ones liues :
And yet as ielous as the princely eagle,
That kills her young ones, if they do but dazell
Vpon the radiant splendor of the sunne.
Within this two dayes I expect their coming.

Enter kings of Cornwall and Cambria.

But in good time, they are arriu'd already.
This haste of yours, my lords, doth testify
The feruent loue you beare vnto my daughters :
And think your selues as welcome to king *Leir*,
As euer *Pryams* children were to him.

Corn. My gracious lord, and father too, I hope,
Pardon, for that I made no greater haste :
But were my horse as swift as was my will,
I long ere this had seene your maiesty.

Cam. No other scuse of absence can I frame,
Then

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

King. Then call me *Will*, Ile call thee *Iacke*.

Mum. Well, be it so, for I haue well deseru'd to be cal'd
Iack.

King. Stand close ; for here a *Brittish* lady cōmeth :

Enter Cordella.

A fayrer creature ne're mine eyes beheld.

Cord. This is a day of ioy vnto my sisters,
Wherein they both are married vnto kings ;
And I, by byrth, as worthy as themfelues,
Am turnd into the world, to seeke my fortune.
How may I blame the fickle queene of chaunce,
That maketh me a patterne of her power ?
Ah, poore weake mayd, whose imbecility
Is far vnable to indure these brunts.

Oh, father *Leir*, how dost thou wrong thy child,
Who alwayes was obedient to thy will !
But why accuse I fortune and my father ?
No, no, it is the pleasure of my God :
And I do willingly imbrace the rod.

King. It is no goddesse ; for she doth complayne
On fortune, and th'vnkindnesse of her father.

Cord. These costly robes ill fitting my estate,
I will exchange for other meaner habit.

Mum. Now if I had a kingdome in my hands,
I would exchange it for a milkmaids smock and petycoate,
That she and I might shift our clothes together.

Cord. I will betake me to my threed and needle,
Aud earne my liuing with my fingers ends.

Mum. O braue ! God willing, thou shalt haue my custome.
By sweet S. *Denis*, here I sadly sweare,
For all the shirts and night-geare that I weare.

Cord. I will professe and vow a maydens life.

Mum. Thē I protest thou shalt not haue my custom.

King.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King. I can forbear no longer for to speak :
For if I do, I think my heart will breake.

Mum. Sblood, *Wil*, I hope you are not in loue with my
fēpster.

King. I am in such a laborinth of loue,
As that I know not which way to get out.

Mum. You'l ne're get out, vnlesse you first get in.

King. I prithy *Iacke*, crosse not my passions.

Mum. Prithy *Wil*, to her, and try her patience.

King. Thou fairest creature, whatsoere thou art,
That euer any mortall eyes heheld,
Vouchsafe to me, who haue o'reheard thy woes,
To shew the cause of these thy sad laments.

Cor. Ah pilgrims, what auails to shew the cause,
When there's no meanes to find a remedy ?

King. To vtter grieve, doth ease a heart o'recharg'd.

Cor. To touch a sore, doth aggrauate the payne.

King. The silly mouse, by vertue of her teeth,
Releas'd the princely lyon from the net.

Cor. Kind palmer, which so much desir'st to heare
The tragick tale of my vnhappy youth :
Know this in brieft, I am the haplesse daughter
Of *Leir*, sometimes king of *Brittany*.

King. Why, who debarres his honourable age,
From being still the king of *Brittany* ?

Cor. None, but himselfe hath dispossessd himselfe,
And giuen all his kingdome to the kings
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, with my sisters.

King. Hath he giuen nothing to your louely selfe ?

Cor. He lou'd me not, and therefore gaue me nothing,
Only because I could not flatter him :
And in this day of tryumph to my sisters,
Doth fortune tryumph in my ouerthrow.

King. Sweet lady, say there should come a king,

As

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

As good as eyther of you sisters husbands,
To craue your loue, would you accept of him ?

Cor. Oh, doe not mocke with those in misery,
Nor do not think, though fortune haue the power,
To spoyle mine honour, and debase my state,
That she hath any interest in my mind :
For if the greatest monarch on the earth,
Should sue to me in this extremity,
Except my heart could loue, and heart could like,
Better then any that I euer saw,
His great estate no more should moue my mind,
Then mountaynes moue by blast of euery wind.

King. Think not, sweet nymph, tis holy palmers guise,
To griued soules fresh torments to deuise :
Therefore in witnesse of my true intent,
Let heauen and earth beare record of my words :
There is a young and lusty *Gallian* king,
So like to me, as I am to myselfe,
That earnestly doth craue to haue thy loue,
And ioyne with thee in *Hymens* sacred bonds.

Cor. The like to thee did ne're these eyes behold ;
Oh liue to adde new torments to my griefe :
Why didst thou thus intrap me unawares ?
Ah palmer, my estate doth not besit
A kingly mariage, as the case now stands.
Whilome when as I liu'd in honours height,
A prince perhaps might postulate my loue :
Now misery, dishonour and disgrace,
Hath light on me, and quite reuerst the case.
Thy king will hold thee wise, if thou surcease
The sute, whereas no dowry will insue.
Then be aduised, palmer, what to do :
Cease for thy king, seeke for thy selfe to woo.

King. Your birth's too high for any, but a king.

Cor.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Cor. My mind is low ynough to loue a palmer,
Rather then any king vpon the earth.

King. O, but you neuer can indure their life,
Which is so straight and full of penury.

Cor. O yes, I can, and happy if I might :
Ile hold thy palmers staffe within my hand,
And thinke it is the scepter of a queene.
Sometime Ile set thy bonnet on my head,
And thinke I weare a rich imperiall crowne.
Sometime Ile helpe thee in thy holy prayers,
And thinke I am with thee in paradise.
Thus Ile mock fortune, as she mocketh me,
And neuer will my louely choyce repent :
For hauing thee, I shall haue all content.

King. 'Twere sin to hold her longer in suspence,
Since that my soule hath vow'd she shall be mine.
Ah, deare *Cordella*, cordiall to my heart,
I am no palmer, as I seeme to be,
But hither come in this vnknowne disguise,
To view th' admired beauty of those eyes.
I am the king of *Gallia*, gentle mayd,
(Although thus slenderly accompanied)
And yet thy vassayle by imperious loue,
And sworne to serue thee euerlastingly.

Cor. What e're you be, of high or low discent,
All's one to me, I do request but this :
That as I am, you will accept of me,
And I will haue you whatsoe're you be :
Yet well I know, you come of royall race,
I see such sparks of honour in your face :

Mum. Haue palmers weeds such power to win fayre ladies ?
Fayth, then I hope the next that falles is myne :
Vpon condition I no worse might speed,
I would for euer weare a palmers weed.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

I like an honest and playne dealing wench,
That sweares (without exceptions) I will haue you.
These foppets, that know not whether to loue a man or no,
except they first go aske their mothers leaue, by this hand, I
hate them ten tymes worse then poyson.

King. What resteth then our happinesse to procure ?

Mum. Fayth, go to church, to make the matter sure.

King. It shall be so, because the world shall say,

King Leirs three daughters were wedded in one day :

The celebration of this happy chaunce,

We will deferre, vntill we come to *Fraunce*.

Mum. I like the wooing, that's not long a doing.

Well, for her sake, I know what I know :

Ile neuer marry whilest I liue,

Except I haue one of these *Brittish* ladies,

My humour is alienated from the mayds of *Fraunce*.

Exeunt.

Enter Perillus solus.

Per. The king hath dispossessed himselfe of all,
Those to aduaunce, which scarce will giue him thanks :
His youngest daughter he hath turnd away,
And no man knowes what is become of her.
He sojournes now in *Cornwall* with the eldest,
Who flattered him, vntill she did obtayne
That at his hands, which now she doth possesse :
And now she sees hee hath no more to giue,
It grieues her heart to see her father liue,
Oh, whom should man trust in this wicked age,
When children thus against their parents rage ?
But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
Puts vp all wrongs, and neuer giues reply :

Yet

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Yet shames she not in most opprobrious sort,
To call him foole and doted to his face,
And sets her parasites of purpose oft,
In scoffing wise to offer him disgrace.
Oh yron age ! O times ! O monstrous, vilde,
When parents are contemned of the child !
His pension she hath halfe restrain'd from him,
And will, e're long, the other halfe, I feare :
For she thinks nothing is bestowde in vayne,
But that which doth her fathers life maintayne.
Trust not alliance ; but trust strangers rather,
Since daughters proue disloyall to the father.
Well, I will counsell him the best I can :
Would I were able to redresse his wrong.
Yet what I can, vnto my vtmost power,
He shall be sure of to the latest houre. *Exit.*

Enter Gonorill and Skalliger.

Gon. I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me what thou thinkst :
Could any woman of our dignity
Endure such quips and peremptory taunts,
As I do daily from my doting father ?
Doth't not suffice that I him keepe of almes,
Who is not able for to keepe himselfe ?
But as if he were our better, he should thinke
To check and snap me vp at euery word.
I cannot make me a new fashioned gowne,
And set it forth with more then common cost ;
But his old doting doltish withered wit,
Is sure to giue a sencelesse check for it.
I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,
To grace my selfe, and spread my name abroad,
But he, old foole, is captious by and by,
And sayth, the cost would well suffice for twice.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Iudge then, I pray, what reason ist, that I
Should stand alone charg'd with his vaine expence,
And that my sister *Ragan* should go free,
To whom he gaue as much, as vnto me?
I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me, if thou know,
By any meanes to rid me of this woe.

Skal. Your many fauours still bestowde on me,
Binde me in duty to aduise your grace,
How you may soonest remedy this ill.
The large allowance which he hath from you,
Is that which makes him so forget himselfe:
Therefore abbridge it halfe, and you shall see,
That hauing lesse, he will more thankfull be:
For why, abundance maketh vs forget
The fountaynes whence the benefits do spring.

Gon. Well, *Skalliger*, for thy kynd aduice herein,
I will not be vngratefull, if I liue:

I haue restrayned halfe his portion already,
And I will presently restrayne the other,
That hauing no meanes to releue himselfe,
He may go seeke elsewhere for better helpe.

Exit.

Skal. Go, viperous woman, shame to all thy sexe:
The heauens, no doubt, will punish thee for this:
And me a villayne, that to curry fauour,
Haue giuen the daughter counsell 'gainst the father.
But vs the world doth this experience giue,
That he that cannot flatter, cannot liue.

Exit.

Enter king of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus and nobles.

Corn. Father, what ayleth you to be so sad?
Me thinks, you frollike not as you were wont.

Leir. The neerer we do grow vnto our graues,
The lesse we do delight in worldly ioyes.

Corn.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Corn. But if a man can frame himselfe to myrth,
It is a meane for to prolong his life.

Leir. Then welcome sorrow, *Leirs* only friend,
Who doth desire his troubled dayes had end.

Corn. Comfort your selfe, father, here comes your daughter,
Who much will grieve, I know, to see you sad.

Enter *Gonorill.*

Leir. But more doth grieve, I feare, to see me liue.

Corn. My *Gonorill*, you come in wished time,
To put your father from these penfue dumps.
In fayth, I feare that all things go not well.

Gon. What, do you feare, that I haue angred him ?
Hath he complaynd of me vnto my lord ?
Ile prouide him a piece of bread and cheese ;
For in a time heele practise nothing else,
Then carry tales from one vnto another.
Tis all his practise for to kindle strife,
'Twixt you, my lord, and me your louing wife :
But I will take an order, if I can,
To cease th' effect, where first the cause began.

Corn. Sweet, be not angry in a partiall cause,
He ne're complayn'd of thee in all his life.
Father, you must not weygh a woman's words,

Leir. Alas, not I : poore foule, she breeds yong bones,
And that is it makes her so tutchy sure.

Gon. What, breeds young bones already ! you will make
An honest woman of me then, belike.
O vild olde wretch ! who euer heard the like,
That seeketh thus his owne child to defame ?

Corn. I cannot stay to heare this discord sound. *Exit.*

Gon. For any one that loues your company,

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

You may go pack, and seeke some other place,
To sowe the seed of discord and disgrace. *Exit.*

Leir. Thus, say or do the best that e're I can,
Tis wrested straight into another sence,
This punishment my heauy sinnes deserue,
And more then this ten thousand thousand times :
Else aged *Leir* them could neuer find
Cruell to him, to whom he hath bin kind.
Why do I ouer-lieue my selfe, to see
The course of nature quite reuerst in me ?
Ah, gentle death, if euer any wight
Did wish thy presence with a perfit zeale :
Then come, I pray thee, euen with all my heart,
And end my sorrowes with thy fatall dart.

He weepes.

Per. Ah, do not so disconsolate your selfe,
Nor dew your aged cheeks with waisting teares.

Leir. What man art thou that takest any pity
Vpon the worthlesse state of old *Leir* ?

Per. One, who doth beare as great a share of griefe,
As if it were my dearest fathers case.

Leir. Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou aduisde,
For to consort with miserable men :
Go learne to flatter, where thou mayst in time
Get fauour 'mongst the mighty, and so clyme :
For now I am so poore and full of want,
As that I ne're can recompence thy loue.

Per. What's got by flattery, doth not long indure ;
And men in fauour liue not most secure.
My conscience tels me, if I should forsake you,
I were the hatefulst excrement on the earth :
Which well do know, in course of former time,
How good my lord hath bin to me and mine,

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. Did I ere rayse thee higher then the rest
Of all thy ancestors which were before ?

Per. I ne're did seeke it ; but by your good grace,
I still inioyed my owne with quietnesse.

Leir. Did I ere giue thee liuing, to increase
The due reuennues which thy father left ?

Per. I had ynough, my lord, and hauing that,
What should you need to giue me any more ?

Leir. Oh, did I euer dispossesse my selfe,
And giue thee halfe my kingdome in good will ?

Per. Alas, my lord, there were no reason, why
You should haue such a thought, to giue it me.

Leir. Nay, if thou talke of reason, then be mute ;
For with good reason I can thee confute.
If they, which first by natures sacred law,
Do owe to me the tribute of their liues ;
If they to whom I alwayes haue bin kinde,
And bountifull beyond comparifon ;
If they, for whom I haue vndone my selfe,
And brought my age vnto this extreme want,
Do now reiect, contemne, despise, abhor me,
What reason moueth thee to sorrow for me ?

Per. Where reason fayles, let teares confirme my loue,
And speake how much your passions do me moue.
Ah, good my lord, condemne not all for one :
You haue two daughters left, to whom I know
You shall be welcome, if you please to go.

Leir. Oh, how thy words adde sorrow to my soule,
To thinke of my vnkindnesse to *Cordella* !
Whom causelesse I did dispossesse of all.
Vpon th' vnkind suggestions of her sisters :
And for her sake, I thinke this heauy doome
Is false on me, and not without desert :
Yet vnto *Ragan* was I alwayes kinde,

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

And gaue to her the halfe of all I had :
It may be, if I should to her repayre,
She would be kinder, and intreat me fayre.

Per. No doubt she would, and practise ere't be long,
By force of armes for to redresse your wrong.

Leir. Well, since thou doest aduise me for to go,
I am resolu'd to try the worst of wo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ragan solus.

Rag. How may I blesse the howre of my natiuity,
Which bodeth vnto me such happy starres !
How may I thank kind fortune, that vouchsafes
To all my actions, such desir'd euent !
I rule the king of *Cambria* as I please :
The states are all obedient to my will ;
And looke what ere I say, it shall be so ;
Not any one, that dareth answere no.
My eldest sister liues in royall state,
And wanteth nothing fitting her degree :
Yet hath she such a cooling card withall,
As that her hony fauoureth much of gall.
My father with her is quarter-master still,
And many times restraynes her of her will :
But if he were with me, and seru'd me so,
Ide send him packing some where else to go.
Ide entertayne him with such slender cost,
That he should quickly wish to change his host.

Exit.

Enter Cornwall, Gonorill, and attendants.

Corn. Ah, *Gonorill*, what dire vnhappy chaunce
Hath sequestred thy father from our presence,
That no report can yet be heard of him ?

Some

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Some great vnkindnesse hath bin offred him,
Exceeding far the bounds of patience :
Else all the world shall neuer me perswade,
He would forsake vs without notice made.

Gon. Alas, my lord, whom doth it touch so neere,
Or who hath interest in this griefe, but I,
Whom sorrow had brought to her longest home,
But that I know his qualities so well ?
I know, he is but stolne vpon my sister
At vnawares, to see her how she fares,
And spend a little time with her, to note
How all things goe, and how she likes her choyce :
And when occasion serues, heele steale from her,
And vnawares returne to vs agayne.
Therefore, my lord, be frolick, and resolute
To see my father here agayne e're long.

Corn. I hope so too ; but yet to be more sure,
Ile send a poste immediately to know
Whether he be arriued there or no.

Exit.

Gon. But I will intercept the messenger,
And temper him before he doth depart,
With sweet perswasions, and with sound rewards,
That his report shall ratify my speech,
And make my lord cease further to inquire.
If he be not gone to my sisters court,
As sure my mind presageth that he is,
He happely may, by traueilling vnknowne wayes,
Fall sicke, and as a common passenger,
Be dead and buried : would God it were so well ;
For then there were no more to do, but this,
He went away, and none knowes where he is.
But say he be in *Cambria* with the king,
And there exclaime against me, as he will :
I know he is as welcome to my sister,

As

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

As water is into a broken ship.
Well, after him Ile send such thunderclaps
Of slander, scandall, and inuented tales,
That all the blame shall be remou'd from me,
And vnperceiu'd rebound vpon himselfe.
Thus with one nayle another Ile expell,
And make the world iudge, that I vsde him well.

Enter the messenger that should go to Cambria, with a letter in his hand.

Gon. My honest friend, whither away so fast?

Mes. To *Cambria*, madam, with letters frō the king.

Gon. To whom?

Mess. Vnto your father, if he be there.

Gon. Let me see them.

She opens them.

Mess. Madam, I hope your grace will stand
Betweene me and my neck-verse, if I be
Calld in question, for opening the kings letters.

Gon. 'Twas I that opened them, it was not thou.

Mes. I, but you need not care, and so must I,
A handsome man, be quickly trust vp,
And when a man's hang'd, all the world cannot saue him.

Gon. He that hangs thee, were better hang his father,
Or that but hurts thee in the least degree,
I tell thee, we make great account of thee.

Mes. I am o're-joy'd, I surfet of sweet words:
Kind queene, had I a hundred liues, I would
Spend ninety nyne of them for you, for that word.

Gon. I, but thou wouldst keepe one life still,
And that's as many as thou art like to haue.

Mes. That one life is not too deare for my good queene;
this sword, this buckler, this head, this heart, these hands,
armes, legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members else what-
soeuer, are at your dispose; vse me, trust me, commaund me:
if

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

if I fayle in any thing, tye me to a dung cart, and make a scauengers horſe of me, and whip me, ſo long as I haue any ſkin on my back.

Gon. In token of further imploymēt, take that.

Flings him a purſe.

Meſ. A ſtrong bond, a firme obligation, good in law, good in law: if I keepe not the condition, let my necke be the forfeiture of my negligence.

Gon. I like thee well, thou haſt a good tounge.

Meſ. And as bad a tounge if it be ſet on it, as any oyſterwife at *Billinſgate* hath: why, I haue made many of my neighbours forſake their houſes with rayling vpon them, and go dwell elſe where; and ſo by my meanes houſes haue bin good cheape in our pariſh: my tounge being well whetted with choller, is more ſharpe then a razer of *Palerno*.

Gon. O thou art a fit man for my purpoſe.

Meſ. Commend me not, ſweet queene, before you try me. As my deſerts are, ſo do think of me.

Gon. Well ſayd, then this is thy tryall: inſtead of carrying the kings letters to my father, carry thou theſe letters to my ſiſter, which containe matter quite contrary to the other: there ſhal ſhe be giuen to vnderſtand, that my father hath detracted her, giuen out ſlaundrous ſpeeches againſt her; and that hee hath moſt intollerably abuſed me, ſet my lord and me at variance, and made mutinyes amongſt the commons.

Theſe things (although it be not ſo)

Yet thou muſt affirme them to be true,

With othes and proteſtations as will ſerue,

To driue my ſiſter out of loue with him.

And cauſe my will accompliſhed to be.

This do, thou winſt my fauour for euer,

And makeſt a hye way of preferment to thee

And all thy friends.

Meſſ.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Mess. It sufficeth, conceyt it is already done :
I will so tounge-whip him, that I will
Leaue him as bare of credit, as a poulter
Leaues a cony, when she pulls off his skin.

Gon. Yet there is a further matter.

Mes. I thirst to heare it.

Gon. If my sister thinketh conuenient, as my letters import-
eth, to make him away, hast thou the heart to effect it?

Mess. Few words are best in so small a matter :
These are but trifles. By this booke I will.

Kisse the paper.

Gon. About it presently, I long till it be done.

Mes. I fly, I fly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cordella solus.

I haue bin ouer-negligent to day,
In going to the temple of my God,
To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculously hath bestowed on me,
In rayfing me out of my meane estate,
When as I was deuoyd of worldly friends,
And placing me in such a sweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deserts.
My kingly husband, myrrour of his time,
For zeale, for iustice, kindnesse, and for care
To God, his subiects, me, and common weale,
By his appoyntment was ordaynd for me.
I cannot wish the thing that I do want;
I cannot want the thing but I may haue,
Saue only this which I shall ne're obtayne,
My fathers loue, oh this I ne're shall gayne.
I would abstayne from any nutryment,
And pyne my body to the very bones :

Bare

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Bare foote I would on pilgrimage set forth
Vnto the furthest quarters of the earth,
And all my life time would I sackcloth weare,
And mourning-wise powre dust vpon my head:
So he but to forgiue me once would please,
That his gray haire might go to heauen in peace,
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein iustly I haue deserued blame.
Oh sisters! you are much to blame in this,
It was not he, but you that did me wrong,
Yet God forgiue both him, and you and me.
Euen as I doe in perfit charity.
I will to church, and pray vnto my Sauour,
That ere I dye, I may obtayne his fauour.

Exit.

Enter Leir and Perillus fayntly.

Per. Rest on me, my lord, and stay your selfe,
The way seemes tedious to your aged lymmes.

Leir. Nay, rest on me, kind friend, and stay thy selfe,
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.

Per. Ah, good my lord, it ill befits, that I
Should leane vpon the person of a king.

Leir. But it fits worse, that I should bring thee forth,
That had no cause to come along with me,
Through these vncouth paths, and tirefull wayes,
And neuer ease thy faynting limmes a whit.
Thou hast left all, I, all to come with me,
And I, for all, haue nought to guerdon thee.

Per. Cease, good my lord, to aggrauate my woes,
With these kind words, which cuts my heart in two,
To think your will should want the power to do.

Leir. Cease, good *Perillus*, for to call me lord,
And think me but the shaddow of my selfe.

Per.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Per. That honourable title will I giue,
Vnto my lord, so long as I do liue.
Oh, be of comfort; for I see the place
Whereas your daughter keeps her residence.
And loe, in happy time the *Cambrian* prince
Is here arriu'd, to gratify our comming.

*Enter the prince of Cambria, Ragan, and nobles: looke vpon
them, and whisper together.*

Leir. Were I best speak, or sit me downe and dye?
I am asham'd to tell this heauy tale.

Per. Then let me tell it, if you please, my lord:
Tis shame for them that were the cause thereof.

Cam. What two old men are those that seeme so fad?
Me thinks, I should remember well their lookes.

Rag. No, I mistake not, sure it is my father:
I must dissemble kindnesse now of force.

She runneth to him, and kneeles downe, saying:

Father, I bid you welcome, full of griefe,
To see your grace vsde thus vnworthily,
And ill befitting for your reuerend age,
To come on foot a iourney so indurable.
Oh, what disaster chaunce hath bin the cause,
To make your cheeks so hollow, spare and leane?
He cannot speake for weeping: for Gods loue, come,
Let vs refresh him with some needfull things,
And at more leysure we may better know,
Whence springs the ground of this vnlookt for wo.

Cam. Come, father, e're we any further talke,
You shall refresh you after this weary walk.

Exeunt, manet Ragan.

Rag.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Rag. Comes he to me with finger in the eye,
To tell a tale against my sister here ?
Whom I do know, he greatly hath abusde :
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,
He first begins for to complayne himselfe,
When as himselfe is in the greatest fault.
Ile not be partiall in my sisters cause,
Nor yet beleue his doting vayne reports :
Who for a trifle (safely) I dare say,
Vpon a spleene is stolen thence away :
And here (forsooth) he hopeth to haue harbour,
And to be moan'd and made on like a child :
But ere't be long, his comming he shall curse,
And truely say, he came from bad to worse :
Yet will I make fayre weather, to procure
Conuenient meanes, and then Ile strike it sure.

Exit.

Enter messenger solus.

Mes. Now happily I am arriued here,
Before the stately palace of the *Cambrian* king :
If *Leir* be here safe-seated, and in rest,
To rowse him from it I will do my best.

Enter Ragan.

Now bags of gold, your vertue is (no doubt)
To make me in my message bold and stout.
The King of heauen preferue your maiesty.
And send your highnesse euerlasting raigne.

Ra. Thanks, good my friend ; but what imports thy
message ?

Mes. Kind greetings from the *Cornwall* queene :
The residue these letters will declare,

She opens the letters.

Rag. How fares our royall sister ?

Mes.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Mef. I did leaue her at my parting, in good health.

She reads the letter, frownes and stamps.

See how her colour comes and goes agayne,
Now red as scarlet, now as pale as ash :
She how she knits her brow, and bytes her lips,
And stamps, and makes a dumbe shew of disdayne,
Mixt with reuenge, and violent extreames.
Here will be more worke and more crownes for me.

Rag. Alas, poore soule, and hath he vsde her thus ?
And is he now come hither, with intent
To set diuorce betwixt my lord and me ?
Doth he giue out, that he doth heare report,
That I do rule my husband as I list,
And therefore meanes to alter so the case,
That I shall know my lord to be my head ?
Well, it were best for him to take good heed,
Or I will make him hop without a head,
For his presumption, dottard that he is.
In *Cornwall* he hath made such mutinies,
First, setting of the king against the queene ;
Then stirring vp the commons 'gainst the king ;
That had he there continued any longer,
He had bin call'd in question for his fact.
So vpon that occasion thence he fled,
And comes thus slyly stealing vnto vs :
And now already since his comming hither,
My lord and he are growne in such a league,
That I can haue no conference with his grace :
I feare, he doth already intimate
Some forged cauillations 'gainst my state :
Tis therefore best to cut him off in time,
Lest slaunderous rumours once abroad disperst,
It is too late for them to be reuerst.

Friend,

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Friend, as the tennour of these letters shewes,
My sister puts great confidence in thee.

Mef. She neuer yet committed trust to me,
But that (I hope) she found me alwayes faythfull :
So will I be to any friend of hers,
That hath occasion to imploy my helpe.

Rag. Hast thou the heart to act a stratagem,
And giue a stabbe or two, if need require ;

Mess. I haue a heart compact of adamant,
Which neuer knew what melting pitty meant.

I weigh no more the murdring of a man,

Then I respect the cracking of a flea,

When I doe catch her byting on my skin.

If you will haue your husband or your father,

Or both of them sent to another world,

Do but commaund me doo't, it shall be done.

Rag. It is ynough, we make no doubt of thee :

Meet vs to morrow here, at nyne a clock :

Meane while, farewell, and drink that for my sake. *Exit.*

Mes. I, this is it will make me do the deed :

Oh, had I every day such customers,

This were the gainefulst trade in *Christendome* !

A purse of gold giu'n for a paltry stabbe !

Why, heres a wench that longs to haue a stabbe.

Wel, I could giue it her, and ne're hurt her neither.

Enter the Gallian king, and Cordella.

King. When will these clouds of sorrow once disperse.

And smiling ioy triumph vpon thy brow ?

When will this scene of sadnesse haue an end,

And pleasant acts insue, to moue delight ?

When will my louely queene cease to lament,

And take some comfort to her griued thoughts ?

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

If of thy selfe thou daignst to haue no care,
Yet pittie me, whom thy grieffe makes despayre.

Cor. O, grieue not you, my lord, you haue no cause ;
Let not my passions moue your mind a whit :
For I am bound by nature, to lament
For his ill will, that life to me first lent.
If so the stocke be dryed with disdayne,
Withered and fere the branch must needes remaine.

King. But thou art now graft in another stock ;
I am the stock, and thou the louely branch :
And from my root continuall sap shall flow,
To make thee flourish with perpetual spring.
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,
Since they forsake thee like inhumane beastes,
Thinke they are dead, since all their kindnesse dyes,
And bury them, where black obliuion lyes.
Think not thou art the daughter of old *Leir*,
Who did vnkindly disinherit thee :
But think thou art the noble *Gallian* queene,
And wife to him that dearely loueth thee :
Embrace the ioyes that present with thee dwell,
Let sorrow packe and hide her selfe in hell.

Cord. Not that I misse my country or my kinne,
My old acquaintance or my ancient friends,
Doth any whit distemperate my mynd,
Knowing you, which are more deare to me,
Then country, kin, and all things els can be.
Yet pardon me, my gracious lord, in this :
For what can stop the course of nature's power ?
As easy is it for foure-footed beastes,
To stay themselues vpon the liquid ayre,
And mount aloft into the element,
And ouerstrip the feathered fowles in flight :
As easy is it for the slimy fish,

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS,

To liue and thriue without the helpe of water :
As eafy is it for the blackamoore,
To wash the tawny colour from his skin,
Which all oppofe againft the courfe of nature,
As I am able to forget my father.

King. Myrrour of vertue, *Phœnix* of our age !
Too kind a daughter for an vnkind father,
Be of good comfort ; for I will difpatch
Ambaffadors immediately for *Brittayne*,
Vnto the king of *Cornwalls* court, whereas
Your father keepeth now his refidence,
And in the kindeft maner him intreat,
That fetting former grieuances apart,
He will be pleafde to come and vifit vs.
If no intreaty will fuffice the turne,
Ile offer him the halfe of all my crowne :
If that moues not, wee le furnifh out a fleet,
And fayle to *Cornwall* for to vifit him ;
And there you fhall be firmly reconcilde
In perfite loue, as earft you were before.

Cor. Where tounge cannot fufficient thanks afford,
The king of heauen remunerate my lord.

King. Only be blithe, and frolick (sweet) with me :
This and much more Ile do to comfort thee.

Enter messenger folus.

Mef. It is a world to fee now I am flufh,
How many friends I purchafe euery where !
How many seekes to creepe into my fauour,
And kiffe their hands, and bend their knees to me !
No more, here comes the queene, now fhall I know her
mind,
And hope for to deriue more crownes from her.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Enter Ragā.

Rag. My friend, I see thou mind'st thy promise well,
And art before me here, me thinks, to day,

Mef. I am a poore man, and it like your grace ;
But yet I alwayes loue to keepe my word.

Ra. Wel, keepe thy word with me, and thou shalt see,
That of a poore man I will make thee rich.

Mef. I long to heare it, it might haue bin dispatcht,
If you had told me of it yesternight.

Ra. It is a thing of right strange consequence,
And well I cannot vtter it in words.

Mef. It is more strange, that I am not by this
Beside my selfe, with longing for to heare it,
Were it to meet the deuill in his denne,
And try a bout with him for a scratcht face,
Ide vndertake it, if you would but bid me.

Ra. Ah, good my friend, that I should haue thee do,
Is such a thing, as I do shame to speake ;
Yet it must needs be done.

Mef. Ile speake it for thee, queene: shall I kill thy father ?
I know tis that, and if it be so, say,

Rag. I.

Mef. Why, thats ynough.

Rag. And yet that is not all.

Mef. What else ?

Rag. Thou must kill that old man that came with him.

Mis. Here are two hands, for eche of them is one.

Rag. And for eche hand here is a recompence.

Giue him two purses.

Mef. Oh, that I had ten hands by myracle,
I could teare ten in pieces with my teeth,

So

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

So in my mouth you'd put a purse of gold.

But in what manner must it be effected ?

Rag. To morrow morning ere the breake of day,
I by a wyle will fend them to the thicket,
That is about some two myles from the court,
And promise them to meet them there my selfe,
Because I must haue priuate conference,
About some newes I haue recey'd from *Cornwall*.
This is ynough; I know, they will not fayle,
And then be ready for to play thy part :
Which done, thou mayst right easily escape,
And no man once mistrust thee for the fact :
But yet, before thou prosecute the act,
Shew him the letter, which my sister sent,
There let him read his owne inditement first,
And then proceed to execution :
But see thou faynt not ; for they will speake fayre.

Mef. Could he speak words as pleasing as the pipe
Of *Mercury*, which charm'd the hundred eyes
Of watchfull *Argos*, and inforc'd him sleepe :
Yet here are words so pleasing to my thoughts,

To the purse.

As quite shall take away the sound of his. *Exit.*

Rag. About it then, and when thou hast dispatcht,
Ile find a meanes to send thee after him *Exit.*

Enter Cornwall and Gonorill,

Corn. I wonder that the messenger doth stay,
Whom we dispatcht for *Cambria* so long since :
If that his answere do not please vs well,
And he do shew good reason for delay,
Ile teach him how to dally with his king,
And to detayne vs in such long suspence.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Gon. My lord; I thinke the reason may be this ;
My father meanes to come along with him ;
And therefore tis his pleasure he shall stay,
For to attend vpon him on the way.

Corn. It may be so, and therefore till I know
The truth thereof, I will suspend my iudgement.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. And't like your grace, there is an ambassador
Arriued from *Gallia*, and craues admittance to your maiesty.

Corn. From *Gallia* ? what should his message
Hither import ? is not your father happely
Gone thither ? well, whatsoere it be,
Bid him come in, he shall haue audience.

Enter ambassador.

What newes from *Gallia* ? speake ambassador.

Am. The noble king and queene of *Gallia* first salutes,
By me, their honourable father, my lord *Leir* ;
Next, they commend them kindly to your graces,
As those whose wellfare they intirely wish.
Letters I haue to deliuer to my lord *Leir*,
And presents too, if I might speake with him.

Gon. If you might speak with him ? why, do you thinke,
We are afrayd that you should speake with him ?

Am. Pardon me, madam ; for I thinke not so,
But say so only, 'cause he is not here.

Corn. Indeed, my friend, vpon some vrgent cause,
He is at this time absent from the court :
But if a day or two you here repose,
Tis very likely you shall haue him here,
Or else haue certayne notice where he is.

Gon.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Gon. Are not we worthy to receiue your message ?

Am. I had in charge to do it to himselfe.

Gon. It may be then 'twill not be done in haste.

To herselfe.

How doth my sister brooke the ayre of *Fraunce* ?

Am. Exceeding well, and neuer sicke one houre,
Since first she fet her foot vpon the shore.

Gon. I am the more forry.

Am. I hope, not so, madam.

Gon. Didst thou not say, that she was euer sicke,
Since the first houre that she arriued there ?

Amb. No, madam, I sayd quite contrary.

Gon. Then I mistooke thee.

Corn. Then she is merry, if she haue her health.

Am. Oh no, her grieve exceeds, vntill the time,
That she be reconcil'd unto her father.

Gon. God continue it.

Am. What, madam ?

Gon. Why, her health.

Am. Amen to that : but God release her grieve,
And send her father in a better mind,
Then to continue alwayes so vnkind.

Corn. Ile be a mediator in her cause,
And seeke all meanes to expiat his wrath.

Am. Madam, I hope your grace will do the like.,

Gon. Should I be a meane to exasperate his wrath
Against my sister, whom I loue so deare ? no, no.

Am. To expiate or mittigate his wrath :
For he hath misconceyued without a cause.

Gon. O, I, what else ?

Am. Tis pity it should be so, would it were otherwise.

Gon. It were great pity it should be otherwise.

Am. Then how, madam ?

Gon. Then that they should be reconcilde againe.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Am. It shewes you beare an honourable mind.

Gon. It shewes thy vnderstanding to be blind,
And that thou hadst need of an interpreter :

Speakes to her selfe.

Well, I will know thy message ere't be long,
And find a meane to crosse it, if I can.

Corn. Come in, my friend, and frolick in our court,
Till certayne notice of my father come.

Exeunt.

Enter Leir and Perillus.

Per. My lord, you are vp to day before your houre,
'Tis newes to you to be abroad so rathe.

Leir. Tis newes indeed, I am so extreme heauy,
That I can scarcely keepe my eye-lids open.

Per. And so am I, but I impute the cause
To rising sooner then we vse to do,

Leir. Hither my daughter meanes to come disguis'd :
Ile sit me downe, and read vntill she come.

Pull out a booke and sit downe.

Per. Sheele not be long, I warrant you, my lord :
But say, a couple of these they call good fellowes,
Should step out of a hedge, and set vpon vs,
We were in good case for to answere them.

Leir. 'Twere not for vs to stand vpon our hands.

Per. I feare, we scant should stand vpon our legs.
But how should we do to defend our selues ?

Leir. Euen pray to God, to blesse vs frō their hands :
For feruent prayer much ill hap withstands.

Per. Ile sit and pray with you for company ;
Yet was I ne're so heauy in my life.

They fall both asleepe.

Enter the messenger or murtherer with two daggers in his hands.

Mess. Were it not a mad iest, if two or three of my pro-
fessiō should meet me, and lay me downe in a ditch, and play
robbe

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

robbe thiefe with me, and perforce take my gold away from me, whilest I act this stratagem, and by this meanes the gray beards should escape? Fayth, when I were at liberty againe, I would make no more to do, but go to the next tree, and there hang my selfe.

See them and start.

But stay, me thinks, my youthes are here already,
And with pure zeale haue prayed themselves asleepe.
I thinke, they know to what intent they came,
And are prouided for another world.

He takes their bookes away.

Now could I stab them brauely, while they sleepe,
And in a maner put them to no payne;
And doing so, I shewed them mighty friendship:
For feare of death is worse then death it selfe.
But that my sweet queene will'd me for to shew
This letter to them, ere I did the deed.
Masse, they begin to stirre: Ile stand aside;
So shall I come vpon them vnawares.

They wake and rise.

Leir. I maruell, that my daughter stayes so long.

Per. I feare, we did mistake the place, my lord.

Leir. God graunt we do not miscarry in the place:
I had a short nap, but so full of dread,
As much amazeth me to think thereof.

Per. Feare not, my lord, dreames are but fantasies,
And slight imaginations of the brayne.

Mef. Perswade him so, but Ile make him and you
Confesse, that dreames do often proue too true.

Per. I pray, my lord, what was the effect of it?
I may go neere to gesse what it pretends.

Mef. Leaue that to me, I will expound the dreame.

Leir. Me thought, my daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Stood

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Stood both before me with such grim aspects,
Eche brandishing a faulchion in their hand,
Ready to lop a lymme off where it fell,
And in their other hands a naked poynyard,
Wherwith they stabd me in a hundred places,
And to their thinking left me there for dead :
But then my youngest daughter, fayre *Cordella*,
Came with a boxe of balsome in her hand,
And powred it into my bleeding wounds,
By whose good meanes I was recoured well,
In perfit health, as earst I was before :
And with the feare of this I did awake,
And yet for feare my feeble ioynts do quake.

Mef. Ile make you quake for something presently.
Stand, stand.

They reele.

Leir. We do, my friend, although with much adoe.

Mef. Deliuer, deliuer.

Per. Deliuer vs, good Lord, from such as he.

Mef. You should haue prayed before, while it was time,
And then perhaps, you might haue scapt my hands :
But you, like faithfull watch-men, fell asleepe,
The whilst I came and tooke your halberds from you.

Shew their bookes.

And now you want your weapons of defence,
How haue you any hope to be deliuered ?
This comes, because you haue no better stay,
But fall asleepe, when you should watch and pray ?

Leir. My friend, thou seemst to be a proper man.

Mef. Sblood, how the old slaue clawes me by the elbow ?
He thinks, belike, to scape by scraping thus.

Per. And it may be, are in some need of money.

Mef. That to be false, behold my euidence.

Shewes his purses.

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. If that I haue will do thee any good,
I giue it thee, euen with a right good will.

Take it.

Per. Here, take mine too, and wish with all my heart,
To do thee pleasure, it were twice as much.

Take his, and weygh them both in his hands.

Mef. Ile none of them, they are too light for me.

Puts them in his pocket.

Leir. Why then farewell : and if thou haue occasion
In any thing, to vse me to the queene,
'Tis like ynough that I can pleasure thee.

They proffer to goe.

Mef. Do you heare, do you heare, sir ?

If I had occasion to vse you to the queene,
Would you do one thing for me I should aske ?

Leir. I, any thing that lyes within my power.
Here is my hand vpon it, so farewell.

Proffer to goe.

Mef. Heare you sir, heare you ? pray, a word with you.
Me thinks, a comely honest ancient man
Should not dissemble with one for a vantage.
I know, when I shall come to try this geare,
You will recant from all that you haue sayd.

Per. Mistrust not him, but try him when thou wilt :
He is her father, therefore may do much.

Mef. I know he is, and therefore meane to try him :
You are his friend too, I must try you both.

Ambo. Prithy do, prithy do.

Proffer to go out.

Mef. Stay gray-beards then, and proue men of your words :
The queene hath tyed me by a solemne othe,
Here in this place to see you both dispatcht :
Now for the safegard of my conscience,
Do me the pleasure for to kill your selues :

So

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

So shall you saue me labour for to do it,
And proue your selues true old men of your words.
And here I vow in fight of all the world,
I ne're will trouble you whilst I liue agayne.

Leir. Affright vs not with terrour, good my friend,
Nor strike such feare into our aged hearts.

Play not the cat, which dallieth with the mouse;
And on a sudden maketh her a pray :

But if thou art markt for the mau of death

To me and to my *Damion*, tell me playne,

That we may be prepared for the stroke,

And make our selues fit for the world to come.

Mef. I am the last of any mortall race,

That ere your eyes are likely to behold,

And hither sent of purpose to this place,

To giue a finall period to your dayes,

Which are so wicked, and haue liued so long,

That your owne children seeke to short your life.

Leir. Camst thou from *France*, of purpose to do this ?

Mef. From *France* ? zoones, do I looke like a *Frenchman* ?
Sure I haue not mine owne face on ; some body hath chang'd
faces with me, and I know not of it : but I am sure, my ap-
parell is all *Englisb*. Sirra, what meanest thou to aske that
question ? I could spoyle the fashion of this face for anger. A
French face !

Leir. Because my daughter, whom I haue offended,

And at whose hands I haue deseru'd as ill,

As euer any father did of child,

Is queene of *Fraunce*, no thanks at all to me,

But vnto God, who my iniustice see.

If it be so, that shee doth seeke reuenge,

As with good reason she may iustly do,

I will most willingly resigne my life,

A sacrifice to mittigate her ire :

I neuer

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

I neuer will intreat thee to forgiue,
Because I am vnworthy for to liue.
Therefore speake soone, and I will soone make speed :
Whether *Cordella* will'd thee do this deed ?

Mef. As I am a perfit gentleman, thou speakst *French* to me :
I neuer heard *Cordellaes* name before,
Nor neuer was in *Fraunce* in all my life :
I neuer knew thou hadst a daughter there,
To whom thou didst proue so vnkind a churle :
But thy owne tounge declares that thou hast bin
A vyle old wretch, and full of heynous sin.

Leir. Ah no, my friend, thou art deceyued much :
For her except, whom I confesse I wrongd,
Through doting frenzy, and o're-ielous loue.
There liues not any vnder heauens bright eye,
That can conuict me of impiety :
And therefore sure thou dost mistake the marke :
For I am in true peace with all the world.

Mef. You are the fitter for the King of heauen :
And therefore, for to rid thee of suspence,
Know thou, the queenes of *Cambria* and *Cornwall*,
Thy owne two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Appoynted me to massacre thee here.
Why wouldst thou then perswade me, that thou art
In charity with all the world ? but now
When thy owne issue hold thee in such hate,
That they haue hyred me t'abbridge thy fate,
Oh, fy vpon such vyle dissembling breath,
That would deceyue, euen at the poynt of death.

Per. Am I awake, or is it but a dreame ?

Mef. Feare nothing, man, thou art but in a dreame,
And thou shalt neuer wake vntill doomes day,
By then, I hope, thou wilt haue slept ynough.

Leir. Yet, gentle friend, graunt one thing ere I die,

Mef.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Mef. Ile graunt you any thing, except your liues.

Leir. Oh, but assure me by some certayne token,
That my two daughters hyred thee to this deed :
If I were once resolu'd of that, then I
Would wish no longer life, but craue to dye.

Mef. That to be true, in sight of heauen I sweare.

Leir. Sweare not by heauen, for feare of punishmēt :
The heauens are guiltlesse of such haynous acts.

Mef. I sweare by earth, the mother of vs all.

Leir. Sweare not by earth ; for she abhors to beare
Such bastards, as are murtherers of her sonnes.

Mef. Why then, by hell, and all the deuils I sweare.

Leir. Sweare not by hell ; for that stands gaping wide,
To swallow thee, and if thou do this deed.

Thunder and lightning.

Mef. I would that word were in his belly agayne,
It hath frightened me euen to the very heart ;
This old man is some strong magician :
His words haue turnd my mind from this exployt.
Then neyther heauen, earth, nor hell be witnesse ;
But let this paper witnesse for them all,

Shewes Gonorils letter.

Shall I relent, or shall I profecute ?
Shall I resolue, or were I best recant ?
I will not crack my credit with two queenes,
To whom I haue already past my word.
Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell,
I get heauens hate, earths scorne, and paynes of hell.

They blesse themselues.

Per. Oh iust *Iehoua*, whose almighty power
Doth gouerne all things in this spacious world,
How canst thou suffer such outragious acts
To be committed without iust reuenge ?

O viperous

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

O viperous generation and accurst,
To seeke his blood, whose blood did make them first !

Leir. Ah, my true friend in all extremity,
Let vs submit vs to the will of God :
Things past all fence, let vs not seeke to know;
It is Gods will, and therefore must be so.
My friend, I am prepared for the stroke :
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgiue thee here,
Euen from the very bottome of my heart.

Mef. But I am not prepared for to strike.

Leir. Farewell, *Perillus*, euen the truest friend,
That euer liued in aduersity :
The latest kindnesse Ile request of thee,
Is that thou go vnto my daughter *Cordella*,
And carry her her fathers latest blessing :
Withall desire her, that she will forgiue me ;
For I haue wrongd her without any cause.
Now, lord, receyue me, for I come to thee,
And dye, I hope, in perfit charity.
Dispatch, I pray thee, I haue liued too long.

Mef. I, but you are unwise, to send an errand
By him that neuer meaneth to deliuer it :
Why, he must go along with you to heauen :
It were not good you should go all alone.

Leir. No doubt, he shal, when by the course of nature,
He must surrender vp his due to death :
But that time shall not come, till God permit

Mef. Nay, presently, to beare you company.
I haue a pasport for him in my pocket,
Already seald, and he must needs ride poste.

Shew a bagge of money.

Leir. The letter which I read, imports not so,
It only toucheth me, no word of him.

Mef.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Mess. I, but the queene commaunds it must be so,
And I am payd for him, as well as you.

Per. I, who haue borne you company in life,
Most willingly will beare a share in death.
It skilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,
Nor for a hundred such as thou and I.

Mes. Mary, but it doth, sir, by your leaue ; your good dayes
are past : though it bee no matter for you, tis a matter for
me, proper men are not so rife.

Per. Oh, but beware, how thou dost lay thy hand
Vpon the high anoynted of the Lord :
O, be aduised ere thou dost begin :
Dispatch me straight, but meddle not with him.

Leir. Friend, thy commission is to deale with me,
And I am he that hath deserued all :
The plot was layd to take away my life :
And here it is, I do intreat thee take it :
Yet for my sake, and as thou art a man,
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came :
I brought him forth, whereas he had not bin,
But for good will to beare me company.
He left his friends, his country and his goods,
And came with me in most extremity.
Oh, if he should miscarry here and dye,
Who is the cause of it, but only I ?

Mes. Why that am I, let that ne're trouble thee.

Leir. O no, tis I. O, had I now to giue thee
The monarchy of all the spacious world
To saue his life, I would bestow it on thee :
But I haue nothing but these teares and prayers,
And the submission of a bended knee.

kneele.

O, if all this to mercy moue thy mind,
Spare him, in heauen thou shalt like mercy find.

Mes.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Mef. I am as hard to be moued as another, and yet me thinks the strength of their perswasions stirres me a little.

Per. My friend, if feare of the almighty power
Haue power to moue thee, we haue sayd ynough :
But if thy mind be moueable with gold,
We haue not presently to giue it thee :
Yet to thy selfe thou mayst do greater good,
To keepe thy hands still vndefilde from blood :
For do but well consider with thy selfe,
When thou hast finisht this outrageous act,
What horror still will haunt thee for the deed :
Think this agayne, that they which would incense
Thee for to be the butcher of their father,
When it is done, for feare it should be knowne,
Would make a meanes to rid thee from the world :
Oh, then art thou for euer tyed in chaynes
Of euerlasting torments to indure,
Euen in the hottest hole of grisly hell,
Such paynes, as neuer mortall tounge can tell.

*It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the dagger next to
Perillus.*

Leir. O, heauens be thanked, he will spare my friend.
Now when thou wilt come make an end of me.

He lets fall the other dagger.

Per. Oh, happy sight ! he meanes to saue my lord.
The king of heauen continue this good mind.

Leir. Why stayst thou to do execution ?

Mef. I am as wilfull as you for your life :
I will not do it, now you do intreat me.

Per. Ah, now I see thou hast some sparke of grace.

Mef. Beshrew you for it, you haue put it in me :
The parlofest old men, that ere I heard.
Well, to be flat, Ile not meddle with you :

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Here I found you, and here Ile leaue you :
If any aske you why the case so stand ?
Say that your tounge were better then your hands.

Exit Mess.

Per. Farewell. If euer we together meet,
It shall go hard, but I will thee regret.
Courage, my lord, the worst is ouerpast ;
Let vs giue thanks to God, and hye vs hence.

Leir. Thou art deceyued ; for I am past the best,
And know not whither for to go from hence :
Death had bin better welcome vnto me,
Then longer life to adde more misery.

Per. It were not good to returne from whence we came,
Vnto your daughter *Ragan* back againe.
Now let vs go to *France*, vnto *Cordella*,
Your youngest daughter, doubtlesse she will succour you.

Leir. Oh, how can I perswade my selfe of that,
Since the other two are quite deuoyd of loue ;
To whom I was so kind, as that my gifts,
Might make them loue me, if 'twere nothing else ?

Per. No worldly gifts, but grace from God on hye,
Doth nourish vertue and true charity.
Remember well what words *Cordella* spake,
What time you askt her, how she lou'd your grace.
She sayd, her loue vnto you was as much,
As ought a child to beare vnto her father.

Leir. But she did find, my loue was not to her,
As should a father beare vnto a child.

Per. That makes not her loue to be any lesse,
If she do loue you as a child should do :
You haue tryed two, try one more for my sake,
Ile ne're intreat you further tryall make.
Remember well the dreame you had of late,
And thinke what comfort it foretels to vs.

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. Come, trueſt friend, that euer man poſſeſt,
I know thou counſailſt all things for the beſt :
If this third daughter play a kinder part,
It comes of God, and not of my deſert. *Excunt.*

Enter the Gallian ambaffador ſolus.

Am. There is of late newes come vnto the court,
That old lord *Leir* remaynes in *Cambria* :
Ile hye me thither preſently, to impart
My letters and my meſſage vnto him.
I neuer was leſſe welcome to a place
In all my life time, then I haue bin hither,
Eſpecially vnto the ſtately queene,
Who would not caſt one gracious looke on me,
But ſtill with lowring and ſuſpicious eyes,
Would take exceptions at each word I ſpake,
And fayne ſhe would haue vndermined me,
To know what my ambaffage did import.
But ſhe is like to hop without her hope,
And in this matter for to want her will,
Though (by report) ſhee le hau't in all things elſe.
Well, I will poſte away for *Cambria* :
Within theſe few dayes I hope to be there, *Exit.*

Enter the king and queene of Gallia, and Mumford.

King. By this, our father vnderſtands our mind,
And our kind greetings ſent to him of late :
Therefore my mind preſageth ere't be long,
We ſhall receyue from *Brittayne* happy newes.

Cord. I feare, my ſiſter will diſſwade his mind ;
For ſhe to me hath alwayes bin vnkind.

King. Feare not, my loue, ſince that we know the worſt,
The laſt meanes helps, if that we miſſe the firſt :

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR.

If hee'le not come to *Gallia* vnto vs,
Then we will sayle to *Brittayne* vnto him.

Mum. Well, if I once see *Brittayne* agayne,
I haue sworne, Ile ne're come home without my wench,
And Ile not be forsworne,
Ile rather neuer come home while I liue.

Cor. Are you sure, *Mumford*, she is a mayd still?

Mum. Nay, Ile not sweare she is a mayd, but she goes for
one :

Ile take her at all aduentures, if I can get her.

Cord. I, thats well put in.

Mum. Well put in? nay, it was ill put in; for had it
Bin as well put in, as ere I put in, in my dayes,
I would haue made her follow me to *Fraunce*.

Cor. Nay, you'd haue bin so kind, as take her with you,
Or else, were I as she,
I would haue bin so louing, as Ide stay behind you :
Yet I must confesse, you are a very proper man,
And able to make a wench do more then she would do.

Mum. Well, I haue a payre of slops for the nonce,
Will hold all your mocks.

King. Nay, we see you haue a handsome hose.

Cor. I, and of the newest fashion.

Mum. More bobs, more : put them in still,
They'l serue instead of bumbast, yet put not in too many, lest
the seames crack, and they fly out amongst you againe : you
must not think to outface me so easily in my mistris quarrel, who
if I see once agayne, ten teame of horses shall not draw me
away, till I haue full and whole possession.

King. I, but one teame and a cart will serue the turne.

Cor. Not only for him, but also for his wench.

Mum. Well, you are two to one, Ile giue you ouer :
And since I see you so pleasantly disposed,
Which indeed is but seldome seene, Ile clayme

A promise

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

A promise of you, which you shall not deny me :
For promise is debt, and by this hand you promis'd it me.
Therefore you owe it me, and you shall pay it me,
Or Ile sue you vpon an action of vnkindnesse.

King. Prithy, lord *Mumford*, what promise did I make thee ?

Mum. Fayth, nothing but this,
That the next fayre weather, which is very now,
You would go in progresse downe to the sea side,
Which is very neere.

King. Fayth, in this motion I will ioyne with thee,
And be a mediator to my queene.

Prithy, my loue, let this match go forward,
My mind foretels, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

Cor. Entreaty needs not, where you may cōmaund,
So you be pleasde, I am right well content :
Yet, as the sea I much desire to see ;
So am I most vnwilling to be seene.

King. Weele go disguised, all vnknowne to any.

Cor. Howsoeuer you make one, Ile make another.

Mum. And I the third : oh, I am ouer-ioyed !
See what loue is, which getteth with a word,
What all the world besides could ne're obtayne :
But what disguises shall we haue, my lord ?

King. Fayth thus : my queene and I will be disguisde,
Like a playne country couple, and you shall be *Roger*
Our man, and wayt vpon vs : or if you will,
You shall go first, and we will wayt on you.

Mum. 'Twere more then time; this deuice is excellent :
Come let vs about it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cambria and Ragan, with nobles.

Cam. What strange mischance or vnexpected hap
Hath thus depriu'd vs of our fathers presence ?

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Can no man tell vs what's become of him,
With whom we did conuerse not two dayes since?
My lords, let euery where light horſe be ſent,
To ſcoure about through all our regiment.
Diſpatch a poſte immediately to *Cornwall*,
To ſee if any newes be of him there;
My ſelfe will make a ſtrict inquiry here,
And all about our cities neere at hand,
Till certayne newes of his abode be brought.

Rag. All ſorrow is but counterfet to mine,
Whoſe lips are almoſt ſealed vp with grieve:
Mine is the ſubſtance, whiſt they do but ſeeme
To weepe the leſſe, which teares cannot redeeme.
O, ne're was heard ſo ſtrange a miſaduenture,
A thing ſo far beyond the reach of ſence,
Since no mans reaſon in the cauſe can enter.
What hath remou'd my father thus from hence?
O, I do feare ſome charme or inuocation
Of wicked ſpirits, or infernall fiends,
Stird by *Cordella*, moues this innouation,
And brings my father timeleſſe to his end.
But might I know, that the deteſted witch
Were certayne cauſe of this vncertayne ill,
My ſelfe to *Fraunce* would go in ſome diſguiſe,
And with theſe nayles ſcratch out her hatefull eyes:
For ſince I am deſtried of my father,
I loath my life, and wiſh my death the rather.

Cam. The heauens are iuſt, and hate impiety,
And will (no doubt) reueale ſuch haynous crimes:
Cenſure not any, till you know the right:
Let him be iudge, that bringeth truth to light.

Ra. O, but my grieve, like to a ſwelling tyde,
Exceeds the bounds of common patience:

Nor

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Nor can I moderate my tounge so much,
To conceale them, whom I hold in suspect.

Cam. This matter shall be sifted: if it be she,
A thousand *Fraunces* shall not harbour her.

Enter the Gallian ambassador.

Am. All happinesse vnto the *Cambrian* king.

Cam. Welcom, my friend, from whence is thy ambassage?

Am. I came from *Gallia*, vnto *Cornwall* sent,
With letters to your honourable father,
Whom there not finding, as I did expect,
I was directed hither to repayre.

Rag. Frenchman, what is thy message to my father?

Am. My letters, madam, will import the same,
Which my commission is for to deliuer.

Ra. In his absence you may trust vs with your letters.

Am. I must performe my charge in such a maner,
As I haue strict commaundement from the king.

Ra. There is good packing twixt your king and you:
You need not hither come to aske for him,
You know where he is better then our selues.

Am. Madam, I hope, not far off.

Ra. Hath the young murtheresse, your outrageous queene,
No meanes to colour her detested deeds,
In finishing my guiltlesse fathers dayes,
(Because he gaue her nothing to her dowre)
But by the colour of a fayn'd ambassage,
To send him letters hither to our court?
Go carry them to them that sent them hither,
And bid them keepe their scroules vnto themselues:
They cannot blind vs with such slight excuse,
To smother vp so monstrous vild abuse.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

And were it not, it is 'gainst law of armes,
To offer violence to a messenger,
We would inflict such torments on thy selfe,
As should inforce thee to reueale the truth.

Am. Madam, your threats no whit apall my mind,
I know my conscience guiltlesse of this act;
My king and queene, I dare be sworne, are free
From any thought of such impiety:
And therefore, madam, you haue done them wrong,
And ill beseeming with a sisters loue,
Who in meere duty tender him as much,
As euer you respected him for dowre.
The king your husband will not say as much.

Cam. I will suspend my iudgement for a time,
Till more apparance giue vs further light:
Yet to be playne, your comming doth inforce
A great suspicion to our doubtfull mind,
And that you do resemble, to be briebe,
Him that first robs, and then cries, stop the theefe,

Am. Pray God some neere you haue not done the like.

Rag. Hence, saucy mate, reply no more to vs;

She strikes him.

For law of armes shall not protect thy tounge.

Am. Ne're was I offred such discourtesy;
God and my king, I trust, ere it be long,
Will find a meane to remedy this wrong.

Exit Amb.

Rag. How shall I liue, to suffer this disgrace,
At euery base and vulgar peafants hands?
It ill befitteth my imperiall state,
To be thus vsde, and no man take my part.

She weeps.

Cam.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Cam. What should I do : infringe the law of armes,
Were to my euerlasting obloquy :
But I will take reuenge vpon his master,
Which sent him hither, to delude vs thus.

Rag. Nay, if you put vp this, be sure, ere long,
Now that my father thus is made away,
Sheele come and clayme a third part of your crowne,
As due vnto her by inheritance.

Cam. But I will proue her title to be nought
But shame, and the reward of parricide,
And make her an example to the world,
For after-ages to admire her penance.
This will I do, as I am *Cambriaes* king,
Or lose my life, to prosecute reuenge.
Come, first let's learne what newes is of our father,
And then proceed, as best occasion fits,

Exeunt.

*Enter Leir, Perillus, and two marriners, in sea-gownes and
sea-caps.*

Per. My honest friends, we are asham'd to shew
The great extremity of our present state,
In that at this time we are brought so low,
That we want money for to pay our passage.
The truth is so, we met with some good fellowes,
A little before we came aboard your ship,
Which stript vs quite of all the coyne we had,
And left vs not a penny in our purses :
Yet wanting mony, we will vse the meane,
To see you satisfied to the vttermost.

Looke on Leir.

1 Mar.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

1 *Mar.* Heres a good gown, 'twould become me passing wel,
I should be fine in it.

Locke on Perillus.

2 *Mar.* Heres a good cloke, I marvel how I should look in it.

Leir. Fayth, had we others to supply their roome,
Though ne're so meane, you willingly should haue them.

1 *Mar.* Do you heare, fir? you looke like an honest man; Ile not stand to do you a pleasure: here's a good strōg motly gaberdine, cost me xiiij. good shillings at *Billingsgate*, giue me your gowne for it, and your cap for mine, and Ile forgiue your passage.

Leir. With al my heart, and xx. thanks.

Leir and he changeth.

2 *Mar.* Do you heare, fir? you shall haue a better match thē he, because you are my friend: here is a good sheeps russet sea-gowne, will bide more stresse, I warrant you, then two of his, yes for you seem to be an honest gentleman, I am content to chāge it for your cloke, and aske you nothing for your passage more.

Pull off Perillus cloke.

Per. My owne I willingly would change with thee,
And think my selfe indebted to thy kindnesse:
But would my friend might keepe his garment still.
My friend, Ile giue thee this new dublet, if thou wilt
Restore his gowne vnto him back agayne.

1 *Mar.* Nay, if I do, would I might ne're eate powderd beefe and mustard more, nor drink can of good liquor whilst I liue. My friend, you haue small reason to seeke to hinder me of my bargaine: but the best is, a bargayne's a bargayne.

Leir. Kind friend, it is much better as it is;

Leir to Perillus.

For

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

For by this meanes we may escape vnknowne,
Till time and opportunity do fit.

2 *Mar.* Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together,
Theile repent them of their bargayne anon,
'Twere best for vs to go while we are well.

1 *Mar.* God be with you, sir, for your passage back agayne,
Ile vse you as vnreasonable as another.

Leir. I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready
money

With vs, when we come back agayne.

Exeunt mariners.

Were euer men in this extremity,
In a strange country, and deuoyd of friends,
And not a penny for to helpe our selues?
Kind friend, what thinkst thou will become of vs?

Per. Be of good cheere, my lord, I haue a dublet,
Will yeeld vs mony ynough to serue our turnes,
Vntill we come vnto your daughters court:
And then, I hope, we shall find friends ynough.

Leir. Ah, kind *Perillus*, that is it I feare,
And makes me faynt, or euer I come there.
Can kindnesse spring out of ingratitude?
Or loue be reapt, where hatred hath bin sowne?
Can henbane ioyne in league with Methridate?
Or sugar grow in wormwoods bitter stalke?
It cannot be, they are too opposite:
And so am I to any kindnesse here.

I haue throwne wormwood on the sugred youth,
And like to henbane poysoned the fount,
Whence flowed the Methridate of a child's good wil.
I, like an enuious thorne, haue prickt the heart,
And turnd sweet grapes, to sowre vnrelisht floes:
The causelesse ire of my respectlesse brest,
Hath sowrd the sweet milk of dame natures paps:

My

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

My bitter words haue gauld her hony thoughts,
And weeds of rancour chokt the flower of grace.
Then what remainder is of any hope,
But all our fortunes will go quite aslope?

Per. Feare not, my lord, the perfit good indeed,
Can neuer be corrupted by the bad :
A new fresh vessell still retaynes the taste
Of that which first is powr'd into the same :
And therefore, though you name yourselfe the thorn,
The weed, the gall, the henbane and the wormewood ;
Yet sheele continue in her former state,
The hony, milke, grape, sugar, Methridate.

Leir. Thou pleasing orator vnto me in wo,
Cease to beguile me with thy hopefull speeches :
O ioyne with me, and thinke of nought but crosses,
And then weele one lament anothers losses.

Per. Why, say the worst, the worst can be but death,
And death is better then for to despaire :
Then hazzard death, which may conuert to life ;
Banish despaire, which brings a thousand deathes.

Leir. Orecome with thy strong arguments, I yeeld,
To be directed by thee, as thou wilt :
As thou yeeldst comfort to my crazed thoughts,
Would I could yeeld the like vnto thy body,
Which is full weake, I know, and ill apayd,
For want of fresh meat and due sustenance.

Per. Alack, my lord, my heart doth bleed, to think
That you should be in such extremity.

Leir. Come, let vs go, and see what God will send ;
When all meanes faile, he is the surest friend.

Exeunt.

Enter

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Enter the Gallian king and queene, and Mumford, with a basket, disguised like countrey folke.

King. This tedious iourney all on foot, sweet loue,
Cannot be pleasing to your tender ioynts,
Which ne're were vsed to these toylefome walks.

Cord. I neuer in my life tooke more delight
In any iourney, then I do in this :
It did me good, when as we hapt to light
Amongst the merry crue of countrey folke,
To see what industry and paynes they tooke,
To win them commendations 'mongst their friends.
Lord, how they labour to bestir themselues,
And in their quirks to go beyond the moone,
And so take on them with such antike fits,
That one would think they were beside their wits !
Come away, *Roger*, with your basket.

Mum. Soft, dame, here comes a couple of old youthes,
I must needs make my selfe fat with iesting at them.

Enter Leir and Perillus very faintly.

Cor. Nay, prithy do not, they do seeme to be
Men much o'regone with grieve and misery.
Let's stand aside, and harken what they say.

Leir. Ah, my *Perillus*, now I see we both
Shall end our dayes in this vnfruitfull soyle,
Oh, I do faint for want of sustenance:
And thou, I know, in little better case.
No gentle tree affords one taste of fruit,
To comfort vs, vntill we meet with men :
No lucky path conducts our lucklesse steps
Vnto a place where any comfort dwels.

Sweet

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Sweet rest betyde vnto our happy soules ;
For here I see our bodies must haue end.

Per. Ah, my deare lord, how doth my heart lament,
To see you brought to this extremity !
O, if you loue me, as you do professe,
Or euer thought well of me in my life,

He strips vp his arme.

Feed on this flesh, whose veynes are not so dry,
But there is vertue left to comfort you.
O, feed on this, if this will do you good,
Ile smile for ioy, to see you suck my bloud.

Leir. I am no Caniball, that I should delight
To slake my hungry iawes with humane flesh :
I am no deuill, or ten times worse then so,
To suck the bloud of such a peerelesse friend.
O, do not think that I respect my life
So dearely, as I do thy loyall loue.

Ah, *Brittayne*, I shall neuer see thee more,
That hast vnkindly banished thy king :
And yet not thou dost make me to complayne,
But they which were more neere to me then thou.

Cor. What do I heare ? this lamentable voyce,
Me thinks, ere now I oftentimes haue heard.

Leir. Ah, *Gonorill*, was halfe my kingdomes gift
The cause that thou didst seeke to haue my life ?

Ah, cruell *Ragan*, did I giue thee all,
And all could not suffice without my bloud ?

Ah, poore *Cordella*, did I giue thee nought,
Nor neuer shall be able for to giue ?

O, let me warne all ages that insueth,
How they trust flattery, and reiect the trueth.

Well, vnkind girles, I here forgiue you both,
Yet the iust heauens will hardly do the like ;

And

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

And onely craue forgiuenesse at the end
Of good *Cordella*, and of thee, my friend ;
Of God, whose maiesty I haue offended,
By my transgression many thousand wayes :
Of her, deare heart, whom I for no occasion
Turn'd out of all, through flatterers perswasion:
Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,
Hadst neuer come vnto this place of wo.

Cor. Alack, that euer I should liue to see
My noble father in this misery.

King. Sweet loue, reueale not what thou art as yet,
Vntill we know the ground of all this ill.

Cor. O, but some meat, some meat: do you not see,
How neere they are to death for want of food?

Per. Lord, which didst help thy seruants at their need,
Or now or neuer send vs helpe with speed.
Oh comfort, comfort! yonder is a banquet,
And men and women, my lord: be of good cheare;
For I see comfort comming very neere.
O my lord, a banquet, and men and women!

Leir. O, let kind pity mollify their hearts,
That they may helpe vs in our great extreames.

Per. God saue you, friends; and if this blessed banquet
Affordeth any food or sustenance,
Euen for his sake that saued vs all from death,
Vouchsafe to saue vs from the gripe of famine.

She bringeth him to the table.

Cor. Here father, sit and eat, here, sit and drink:
And would it were far better for your sakes.

Perillus takes Leir by the hand to the table.

Per. Ile giue you thanks anon: my friend doth faynt,
And needeth present comfort.

Leir drinks.

Mum.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Mum. I warrant, he ne're staves to say a grace :
O, theres no sauce to a good stomake.

Per. The blessed God of heauen hath thought vpon vs.

Leir. The thanks be his, and these kind courteous folke,
By whose humanity we are preserued.

They eat hungerly, Leir drinkes.

Cor. And may that draught be vnto him, as was
That which old *Eson* dranke, which did renue
His withered age, and made him young againe.
And may that meat be vnto him, as was
That which *Elias* ate, in strength whereof
He walked fourty dayes, and neuer faynted.
Shall I conceale me longer from my father ?
Or shall I manifest my selfe to him ?

King. Forbeare a while, vntill his strength returne,
Lest being ouer-ioyed with seeing thee,
His poore weake fences should forsake their office,
And so our cause of ioy be turnd to sorrow.

Per. What chere, my lord ? how do you feele your selfe ?

Leir. Me thinks, I neuer ate such sauory meat :
It is as pleasant as the blessed manna,
That raynd from heauen amongst the *Israelites* :
It hath recall'd my spirits home agayne,
And made me fresh, as earst I was before.
But how shall we congratulate their kindnesse ?

Per. Infayth, I know not how sufficiently ;
But the best meane that I can think on, is this :
Ile offer them my dublet in requitall ;
For we haue nothing else to spare.

Leir. Nay, stay, *Perillus*, for they shall haue mine.

Per. Pardon, my lord, I sweare they shall haue mine.

Perillus proffers his dublet : they will not take it.

Leir. Ah, who would think such kindnes should remayne
Among such strange and vnacquainted men :

And

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

And that such hate should harbour in the brest
Of those, which haue occasion to be best?

Cor. Ah, good old father, tell to me thy grieve,
Ile sorrow with thee, if not adde reliefe.

Leir. Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee so;
For thou art like a daughter I did owe.

Cor. Do you not owe her still? what, is she dead?

Leir. No, God forbid: but all my interest's gone,
By shewing my selfe too much vnnaturall:
So haue I lost the title of a father,
And may be call'd a stranger to her rather.

Cor. Your title's good still: for tis alwayes knowne,
A man may do as him list with his owne.
But haue you but one daughter then in all?

Leir. Yes, I haue more by two, then would I had.

Cor. O, say not so, but rather see the end
They that are bad, may haue the grace to mend:
But how haue they offended you so much?

Leir. If from the first I should relate the cause,
'Twould make a heart of adamant to weepe;
And thou, poore soule, kind-hearted as thou art,
Dost weepe already, ere I do begin.

Cor. For Gods loue tell it, and when you haue done:
Ile tell the reason why I weepe so soone.

Leir. Then know this first, I am a *Brittayne* borne,
And had three daughters by one louing wife:
And though I say it, of beauty they were sped;
Especially the youngest of the three,
For her perfections hardly matcht could be:
On these I doted with a ielous loue,
And thought to try which of them lou'd me best,
By asking them, which would do most for me?
The first and second flattred me with words,
And vowd they lou'd me better then their liues:

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

The youngest sayd, she loued me as a child
Might do : her answere I esteem'd most vild,
And presently in an outrageous mood,
I turnd her from me to go sinke or fwym :
And all I had, euen to the very clothes,
I gaue in dowry with the other two :
And she that best deseru'd the greatest share,
I gaue her nothing, but disgrace and care.
Now mark the sequell : when I had done thus,
I soiournd in my eldest daughters house,
Where for a time I was intreated well,
And liu'd in state sufficing my content :
But euery day her kindnesse did grow cold,
Which I with patience put vp well ynough,
And seemed not to see the things I saw :
But at the last she grew so far incens'd
With moody fury, and with causlesse hate,
That in most vild and contumelious termes,
She bade me pack, and harbour somewhere else.
Then was I fayne for refuge to repayre
Vnto my other daughter for reliefe.
Who gaue me pleasing and most courteous words ;
But in her actions shewed her selfe so fore,
As neuer any daughter did before :
She prayd me in a morning out betime,
To go to a thicket two miles from the court,
Poynting that there she would come talke with me :
There she had set a shag hayrd murdring wretch,
To massacre my honest friend and me.
Then iudge your selfe, although my tale be briefe,
If euer man had greater cause of grieve.

King. Nor neuer like impiety was done,
Since the creation of the world begun.

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. And now I am constrained to seeke reliefe
Of her, to whom I haue bin so vnkind;
Whose censure, if it do award me death,
I must confesse she payes me but my due:
But if she shew a louing daughters part,
It comes of God and her, not my desert.

Cor. No doubt she will, I dare be sworne she will.

Leir. How know you that, not knowing what she is?

Cor. My selfe a father haue a great way hence,
Vfde me as ill as euer you did her;

Yet, that his reuerend age I once might see,
Ide creepe along, to meet him on my knee.

Leir. O, no mens children are vnkind but mine.

Cor. Condemne not all, because of others crime:
But looke, deare father, looke, behold and see
Thy louing daughter speaketh vnto thee.

She kneeles.

Leir. O, stand thou vp, it is my part to kneele,
And aske forgiuenesse for my former faults.

He kneeles.

Cor. O, if you wish I should inioy my breath,
Deare father rise, or I receiue my death.

He riseth.

Leir. Then I will rise, to satisfy your mind,
But kneele againe, til pardon be resignd.

He kneeles.

Cor. I pardon you: the word beseemes not me:
But I do say so, for to ease your knee,
You gaue me life, you were the cause that I
Am what I am, who else had neuer bin.

Leir. But you gaue life to me and to my friend,
Whose dayes had else, had an vntimely end.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Cor. You brought me vp, when as I was but young,
And far vnable for to helpe my selfe.

Leir. I cast thee forth, when as thou wast but young,
And far vnable for to helpe thy selfe.

Cor. God, world and nature say I do you wrong,
That can indure to see you kneele so long.

King. Let me breake off this louing controuerfy,
Which doth reioyce my very soule to see.
Good father, rise, she is your louing daughter,

He riseth.

And honours you with as respectiue duty,
As if you were the monarch of the world.

Cor. But I will neuer rise from off my knee,

She kneeles.

Vntill I haue your blessing, and your pardon
Of all my faults committed any way,
From my first birth vnto this present day.

Leir. The blessing, which the God of *Abraham* gaue
Vnto the trybe of *Iuda*, light on thee,
And multiply thy dayes, that thou mayst see
Thy childrens children prosper after thee.
Thy faults, which are iust none that I do know,
God pardon on high, and I forgiue below.

She riseth.

Cor. Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leape
Within my brest, for ioy of this good hap:
And now (deare father) welcome to our court,
And welcome (kind *Perillus*) vnto me,
Myrrour of vertue and true honesty.

Leir. O, he hath bin the kindest friend to me,
That euer man had in aduersity.

Per. My tounge doth faile, to say what heart doth think,
I am so rauisht with exceeding ioy.

King.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King. All you haue spoke : now let me speak my mind,
And in few words much matter here conclude :

He kneeles.

If ere my heart do harbour any ioy,
Or true content repose within my brest,
Till I haue rooted out this viperous sect,
And repofsest my father of his crowne,
Let me be counted for the periurdfst man,
That euer spake word since the world began.

Rife.

Mum. Let me pray to, that neuer pray'd before ;

Mumford kneeles.

If ere I refalute the *Brittish* earth,
(As (ere't be long) I do presume I shall)
And do returne from thence without my wench,
Let me be gelded for my recompence.

Rife.

King. Come, let's to armes for to redresse this wrong :
Till I am there, me thinks the time seemes long.

Exeunt.

Enter Ragan sola.

Rag. I feele a hell of conscience in my brest,
Tormenting me with horroure for my fact,
And makes me in an agony of doubt,
For feare the world should find my dealing out.
The slaue whom I appoynted for the act,
I ne're fet eye vpon the peasant since :
O, could I get him for to make him sure,
My doubts would cease, and I should rest secure.
But if the old men, with perswasue words,
Haue sau'd their liues, and made him to relent ;
Then are they fled vnto the court of *Fraunce*,
And like a trumpet manifest my shame.
A shame on these white-liuerd slaues, say I,
That with fayre words so soone are overcome.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

O God, that I had bin but made a man ;
Or that my strength were equall with my will !
These foolish men are nothing but meere pity,
And melt as butter doth against the sun.
Why should they haue preeminence ouer vs,
Since we are creatures of more braue resolute ?
I sweare, I am quite out of charity
With all the heartlesse men in *Christendome*.
A poxe vpon them, when they are affrayd
To giue a stab, or slit a paltry wind-pipe,
Which are so easy matters to be done.
Well, had I thought the slaue would serue me so,
My selfe would haue bin executioner :
Tis now vndone, and if that it be knowne,
Ile make as good shift as I can for one.
He that repines at me, how ere it stands,
'Twere best for him to keepe him from my hands. *Exit.*

*Sound drums and trumpets : Enter the Gallian king, Leir,
Mumford and the army.*

King. Thus haue we brought our army to the sea,
Whereas our ships are ready to receyue vs :
The wind stands fayre, and we in foure houres sayle,
May easily arriue on *Brittish* shore,
Where vnexpected we may them surprise,
And gayne a glorious victory with ease.
Wherefore, my louing countreyemen, resolute,
Since truth and iustice fighteth on our sides,
That we shall march with conquest where we go.
My selfe will be as forward as the first,
And step by step march with the hardiest wight :
And not the meanest souldier in our campe

Shall

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Shall be in danger, but Ile fecond him.
To you, my lord, we giue the whole commaund
Of all the army, next vnto our felfe.
Not doubting of you, but you will extend
Your wonted valour in this needfull cafe,
Encouraging the reft to do the like,
By your approued magnanimity.

Mum. My liege, tis needlefle to fpur a willing horfe,
Thats apt enough to run himfelfe to death :
For here I fweare by that fweet faints bright eye,
Which are the ftarres, which guide me to good hap,
Eyther to fee my old lord crown'd anew,
Or in his caufe to bid the world adieu.

Leir. Thanks, good lord *Mumford*, tis more of your good
will,
Then any merit or defert in me.

Mum. And now to you, my worthy countrymen,
Ye valiant race of *Genouestan Gawles*,
Surnamed *Red-shanks*, for your chyualry,
Because you fight vp to the fhanks in bloud ;
Shew your felues now to be right *Gawles* indeed,
And be fo bitter on your enemies,
That they may fay, you are as bitter as gall.
Gall them, braue shot, with your artillery :
Gall them, braue halberts, with your fharp point billes,
Each in their poynted place, not one, but all,
Fight for the credit of your felues and *Gawle*.

King. Then what fhould more perfwaſion need to thoſe,
That rather wiſh to deale, then heare of blowes ?
Let's to our ſhips, and if that God permit,
In foure houres ſayle, I hope we ſhall be there.

Mum. And in five houres more, I make no doubt,
But we ſhall bring our wiſh'd deſires about.

Exeunt.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Enter a Captayne of the Watch, and two Watchmen.

Cap. My honest friends, it is your turne to night,
To watch in this place, neere about the beacon,
And vigilantly haue regard,
If any fleet of ships passe hitherward :
Which if you do, your office is to fire
The beacon presently, and raise the towne. *Exit.*

1. *Wat.* I, I, I, feare nothing ; we know our charge, I warrant : I haue bin a watchman about this beacon this xxx. yere, and yet I ne're see it stir, but stood as quietly as might be.

2. *Wat.* Fayth neighbour, and you'l follow my vice, instead of watching the beacon, wee'l go to goodman *Gennings*, and watch a pot of ale and a rasher of bacon : and if we do not drink ourselues drunke, then so ; I warrant, the beacon will see vs when we come out agayne.

1. *W.* I, but how if some body excuse vs to the captayne ?

2. *W.* Tis no matter, Ile proue by good reason that we watch the beacon : asse for example.

1. *W.* I hope you do not call me asse by craft, neighbour.

2. *W.* No, no, but for example : say here stands the pot of ale, thats the beacon.

1. *W.* I, I, tis a very good beacon.

2. *W.* Well, say here stands your nose, thats the fire.

1. *W.* Indeed I must confesse, tis somewhat red.

2. *W.* I see come marching in a dish, halfe a score pieces of salt bacon.

1. *W.* I vnderstand your meaning, thats as much to say, half a score ships.

2. *W.* True, you conster right ; presently, like a faithfull watchman, I fire the beacon, and call vp the towne.

1. *W.* I, thats as much as to say, you set your nose to the pot, and drink vp the drink.

2. *W.*

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

2. *W.* You are in the right; come, let's go fire the beacon.
Exeunt.

Enter the king of Gallia with a stil march, Mumford and soldiers.

King. Now march our ensignes on the *Brittish* earth,
And we are neere approaching to the towne :
Then looke about you, valiant countrymen,
And we shall finish this exployt with ease.
Th' inhabitants of this mistrustfull place,
Are dead asleep, as men that are secure :
Here shall we skirmish but with naked men,
Deuoyd of sence, new waked from a dreame,
That know not what our comming doth pretend,
Till they do feele our meaning on their skinnes :
Therefore assaile : God and our right for vs. *Exeunt.*

Alarm, with men and women halfe naked: Enter two Captaynes without dublets, with swords.

1. *Cap.* Where are these villaines that were set to watch,
And fire the beacon, if occasion seru'd,
That thus haue suffred vs to be surprisde,
And neuer giuen notice to the towne ?
We are betrayd, and quite deuoyd of hope,
By any meanes to fortify our selues.

2. *Cap.* Tis ten to one the peasants are o'recome with drinke
and sleep, and so neglect their charge.

1. *Cap.* A whirl-wind carry them quick to a whirl-poole,
That there the slaues may drinke their bellies full.

2. *Cap.* This tis, to haue the beacon so neere the ale-house.

Enter the Watchmen drunke, with each a pot.

1. *Cap.* Out on ye, villaynes, whither run you now ?

1. *Wat.* To fire the towne, and call vp the beacon.

2. *Wat.*

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

2. *Wat.* No, no, sir, to fire the beacon.

He drinks.

2. *Cap.* What, with a pot of ale, you drunken rogues?

1. *Cap.* You'll fire the beacon, when the towne is lost:
Ile teach you how to tend your office better.

Draw to stab them.

Enter Mumford, Captaynes run away.

Mum. Yeeld, yeeld, yeeld.

He kicks downe their pots.

1. *Wat.* Reelee? no, we do not reele:
You may lacke a pot of ale ere you dye.

Mum. But in meane space, I answer, you want none.
Wel, theres no dealing with you, y'are tall men, and wel
weapōd,

I would there were no worse then you in the towne.

Exit.

2. *Wat.* A speaks like an honest man, my cholers past al-
ready.

Come, neighbour, let's go.

1. *Wat.* Nay, first let's see and we can stand. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, excursions, Mumford after them, and some halfe naked.

*Enter the Gallian king, Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus,
and souldiers, with the chiefe of the towne bound.*

King. Feare not, my friends, you shall receyue no hurt,
If you'll subscribe vnto your lawfull king,
And quite reuoke your fealty from *Cambria*,
And from aspiring *Cornwall* too, whose wiues
Haue practisde treason 'gainst their fathers life.
Wee come in iustice of your wronged king,
And do intend no harme at all to you,
So you submit vnto your lawfull king.

Leir.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Leir. Kind countrymen, it grieues me, that perforce,
I am constraind to vse extremities.

Noble. Long haue you here bin lookt for, good my lord,
And wish'd for by a generall consent :
And had we known your highnesse had arriued,
We had not made resistance to your grace :
And now, my gracious lord, you need not doubt,
But all the country will yeeld presently,
Which since your absence haue bin greatly tax'd,
For to maintayne their ouerflowing pride.
Weele presently fend word to all our friends ;
When they haue notice, they will come apace.

Leir. Thanks, louing subiects ; and thanks, worthy son,
Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my lord,
Who willingly aduentured haue your blood,
(Without desert) to do me so much good.

Mum. O, say not so :
I haue bin much beholding to your grace :
I must confesse, I haue bin in some skirmishes,
But I was neuer in the like to this :
For where I was wont to meet with armed men,
I was now incountred with naked women.

Cord. We that are feeble, and want vse of armes,
Will pray to God, to sheeld you from all harmes.

Leir. The while your hands do manage ceaselesse toyle,
Our hearts shall pray, the foes may haue the foyle.

Per. Weele fast and pray, whilst you for vs do fight,
That victory may prosecute the right.

King. Me thinks, your words do amplify (my friends)
And adde fresh vigor to my willing limmes :

Drum.

But harke, I heare the aduerse drum approach.
God and our right, saint *Denis*, and saint *George*.

Enter

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonorill, Ragan, and the army.

Corn. Presumptuous king of *Gawles*, how darest thou
Presume to enter on our *Brittish* shore?

And more then that, to take our townes perforce,
And draw our subiects hearts from their true king?
Be sure to buy it at as deare a price,
As ere you bought presumption in your liues.

King. Ore-daring *Cornwall*, know, we came in right,
And iust reuengement of the wronged king,
Whose daughters there, fell vipers as they are,
Haue fought to murder and depriue of life:
But God protected him from all their spight,
And we are come in iustice of his right.

Cam. Nor he nor thou haue any interest here,
But what you win and purchase with the sword.
Thy slaunders to our noble vertuous queenes,
Wee'l in the battell thrust them down thy throte,
Except for feare of our reuenging hands,
Thou flye to sea, as not secure on lands.

Mum. Welshman, Ile so ferrit you ere night for that word,
That you shall haue no mind to crake so wel this tweluemonth.

Gon. They lye, that say, we fought our fathers death.

Rag. Tis meerely forged for a colours sake,
To set a glosse on your inuasion.

Me thinks, an old man ready for to dye,
Should be asham'd to broache so foule a lye.

Cord. Fy, shamelesse sister, so deuoyd of grace,
To call our father lyer to his face.

Gon. Peace (puritan) dissembling hypocrite,
Which art so good, that thou wilt proue stark naught:
Anon, when as I haue you in my fingers,
Ile make you wish your selfe in purgatory.

Per.

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Per. Nay, peace thou monster, shame vnto thy sexe :
Thou fiend in likenesse of a humane creature.

Rag. I neuer heard a fouler spoken man.

Leir. Out on thee, viper, scum, filthy parricide,
More odious to my sight then is a toade.
Knowest thou these letters ?

She snatches them and teares them.

Rag. Think you to outface me with your paltry scrowles ?
You come to driue my husband from his right,
Vnder the colour of a forged letter.

Leir. Who euer heard the like impiety.

Per. You are our debtour of more patience :
We were more patient when we stayd for you,
Within the thicket two long houres and more.

Rag. What houres ? what thicket ?

Per. There, where you sent your seruant with your letters,
Seald with your hand, to send vs both to heauen,
Where, as I thinke, you neuer meane to come.

Rag. Alas, you are growne a child agayne with age,
Or else your senses dote for want of sleepe.

Per. Indeed you made vs rise betimes, you know,
Yet had a care we should sleepe where you bade vs stay,
But neuer wake more till the latter day.

Gon. Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art sleepy still.

Mum. Fayth, and if you reason till to morrow,
You get no other answere at their hands.

Tis pittie two such good faces
Should haue so little grace betweene them.
Well, let vs see if their husbands with their hands,
Can do as much as they do with their tounge.

Cam. I, with their swords they'l make your tounge vnsway
What they haue sayd, or else they'l cut them out.

King. Too't, gallants, too't, let's not stand brawling thus,

Exeunt both armyes.

Sound

THE HISTORY OF KING LEIR

Sound Alarum : excursions. Mumford must chase Cambria away : then cease. Enter Cornwall.

Corn. The day is lost, our friends do all reuolt,
And ioyne against vs with the aduerse part ;
There is no meanes of safety but by flight,
And therefore Ile to *Cornwall* with my queene. *Exit.*

Enter Cambria.

Cam. I thinke, there is a deuill in the campe hath haunted
me to day : he hath so tyred me, that in a maner I can fight
no more.

Enter Mumford.

Zounds, here he comes, Ile take me to my horse. *Exit.*

Mumford followes him to the dore, and returnes.

Mum. Farewell (*Welshman*) giue thee but thy due,
Thou hast a light and nimble payre of legs :
Thou art more in debt to them then to thy hands :
But if I meet thee once agayne to day,
Ile cut them off, and set them to a better heart. *Exit.*

*Alarums and excursions, then sound victory. Enter Leir,
Perillus, King, Cordella, and Mumford.*

King. Thanks be to God, your foes are ouercome,
And you againe possessed of your right.

Leir. First to the heauens, next, thanks to you, my sonne,
By whose good meanes I repossesse the same :
Which if it please you to accept your selfe,
With all my heart I will resigne to you :
For it is yours by right, and none of mine.
First, haue you raisd, at your owne charge, a power

Of

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Of valiant souldiers ; (this comes all from you)
Next haue you ventured your owne persons scathe.
And lastly, (worthy *Gallia* neuer staynd)
My kingly title I by thee haue gaynd.

King. Thank heauens, not me, my zeale to you is such,
Commaund my vtmost, I will neuer grutch.

Cor. He that with all kind loue intreats his queene,
Will not be to her father vnkind seene.

Leir. Ah, my *Cordella*, now I call to mind,
The modest answere, which I tooke vnkind :
But now I see, I am no whit beguild,
Thou louedst me dearely, and as ought a child.
And thou (*Perillus*) partner once in woe,
Thee to requite, the best I can, Ile doe :
Yet all I can, I, were it ne're so much,
Were not sufficient, thy true loue is such.
Thanks (worthy *Mumford*) to thee last of all,
Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small ;
No, thou hast lion-like layd on to day,
Chasing the *Cornwall* king and *Cambria* ;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I say ?
To saue their liues, the fugitiues did play.
Come, sonne and daughter, who bid me aduaunce,
Repose with me a while, and then for *Fraunce*.

Sound drummes and trumpets.

Exeunt.

E N D O F V O L. IV.

Of valiant soldiers; (this comes all from you)
Next came your own brave warriors;
And lastly, (worthy ladies never heard)
My lady's maid I by these have heard.
Alas! I think I have, not so, my seal to you is such,
Command my virtue, I will never break.
For, he that with all kind love intends his purpose,
Will not be to her father's will so true.
Alas! Ah, my Corbelle, how I call to mind,
The noblest answer, which I look to find:
But now I see, I am no white begonia,
Then I should be more, and as ought a child.
And then (Perilla) partner once in love,
Then to reprieve, the self I can, the doer:
Yet all I can, I were it were to much,
Were not sufficient, thy true love is such.
Thou (worthy Perilla) to thee last of all,
Not greatest last, 'cause thy desert was small:
No, thou hast been like lady on to day,
Chasing the coward king and coward;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I say?
To see their faces, the nightingale did play.
Come, come and daughter, who did me advance,
Kiss me with me a while, and then for France.
Exit.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART

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Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616

Twenty Of The Plays Of Shakespeare Being the whole Number printed in Quarto During his Life-Time, or before the Restoration, Collated where there were different Copies, and Publish'd from the Originals ; In Four Volumes

Bd.: 4

London (1766)

P.o.angl. 366-4

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10749835-9